THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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From all the corners of the world they come
To meet on an English court,
With racquets and friendly clasp of hands,
And the language that is sport.

WIMBLEDON

By P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

For this is a language of honest hearts,
And games that are fairly fought,
Of the will to win, and a laugh for loss,
In the world-wide love of sport.

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WORLD'S *Greatest Stories* FOR YOU!

Mr. George Warnecke, Our Editor-in-Chief, Has Secured Exclusive Rights to This Marvellous Volume

"THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE"

Mr. George Warnecke, Editor-in-Chief of this paper, has secured in London the exclusive Australian rights for "The Children's Treasure House," a marvellous book which is recognised as the world's greatest collection of stories for young people.

So amazing was the response to the first book offer made by The Australian Women's Weekly that we asked Mr. Warnecke to negotiate for the very best volume available for young people. The success of those negotiations is now announced in the beam message reproduced on this page.

UNIQUE among volumes for children is this wonderful "Children's Treasure House." The stories in it were specially selected in Great Britain by a nation-wide census among children.

The result shows what good judges young people are of literature, for between the covers of the book are stories and verse representing the best works of nearly 100 of the most famous writers of children's stories.

Hans Andersen, Kipling, Dickens, Scott, Keats, Tennyson, Bunyan, Rose Fyleman, Masefield, Rose Macauley—these are but a few of the great names in the list of authors represented. Any one of them is a name to conjure with, for each has a key of the magic gateway to the realms of adventure, romance, poetry, and fairyland.

A small fortune could be spent on buying the complete works of these authors. In this one volume are collected their individual masterpieces.

Sixpence a Week

BOYS and girls who own "The Children's Treasure House" can enter the magic island kingdoms over which Robert Louis Stevenson holds sway. They can be companioned by the immortal characters of Dickens' creation. Chesterton will initiate them into mystery. Each author, in short, will unfold for them some new aspect of the enthralling panorama of literature.

"Illustrated Family Doctor" and "Silver Jubilee Book." — See important announcement on page 55 of this issue.

You can give your children no more precious gift than good literature.

The mind enriched with treasures of song and story is well equipped to face life with happy confidence. Children of every age, and adults, too, will revel in reading and re-reading the many wonderful pages of this truly great book.

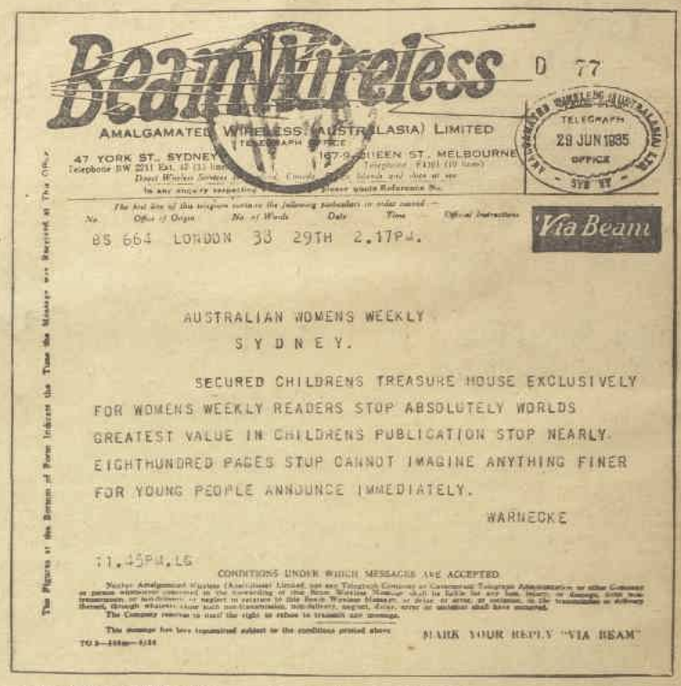
"The Children's Treasure House" is a book for every home, and The Australian Women's Weekly is now making it possible for every reader to secure a copy at the special privileged price of only 5/-.

It will take you ten weeks to save the necessary tokens as detailed on pages 27, 28, 29, 30. While collecting them, all you have to do is to put aside sixpence a week.

You can thus secure the book at what is surely the least trouble and expense in the world for such a wonderful volume.

At this price it is certain that every copy of the limited edition we have secured will rapidly be reserved. To make sure of securing a copy you should act quickly by applying at once on the special form given on page 30. This will enable you to reserve your volume. Full particulars and directions as to how to secure "The Children's Treasure House" are given on pages 27, 28, 29, and 30.

Readers who took advantage of our first book offer have by now saved sufficient tokens to secure their volumes. Details concerning this will be found on page 35. The present offer of "The Children's Treasure House" is entirely separate from our previous book offers, and **separate, special tokens enabling you to secure it will be published each week.**



Beam Wireless

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AUSTRALIAN WOMENS WEEKLY
SYDNEY.

SECURED CHILDRENS TREASURE HOUSE EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMENS WEEKLY READERS STOP ABSOLUTELY WORLDS GREATEST VALUE IN CHILDRENS PUBLICATION STOP NEARLY EIGHTHUNDRED PAGES STOP CANNOT IMAGINE ANYTHING FINER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ANNOUNCE IMMEDIATELY.

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MARK YOUR REPLY "VIA BEAM"

OF SPECIAL INTEREST to every household in Australia is the message contained in the Beam Wireless reproduced above. Sent from London by Mr. George Warnecke, Editor-in-Chief of this paper, it tells in brief a story which will bring lasting joy to the lives of countless young people.

WAR ON *Illegal Drug* TRAFFIC

New Measures Needed to Guard Public Against Poisons and Quacks

By Our Special Commissioner

A new Act, brought into force this week, is expected to mean a more intensive campaign against the traffic in dangerous drugs in New South Wales.

At the same time other measures are urgently needed, if the people's health is to be properly safeguarded.

ON Monday a new Act dealing with the sale of drugs described as "dangerous" came into force in New South Wales. The Act was passed last session but was not put in force until this week.

The first and practically the only change made by the new law is that supervision of the sale of dangerous drugs will be taken over by the police. Formerly this task of supervision was shared by the police with the Pharmacy Board.

The drugs over which it is intended to keep closer check are such as heroin, morphia, and cocaine. Every chemist keeps a supply of these drugs, but they cannot be bought from him without a doctor's order.

The new law does not affect in any way the legitimate sale that now takes place over the chemist's counter.

The chemist sells a preparation of which the ingredients—which may include morphia, or some kindred substance—is prescribed by a medical man. In every case the names of the purchaser and the prescribing doctor are written in a book.

That is the only lawful way in which a dangerous drug can be procured.

Onus on Police

IT is the illegitimate traffic in drugs that the new Act is designed to cope with. It is incorrect, however, to speak of the Act as conferring new powers on the police. They had the fullest powers of search—the right to question any suspected person or enter any suspected premises—before the new Act was proclaimed.

The fact that the whole onus is now placed on them is expected by the Police Commissioner, and also by the Chief Secretary (Mr. Chaffey), to mean an intensive campaign against illicit suppliers, who are known to be numerous.

Drug Addicts

THERE is nothing that the drug addict will not do to gratify his or her craving. This is what makes the illicit vending of "dope" such a profitable business. It is also the strongest inducement to unscrupulous persons to cheat the Customs Department by bringing in opium, cocaine and allied products through "entide" channels from Eastern countries.

It is possible, in every Australian State, to check the disposal of a dangerous drug through all stages after it has been received at the Customs. The wholesaler who takes it from the department is known, and the quantity he takes is also known, as is the amount sold to each distributor.

Knowing what are the sources of legitimate supply, and being able to check them at every stage, the police are satisfied that illicit drug traffic in Sydney has reached dangerous proportions. In the campaign against this deadly and demoralising business they will have every decent-minded citizen with them.

Other Measures Needed

APART from the new Act dealing with dangerous drugs, there is urgent need for legislation in other directions.

New South Wales badly needs another Poisons Act. The present Act was passed in 1903, and is wholly inadequate and out of date.

It also needs an improved Pharmacy Act, to deal with the qualifications and rights of chemists. The present Act dates from 1897.

A third needed piece of legislation, promised by Mr. Weaver before he went out of office, was one to abolish medical quackery—which flourishes unrestrained in New South Wales—and to reserve the right of treating the sick to qualified persons.

New Georgette Heyer Serial—and Robert W. Chambers Novel Free!

In this issue The Australian Women's Weekly presents two story masterpieces — a splendid new serial by Georgette Heyer and a separate book-length novel by Robert W. Chambers.

THESE two authors are known to every reader of fiction.

Georgette Heyer is probably best known as the author of "These Old Shades." Recently The Australian Women's Weekly published one of her novels, "Death In The Stocks," of the modern mystery type, as a free novel.

"Gay Adventure," which begins this week on Page 5, is her latest novel. It is the story of a rich young heiress of the early nineteenth century, whose escapades were the talk of London society. Georgette Heyer's facile pen presents the atmosphere of the time in a vivid manner, with an enchanting background of romance. Readers will find it one of the most delightful serials featured in these pages.

The story will be illustrated by Boothroyd, brilliant young Australian artist, whose beautiful front cover subjects and story illustrations are a popular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly. His illustrations of the period costumes and frocks in "Gay Adventure" will have a particular interest in view of the trend of present-day fashions.

The separate book-length novel by Robt. W. Chambers, "Operator 13," is a story of the American Civil War and a young heroine whose loyalty and patriotism enlist her on one side, while her love is given to one of the enemy side.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

TURKISH PRESIDENT

MME. BAYAN LATIFE BEKIR is president of the Union of Turkish Women, and has worked arduously on committees for the welfare of her country. She is a member of one of the oldest families of Turkey, and is the mother of three children.

Mme. Bekir received an excellent education privately. During her school days women were barred from attending universities.

She was one of the first women municipal councillors elected in Turkey, and one of the founders of the Union of Turkish Women in 1923.

BUSY SECRETARY

MISS ANNIE RIENITS, hon. State secretary to the National Council of Women, N.S.W., is one of the busy women whose voluminous correspondence reminds us that letter-writing is not a lost art. Her keen intellect, administrative ability, and gift for concise and logical speaking add to her value as an important member of the National Council executive.

Miss Rienits was Australian delegate to the International Congress of Women in Vienna in 1930, and delegate to the centenary celebrations of the St. John Ambulance Association, and to the (overseas) Congress of Lyceum Clubs in 1931. Miss Rienits recently organised the National Council's great reception to Lady Hore-Ruthven in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, Sydney.

BOTANICAL ARTIST.

MISS ROSA FIVEASH, who claims to have done the first china painting in Adelaide, is now living in retirement in her North Adelaide home. More than forty years ago she became well known for her flower painting and the illustration of scientific books.

Miss Fiveash learnt her painting and drawing from Professor Tannert and Mr. H. V. Gill at the Adelaide School of Arts, and in 1898 M. Sedelmeyer, Parisian connoisseur, bought one of her works.

In 1900 she did drawings for the "Florists' Flora," and began her association with Dr. R. S. Rodgers, of orchid fame.

The South Australian Government some time ago purchased a collection of her orchid paintings, for Miss Fiveash has been described as one of the three greatest painters of orchids in the world.

"HOMES" *On Wheels* ARE NOW *the* THING!

Australia Designs the Super Caravan . . . for Super Bush-Whacking

By ADELE SHELTON-SMITH

HOMES on wheels complete with electric light and all modern conveniences, and light enough to be drawn by a 9 h.p. car, were a feature of the International Motor Show in Melbourne the other week.

Living in a caravan was formerly such a spartan existence that only those madly addicted to open-air life were enthusiasts, but the modern caravan is as comfortable as a cabin in a luxury liner or a small suite at an hotel.

IN a caravan similar to one of those at the Motor Show, a returned soldier and his wife have travelled 36,000 miles in Australia, and they boast that they have not slept in a house for two years. Their daughter goes to boarding school and joins them for holidays.

A number of caravans were ordered at the Show and two of them will travel to the Northern Territory. The caravans are made in Victoria.

One of the caravans at the Show has travelled 1400 miles. It was taken over the bumpiest roads in the State to test its balance, and not a single item of crockery on the kitchen shelves was broken, though it was arranged in the ordinary way as in a kitchen.

You go in the back door through the kitchen in the "land cruiser," and the kitchen would be a matter for pride in the most up-to-date house.

All the shelves and cupboards gleam with white and green enamel. There is a petrol gas-stove, an ice-chest, and running water supplied by two 18-gallon tanks.

Home from Home

IN the living-room are two long cushioned benches which become beds at night time, and the cushioned backs lift up to form two additional upper bunks. There are two full-length wardrobes, a collapsible table, bookshelves, and electric light and wireless, so that the traveller can read in bed in comfort or listen to the wireless while the dingoes howl outside or the waves break on the wild seashore.

Chintz covers on the kapok spring-cushions and chintz curtains and leaded pane windows give a country-cottage illusion.

Another caravan is a glorified bed-sitting room. Across the front of it is a cushioned bench that slides down to form a double bed. Divided from it by curtains is another room with two bed-benches, collapsible table, and a long cupboard for fishing tackle, guns, or golf clubs.

Then there is a collapsible bungalow that is not as alarmingly unsafe as it sounds. It can be closed up to the size of an ordinary trailer, but when its hinged walls are set into position it houses two or three people.

There are a double and single bed in it, a compact kitchen, and wide windows. It is also equipped with extension tents ventilated with fly-wire windows and storm curtains, and the front wall of the "porch" can be extended on two poles, thus doubling the area of the home on wheels.

THOUGH it did not appear at the Motor Show, the latest and most unique addition to Australia's road traffic is a travelling studio that is also a home on wheels.

This is no caravan, but a giant motor vehicle built in Melbourne to the design of Mr. A. J. Hanc, who believes it is the only thing of its kind in the world.

As "Antoine," Mr. Hanc is a well-known photographer, and he and his wife intend touring the whole of Victoria and New South Wales in their ingenious studio home, taking photographs wherever they go.

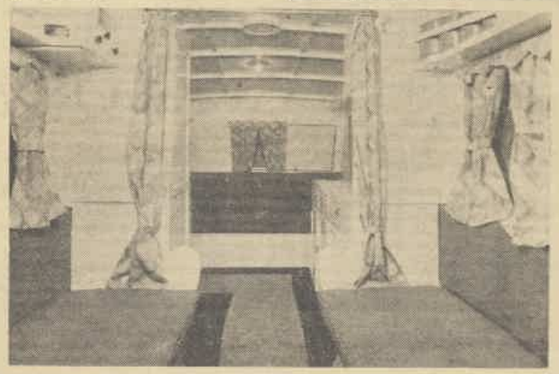
Mrs. Hanc, who is only nineteen, will travel with him to act as receptionist. She has designed tangerine curtains for the quaint windows in the reception-room and studio, where the walls are of polished walnut.

She has no qualm about housekeeping in the living quarters, where all modern conveniences are visible only when they are in use. At other times they are conveniently hidden behind green-enamelled panelling. There are sink, stove, table, two folding-beds, and a couple of wardrobes that seem to be part of the wall.

The devotees of caravaning are positively lyrical about life in the home on wheels—especially the women.

"Imagine," they say, "not having to worry what time you get up in the morning. Imagine having practically no housework. Imagine taking your home with you to do the marketing instead of carrying the marketing home. Imagine stepping almost straight out of bed into the sea for a morning dip. Imagine being without luggage worries, timetables, and dressing for dinner."

And after prolonged panegyrics like this they add, "But words fail me. You must really travel in a caravan to know the joys of it."



TOP: A new super caravan built in Australia for a photographer, who will tour in two States. It is also fitted out as a studio with complete modern equipment. Weather conditions will not affect this giant of the road, for the walls have vacuum cavities, making the whole caravan like a sort of thermos flask on wheels.

• • • •

BELOW the top picture and at the left are two views of the spotless and shining interior of the modern super caravan designed specially for Australian conditions. The crockery can be put away in cupboards which are shockproof and dustproof.

• • • •

ABOVE: THE COLLAPSIBLE trailer bungalow caravan exhibited at the International Motor Show in Melbourne. It folds up and folds out, can be made small or large, or converted into one, two, or three rooms.

FREDERICK GRAY
The Man who makes you this sensational offer—see below.

Stop Being Shy!

ARE you letting self-consciousness rob you of all the fun in life! Because there is no greater obstacle to your happiness, health and success than a nervous disposition. You are not your real self if you let nervous fears, blushing or shyness cheat you of the joy you could get if you threw off those fears! Stop being shy of strangers—conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future!

BANISH BASHFULNESS —become POPULAR!

THOUSANDS of men and women are being held back — made miserable — made unhappy. Why? Simply because of bashfulness, fear of criticism, worry, and dozens of other fears. Yet fear is absolutely unnecessary. I have discovered an amazing method, and I want you to try it out in your own home, which banishes fear forever! No trouble! No inconvenience. No long waiting for results. This method is perfectly simple, perfectly logical. It works almost instantly. Try it now! You will be astonished! In just a few hours you will find yourself brimming over with splendid new courage, new daring, new self-confidence.

Are you timid, bashful, self-conscious, afraid of people, afraid of superiors? Send for my FREE Book. Then give me 48 hours and I'll make you bristle with Bulldog Courage!

IF you suffer from the following, you need this FREE BOOK—to-day!

Lassitude	Shyness
Groundless Fears	Blushing
Worry	Lack of confidence
Depression	Muddled Thought
Lack of Will-power	Self-consciousness
Insomnia	
Weak Nerves	

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"BULLS" in *Skirts and* LADY "BEARS"

Women Invade the Share Market for a New Thrill

Women have invaded yet another corner of man's world—this time the share market.

In England thousands of women and girls are dabbling in rubber and cotton shares. In Australia the recent spectacular ups and downs of the gold market have attracted hundreds of women with small or large capital, and a gamble in the share market now takes the place for many of them of a day at the races.

EXCEPT in a few instances man has accepted woman's invasion with a fairly good grace, and brokers and male investors have been fairly polite about women's intrusion in the share market.

A successful young bachelor broker, who might be expected to be very gallant to women, has however some shattering comments to make about the woman share-buyer, but he tempers his criticism with the admission that women on the whole are as sporting as men about their losses.

There are a few exceptions though, and many a broker has been made to feel that if a woman has lost £10 it is entirely his fault and he is a brute and a scoundrel.

Then the dignified, panelled walls of offices that have known the voices only of men for years and years rock with the shock of feminine wails, recrimination, and even, sometimes, tears.

Our young broker says that women have an irritating habit of listening to the advice of men-friends or acquaintances they meet at parties.

They are susceptible to uninformed gossip about the share market and drive their brokers almost to desperation by their nervous wavering about the stocks they hold, and by their credulity.

ANOTHER fault is that a woman with a small sum to invest may, because of woman's naturally romantic nature, sometimes pose as a moneyed woman, and suggest that she wants a spectacular gamble when what she really needs is a safe investment.

And though a broker must be hard-boiled for his calling, he is still sufficiently sentimental not to want a woman's jeopardised finances on his conscience.

For this reason brokers are very lukewarm about handling business for women, unless the investors take the broker into their confidence and state their financial position clearly.

Judging from remarks of one leading broker, it would seem that very few women study the share market intelligently. They choose stock in much the same way as they back a horse because they like its name, or the colors the jockey wears, or because there is an excitingly long price on the horse.

Payment of a dividend has a remarkably stabilising effect on the nervousness and changeableness of the woman investor. She may have phoned her broker twice daily for weeks asking, "Should I sell now?" Then a dividend comes in, and nothing in the world would persuade her to sell her "perfectly sweet" shares.

Some women take a personal and possessive interest in the business in which they hold shares. Gold, especially, makes them possessive, and they want to meet the manager, and have a look at "my mine."

A Melbourne girl bought a £5 gold share on the advice of a man she met at a cocktail party. Within a couple of weeks it had soared to £600, but with natural feminine optimism she refused to sell, hoping it would rise further, and now her share is back almost to where it started.

They Listen

THERE are intelligent women, however, who listen respectfully to their brokers' advice. One woman started with £800 capital.

In 18 months she had collected more than £1000 in dividends, and her shares are now worth nearly £4000. Every scrap of information she gathers at parties she submits meekly, without comment, to the broker, and it is sometimes quite valuable.

Then there is a business girl with the real sporting spirit. She has set aside a little of her capital for the sheer fun of betting on tough propositions. Her losses are as much part of the fun as her gain.

Ten years ago women who interested themselves in such matters were comparatively rare but, according to a leading stock broker, their number has grown so enormously in the past decade that many brokers have now as many women clients on their books as they have men.

ONE broker recalls a visit of a lady who brought in £200 in notes and was anxious to hand it over to him to invest in any stock he might recommend. She talked glibly of making enough profit out of the investment to take herself and her daughter for a trip to Europe, and was flabbergasted when the broker pointed out that there was a chance of her losing all her money.

Needless to say, she left the office entirely disillusioned.

All classes of women invest on the Stock Exchange to-day, from the wife of the wealthy business man, to the typist who has managed to save a few pounds out of her weekly earnings.

Women should take warning against rushing into investments of any kind, without having proper inquiries made before they part with their money. It can, however, be said of them, that when they do lose their money, they take it philosophically, and seldom "squeal."

The broker is generally accused of being the instigator of booms, such as that in gold-mining shares, through which we have just passed.

This is really an unfair charge, as it is the public who make the "booms" and send stocks soaring to exorbitant prices.

THE average broker is the type of man who counsels caution, and his complaint is that people will not be advised by him, but simply take the bit in their teeth and rush into Stock Exchange investments with all the zest of a race-course punter, and with just as many difficulties to overcome.

THE LATEST air mail photograph of Joan Hartigan, showing her in action on the courts at Wimbledon. Australians were thrilled last week at the news of Joan's early success in the Wimbledon championships. Joan's own radio story appears on page 55.

THREATS *to* KIDNAP *the* QUINTUPLETS

By Radio-phone and Wireless

Callender, ONTARIO.

STARTLING disclosures were made by Dr. Dafoe, O.B.E., at a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, when he described precautions taken against threats to kidnap the quintuplets.

These threats, he said, were not regarded as the actions of harmless cranks, and there was for a time a fear that an attempt might be made to steal the "quins." Police precautions were redoubled, and strangers were carefully watched, but it is believed the danger has now passed.

REPORTS from the "quins'" special hospital here declare that the five young ladies are delighted with Dr. Dafoe's mention in the recent Honors List.

Yvonne, the largest, now weighs nearly 18 pounds, and is the owner of two teeth, while even Marie, the smallest, weighs just over 15 pounds and has one tooth.

The "quins" have provided inspiration for a Canadian institution called "Adopt-a-Child Week." This has been a great success, applications to adopt children pouring in from all parts of the Dominion. The total figures are not yet available, but it is estimated that some 300 orphan children will find homes as a result of this campaign.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

That OUTDOOR feeling

Sunshine is always with you if you are healthy. Smiles come easily and ambitions stir when you live on the "sunny side of life."

Good health depends upon regularity and you can conquer constipation merely by eating two tablespoonfuls daily of delicious Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. So much better than pills or drugs.

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CONSTIPATION HEADACHES LASSITUDE

Why let these troubles beat you in the battle of life? They do not give you a fair chance!

A small dose of CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts will free you from the grip of Constipation, rid your system of uric acid, and make your life worth living.

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At least 64 average doses to the jar.

CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS 2/3 LARGE JAR

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Beginning GAY Adventure

By ○○○ Georgette HEYER

Author of "These Old Shades," "Death in the Stocks," etc.

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

"I should be glad to place my rooms at your disposal, ma'am, if you would do me the honor of accepting them."

FOR the setting of "Gay Adventure," Georgette Heyer has chosen London in the early nineteenth century ... a London excited by the exploits of Nelson, the fashionable ideals of Beau Brummell, social and political intrigues, championship fights staged in the approved style of the day, and duels.

JUDITH TAVERNER, young, wealthy, remarkably handsome, golden-haired, accustomed to directing things as she chooses, and her brother, PEREGRINE, a year her junior, who resembles her closely in appearance, are anxious to exchange the provincial atmosphere of their home town for the glamor of London. The story opens with them en route to the capital, where they hope to persuade their guardian, LORD WORTH, to allow them to stay. Lord Worth, who is unknown to them, administers the considerable fortune left to Judith and Peregrine by their father, Sir John Taverner.

NEWARK was left behind, and the post-chaise-and-four entered on a stretch of flat country which offered little to attract the eye or occasion remark. Miss Taverner withdrew her gaze from the landscape and addressed her companion, a fair youth who was lounging in his corner of the chaise somewhat sleepily surveying the back of the nearest post-boy. "How tedious it is to be sitting still for so many hours at a stretch!" she remarked. "When do we reach Grantham, Perry?"

Her brother yawned. "Lord, I don't know! It was you who would go to London."

Miss Taverner made no reply to this, but picked up a Traveller's Guide from the seat beside her, and began to flutter the leaves over. Young Sir Peregrine yawned again, and observed that the new pair of wheelers, put in at Newark, were good-sized, strengthy beasts, very different from the last pair, which had both of them been touched in the wind.

Miss Taverner was deep in the Traveller's Guide, and agreed to this without raising her eyes from the closely-printed page.

She was a fine young woman, rather above the average height, and had been used for the past four years to hearing herself proclaimed a remarkably handsome girl. She could not, however, admire her own beauty, which was of a type she was inclined to despise. She would rather have had black hair; she thought the fairness of her golden curls insipid. Happily, her brows and lashes were dark, and her eyes, which were startlingly blue (in the manner of a wax doll, she once scornfully told her brother), had a directness and a fire which gave a great deal of character to her face. At first glance she might write her down a mere Dresden china miss, but a second glance would inevitably discover the intelligence in her eyes, and the decided air of resolution in the curve of her mouth.

She was dressed neatly, but not in the first style of fashion, in a plain round gown of French cambric frilled round the neck with scalloped lace; and a close mantle of twilled sarsenet. A poke-bonnet of basket-willow with a striped velvet ribbon rather charmingly framed her face, and a pair of York tan gloves were drawn over her hands, and buttoned tightly round her wrists.

Her brother, who had resumed his slumbrous scrutiny of the postboy's back, resembled her closely. His hair was more inclined to brown, and his eyes less deep in color than hers, but he must always be known for her brother. He was a year younger than Miss Taverner, and, either from habit or carelessness, was very much in the habit of permitting her to order things as she chose.

"It is fourteen miles from Newark to Grantham," announced Miss Taverner, raising her eyes from the Traveller's Guide. "I had not thought it had been so far." She bent over the book again. "It says here—it is Kearsley's Entertaining Guide, you know, which you procured for me in Scarborough—that it is a neat and populous town on the river Witham. It is supposed to have been a Roman station, by the remains of a castle which have been dug up. I must say, I should like to explore there if we have the time, Perry."

"Oh, lord, you know ruins always look the same!" objected Sir Peregrine, digging his hands into the pockets of his buckskin breeches. "I tell you what it is, Judith: if you're set on poking about all the castles on the way we shall be a full week on the road. I'm for pushing forward to London."

"Very well," submitted Miss Taverner, closing the Traveller's Guide and laying it on the seat. "We will bespeak an early breakfast at the George, then, and you must tell them at what hour you will have the horses put-to."

"I thought we was to lie at the Angel," remarked Sir Peregrine.

"No," replied his sister decidedly. "You have forgot the wretched account the Mincemans gave us of the comfort to be had there. It is the George, and I wrote to engage our rooms, on account of Mrs. Minceman warning me of the fuss and to-do she had once when they would have had her go up two pair of stairs to a miserable apartment at the back of the house."

Big Double Instalment!

Sir Peregrine turned his head to grin amicably at her. "Well, I don't fancy they'll succeed in fobbing you off with a back room, Ju."

"Certainly not," replied Miss Taverner with a severity somewhat belied by the twinkle in her eye.

"No, that's certain," pursued Peregrine. "But what I'm waiting to see, my love, is the way you'll handle the old man."

Miss Taverner looked a little anxious. "I could handle Papa, Perry, couldn't I? If only Lord Worth is not a subject to gout! I think that was the only time when Papa became quite unmanageable."

"All old men have gout," said Peregrine.

Miss Taverner sighed, acknowledging the truth of this pronouncement.

"It's my belief," added Peregrine, "that he don't want us to come to town. Come to think of it, didn't he say so?"

Miss Taverner loosened the strings of her reticule, and groped in it for a slender packet of letters. She spread one of these open.

"Lord Worth presents his compliments to Sir Peregrine and Miss Taverner and thinks it inadvisable for them to attempt the fatigues of a journey to London at this season. His lordship will do himself the honor of calling upon them in Yorkshire when next he is in the North. And that," concluded Miss Taverner, "was written three months ago—you may see the date for yourself, Perry; 29th June, 1811—and not even in his own hand.

"I AM sure it is a secretary wrote it, or those horrid lawyers. Depend upon it, Lord Worth has forgotten our very existence, because you know all the arrangements about the money we should have were made by the lawyers, and whenever there is any question to be settled it is they who write about it. So if he does not like us to come to London it is quite his fault for not having made the least attempt to come to us, or to tell us what we must do. I think him a very poor guardian. I wish my father had named one of our friends in Yorkshire, someone we are acquainted with. It is very disagreeable to be under the governance of a stranger."

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LITTLE SON

A story of a woman who possessed something beyond price, though others pitied her for her poverty.

By . . . WINIFRED CARTER

Illustrated by FISCHER

"I'd rather live here than go to heaven," said Jerry solemnly...

NAN EVEREST sat close to the open window, from which, alas! not even the faintest breath of wind came in to stir the stagnant air in the little top room.

She was mending a pair of diminutive knickers, already darned beyond belief, and the navy linen blouse, which was to be young Jerry's wear to-morrow, must be pressed out.

Oh, she did want him to enjoy it, little boy Jerry, who, at six, was the one bright spot in her lonely life. She would miss him to-morrow. He was going to start off first thing in the morning, going by bus into the country.

She had thought he would never go to sleep. He was so crazy with excitement at the thought of seeing real live cows.

"And do they really give milk, Mummy? And do the sheep really give wool? And do the horses really give leather?"

Bless him! How explain to him the difference between the three creatures? He would see for himself, perhaps, down at the farm where he was going.

As Nan stitched she thought with gratitude of the farmer who was so kind as to put his field at the disposal of the school which Jerry attended, two or three times during the summer. This time Jerry had been chosen to be one of the fifty children who would enjoy the outing. And from that moment the little room had been the recipient of his loud exclamations of joy, the hundred-and-one questions!

Now at last he was asleep, one chubby arm under his cheek, his tousled hair brushed back. She came and bent over him, smiling down at the sturdy little boy. As she did so he stirred.

"Do the cows really say 'Moo,' and the ducks say 'Quack,' Mummy?" he said sleepily.

"Go to sleep, Jerry! You'll see to-morrow," she whispered.

All she had got left, little boy Jerry! What life would have been like without him she couldn't imagine. He was all that was left to her of her love story. How happy Dick and she had been! And then he had died, leaving her all alone, and she had struggled on, day by day, year by year.

It wasn't easy for a young widow to bring up her boy. Sometimes, looking back, she asked herself how she had done it, with no one to help her. Now he was six years old. She wanted the best for him, yet all her poor, pitiful plannings could do so little. She would not fret to-day, for to-morrow he was going with the school for one long, lovely day in the country.

Of course, he was awake long before

Jerry Ignores the Taboo!

time next morning, dressed and ready, not really wanting his breakfast, but eating it because that was the way he could get off, joining the rest of the children in the school yard.

Nan took him, and watched him off in the big bus. Fifty eager, excited children packed into two buses. Hearing their wild, hilarious shouts, Nan's heart went out in gratitude once more to the farmer.

She watched them go with a lump in her throat. What wouldn't she have given to have let Jerry be down in the country always! London was so hot and airless, and sometimes even his sturdy young strength seemed to flag.

She turned and went slowly back to her room. She had some sewing to finish; she worked for a tailor. The hours she had to work, too, to keep body and soul together! But to-day her pale face had a spot of color. She was going with Jerry, in imagination, feeling the cool wind of the countryside, smelling roses and honeysuckle and meadow-sweet, lying in the hay, watching a sturdy little boy shout as he played; she could see him chasing a turkey gobbler.

What did anything matter so long as Jerry had heart's desire?

And, indeed, Jerry was having heart's desire. First of all the run in the bus was a thrilling excitement. But it was not to be compared with the farm.

It was a lovely place for bairns, and old Mortlake and Jenny, his wife, were in their element. Childless themselves, they loved children, and this was their way of filling their empty hearts. Three times a year they had a batch of children down. Their neighbor, William Johnson, helped with the food, so though they hadn't a great deal of spare money, they did what they could, gave what they had, and made a red letter day for many little London urchins.

William always came over to lend a hand. He was a solid, kindly young man, and the Mortlakes thought the world of him, and were grateful to him for the way he came to help with the bairns.

But though they loved the days the children came, they were never to forget this particular day. Jerry Everest wasn't content to play in the fields as the other children were. No, he must see everything, do everything. Benjamin Mortlake found him peering from the loft down into the horses' manger. Two minutes later he was standing beside one of the big cart-horses, vigorously rubbing him down.

"I say, young man, you like to be in at things, don't you?" said the farmer, staring contemplatively down at the upturned, flushed little face.

"I like 'em to be real," said Jerry excitedly. "I like to see him lift his great foot up and stamp it down."

Then he was gone.

Half an hour later the farmer and his wife heard a loud shout from one of the children:

"Jerry's got my red cloak! He's gone where you told him not to go!"

Benjamin Mortlake looked at his wife, horror in his eyes.

There was only one place that was taboo on the farm, and that, a field at the back of the house where Roger the great bull had been placed. The order had gone forth that no one was to go in that field.

In a moment the old man had picked up a hay-fork. Followed by his wife, he rushed towards the field. Jerry was there all right, standing in front of the bull, who was looking at him in some surprise. Jerry was wildly waving the little girl's red cloak in front of the bull, like a toreador. Plainly he had seen pictures of bull-fighting, and this was his idea of it.

Fortunately, Roger was in a friendly mood, but when the farmer picked up the little lad and carried him off, Jerry tried to wriggle down.

"I wanted to have a bull-fight. He wouldn't come on, though I shouted to him ever so. Perhaps he doesn't understand my language."

"No, I don't think he does," said the farmer, his eyes twinkling as he handed the boy over to his wife. "What's your name?"

"Jerry Everest, and I live at Park Mews, E.C.," said Jerry plaintively. "And I wanted to have a bull-fight very much."

"But you were told not to go in that field," said Jenny Mortlake solemnly.

Jerry looked crestfallen for a moment, and then he stood in front of them, legs wide apart, hands thrust in his pockets, his head back.

"I never disobey, if I remember," he said. "I did remember to-day, but I thought I'd never get a chance of having a bull-fight again in all my life. I just had to disobey to-day, even if you behead me for it!"

Jenny looked at her husband. Both strove not to laugh.

"Well, we won't behead you this time," said Benjamin with a chuckle. "Run along, now, and don't get into any more mischief!"

NOT get into any more mischief! Somehow it seemed as though there was nothing that Jerry did that wasn't mischievous.

All the children were assembled in the field for lunch. The plates were being handed round, roast beef, and lots of vegetables. That was due to William Johnson. He had provided the beef and the vegetables, and, afterwards, he would come over to lend a hand with the games in the field.

Someone called out that Jerry wasn't there. That set the farmer's heart thumping. Surely there was nothing else the lad could do that wasn't safe! But he remembered the pond, well away from the house, and with a boy like that you couldn't be any too sure.

Jenny seemed to have got the same idea, because she set off in that direction at once.

They had only got half-way through the orchard when an apple fell right in front of them. Jenny looked up. Right at the top of the tallest apple tree she saw young Jerry, sampling the apples.

Without a word Benjamin fetched the ladder.

"Do you know, I can see the whole world from here!" said Jerry eagerly.

"Oh, can you!" said Benjamin. "Well, come on down, because they've all started dinner, and there's roast beef and jam roll."

"Oh!" said Jerry. "That makes me feel good! Jam roll's my favorite. Mum only gives it me on Sundays, 'cos it's very expensive."

After that the farmer kept an eye on him. No doubt about it, the boy had a way with him, and, when he was milking, he let him stand in front of old Betsy, who was very patient.

"Oe-er!" said Jerry in awed surprise. "Do you have to put a penny in the slot? And where is the slot?"

"No, she's kind, and we don't have to use any slot," said the farmer, immensely tickled. "We give her plenty of grass, and she gives us plenty of milk."

"I wish we'd got her at our place. Mum would like to see this!"

And then it was time to go. Rather a sober little boy came to say good-bye to Jenny and Benjamin Mortlake.

"I'd rather live here than go to heaven," he said solemnly.

After he had gone it seemed very lonely and quiet. Of course, they always felt a little lonely when the children departed, but this time it seemed as if the place was left desolate. At one side of the fireplace Benjamin smoked in silence. Then he looked across at his wife, and saw the look of sadness on her face. He gave a sigh.

"Queer, but the farm does seem empty without the children!" he said.

"I know what you mean," said Jenny. "The place was made for a whole family."

Benjamin's hand went out and closed over Jenny's with a warm squeeze.

"Poor old girl! You've felt it pretty keenly. You know, I liked that boy. I could almost have thought he was ours."

My Favorite Poem

Little Brown Hands

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

The wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesmen,
The noble and wise of our land;
The swords, and the chisel, and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Anonymous.

Sent in by M. Bourke, 31 Whistler Rd., Manly.

She nodded her head eagerly.

"I felt like that, too."

They sat for a moment thinking. And then suddenly he said something that made the eager light blaze in his wife's eyes.

"I say, I've often thought that we could do worse than adopt a child, but I've never seen one I've wanted. I wonder if we could adopt him?" He gave her a half-sheepish smile. "We've got no bairns of our own, but if we'd got a youngster like that shouting about the place and keeping us busy, why, it would be like our own!"

He did not need to ask what his wife thought. Her face was significant. There was a glow there that told him she was thoroughly in agreement with his plan.

"When shall we see about it?" she asked eagerly.

"Why not to-morrow? It's Sunday, and we can get off. He gave us his address. Don't you remember?"

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609044

No Leopards in SURBITON

Complete SHORT STORY

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

Illustrated :: by :: FISCHER

THERE are two things I dislike in this district," remarked John Gough, as he sipped his sundowner on the verandah of his homestead. "One is this leopard, which has so far accounted for two native women, three dogs, and three goats."

"And the other?" asked Susie, his wife.

John shot her a swift glance.

"The other," he said slowly, "is Frank Newton."

"Why?" There was a hint of defiance in Susie's voice. "He's our nearest neighbor."

"You know what the other farmers think about him. They regard him as a shady customer. He's got an unenviable reputation with women, too, and his treatment of natives is not what one would desire in a white man. Besides, he's not all white."

"I don't see that you can talk," retorted Susie. "I've not forgiven you yet for flogging M'nyogi."

"Forgiven!" echoed John. "The fellow used an abominable word to you, knowing that in your ignorance of Swahili you wouldn't understand it. Fortunately you didn't, but I did, and since I allow no man, black or white, to speak to you like that, he was very properly punished for it."

"Very brutally, you mean."

"My dear Susie," John said patiently, "do remember that Kenya is not Surbiton. There is a different set of values out here, to which you must accustom yourself. Frank Newton might be acceptable at home, for he could hide his worst side under a cloak of respectability. Out here he cannot, for a man's life is an open book to his neighbors. I speak from experience, for I've been out here ten years, and you only a bare four months. I know it takes getting used to, but——"

"Here is Mr. Newton," interrupted Susie, as a tall figure rode round the corner of the bungalow.

John Gough rose and went to the top of the verandah steps.

"Good evening," cried Newton. "Good evening, Mrs. Gough."

"Evening," replied John shortly.

Some imp of mischief prompted Susie to defy her husband's wishes.

"Perhaps Mr. Newton will stop to dinner," she suggested with a smile.

"Mr. Newton will not stop to dinner," John stated with finality.

NEWTON'S olive face darkened and his eyes flashed angrily. John stood motionless at the top of the steps. With a final furious look Newton wrenched his horse's head round and cantered away.

"John!" cried Susie, her face scarlet, "how dare you speak like that when I had invited him."

"After what I had said, you should not have asked him and, anyway, he had to be warned off."

"You've not got the manners of a bear," his wife cried and, gathering up her needlework, she went into the house.

"Not the manners of Surbiton, perhaps," murmured John with a wry smile.

Dinner that night was a sombre affair. Susie replied to John's conversation in monosyllables, but the way in which she thanked the offending M'nyogi every time he handed her a dish made John seeth with anger.

"Look here, Susie," he said when they were alone, "this silly game has got to stop. That's not the way to treat your house-boy, and you know it. We're two white people in a savage country. We must pull together, and the first principle of life out here is that, right or wrong, the white man must always maintain the prestige of his race."

"Two blacks don't make a white," retorted Susie coldly.

"No, but twenty blacks can play merry hell with two whites if the two whites don't pull together!"

"YOU were very rude to Frank Newton," said Susie, changing her ground with feminine swiftness.

"He's not the sort of man I want my wife to know. You'll pardon me, but——"

"I know," broke in Susie with exaggerated weariness, "you've been out here ten years."

"Exactly," said John unmoved.

"I think you are behaving abominably!" Susie flashed. "You're jealous of Mr. Newton!"

The idea was so fantastical that John laughed aloud.

Susie rose, her eyes blazing. Ridicule, on top of what she considered her humiliation before Newton, was more than she could stand. She ran into the bedroom and slammed the door.

John sighed, and lit a pipe. It was their second quarrel in the five months they had been married. The first had been over the flogging of M'nyogi, which Susie, unused to rough justice, had affirmed was unnecessary brutality.

"Perhaps I'm not making sufficient allowance for the strangeness of life out here," he murmured. "After all, it's pretty raw sometimes."

He recollected how pretty Susie had looked with her fair hair, heightened color, and flashing blue eyes.

"I suppose I'd better go and eat humble-pie," he added.

But when he tried the bedroom door it was locked.

He frowned and went away. Two hours later, when it was time to turn in, it was still locked. He hesitated whether he should call out, decided not to, and returned to the verandah, where he climbed into a hammock. With no mosquito net he anticipated a poor night, but he hoped that his swollen face might arouse sympathy in Susie's breast the following morning.

But he did not see Susie again for over four and twenty hours. Like many men who spend their lives in the wilds he was a light sleeper, and towards dawn a sound like a saw being driven through wet wood brought him quickly from his hammock. Grasping his rifle, he peered into the grey light just in time to see a lithe, silent-footed animal vanish from sight. This, he felt certain, was the leopard which had been terrorising the district. The opportunity was too good to miss. Pausing only to pull on mosquito boots and grab a handful of cartridges, he set off in pursuit.

He followed the leopard's spoor for two miles, until a cliff face rose before him and for thirty yards in front of it the tick-grass waved eight feet high. John halted. It was a dangerous place to follow big game, but before he could decide whether to take the risk or not, a slight sound made him spin round.

"I didn't know John Gough was so nervous," sneered Frank Newton.

"I've got a leopard in that grass," replied John, ignoring the sneer. "I'm just going to fetch my boys to burn it out."

"You will neither hunt game nor burn grass on my land," Newton retorted.

"Don't be a fool! The brute's already killed two natives! You're not proposing to keep it as a pet, are you?"

"You're very impertinent," commented Newton. "I wonder that charming wife of yours doesn't teach you better manners."

John remembered the quarrel with Susie over Newton, and his anger surged up afresh. He had never liked this shifty half-caste.

"You damned dago!" he cried furiously. "Any more back chat and I'll stop your jaw for you!"

NEWTON flushed darkly at the insult and bared his white teeth angrily. The next instant he whipped out a knife. Anticipating the thrust, John leapt backwards, only to feel the ground give way beneath him. He felt himself falling for a second or two. Then he came abruptly to a stop. Looking round, he saw he was in a deep pit, with sheer sides. Above him was the roof of branches, the blue sky showing in the gap through which he had fallen.

"Get me a rope, Newton!" John called, but there was no answer.

Presently the gap in the roof was covered over with leaves and branches, and, although John shouted, Newton did not answer. John had been in many tight corners, but none quite so bad as this one. Shut in below ground level he had no means of communicating with anyone outside, for he had lost his rifle in the fall. Natives seldom passed that way and, with the leopard hiding in the thick grass, there was a chance that it too might join him in the trap. A light perspiration broke out on John's brow. Newton had left him to die of thirst.

Susie awoke prepared to forgive her husband now that he had had his lesson, and she was surprised to find him absent. M'nyogi, however, explained that his master was probably hunting as his rifle was missing. All through the long, burning day Susie waited, fearful that some harm had befallen John, yet so inexperienced that she had no idea what to do. People do not go leopard-hunting in Surbiton and fail to return.

When night fell she could stand the loneliness of the farm no longer. Moreover, something serious must have happened to John. Accompanied by two boys with torches, she set out for Newton's bungalow. He welcomed her gladly; almost it seemed as if he expected her. There was something about his neat attire and soft, gentle ways that reminded her of the young men at home. John seemed rough and uncouth in comparison.

Newton pooh-poohed the idea that anything serious had happened to him.

"Probably his hunting has taken him farther than he expected," he suggested. "He's an old hand; no harm will come to him."

Newton attended assiduously to her wants during dinner and was politeness itself. It was not until afterwards, when the house-boy had cleared away the things, that Susie grew nervous. He began to make love to her, and in spite of her protests he grew more and more passionate.

"My beloved," he whispered fiercely, "you have come to me out of the night. You are mine!"

He attempted to embrace her, but Susie, who had dealt with amorous youths in Surbiton, slipped away from him.

"I came to you for help and this is how you treat me," she cried. "Call my boys and I will go home. Please behave like a gentleman."

The appeal to their gentlemanly instincts had always quelled the amorous youths at home. But Kenya is not Surbiton, and the youths of Surbiton are not half-castes. Newton sprang in front of the door, and when her eyes roved wildly round the room, seeking a way of escape, he leapt forward and swung her into his arms. Bearing his struggling burden across the room, he kicked open the bedroom door. A low growl sounded and two green eyes blazed out of the darkness.

With a last convulsive effort that upset them both, Susie freed herself, but the door slammed shut in the darkness. Subconsciously she remembered certain words John had once spoken.

"When you're up against a lion or leopard, sham dead."

SOFT feet padded across the room, and a second later she felt the beast's fetid breath against her cheek. By a great effort of will she stopped the scream that rose to her lips, and lay rigid, her eyes fast shut. The leopard half rolled her over with a paw and then passed on to Newton.

Leisurely it began to lick his cheek, its rough tongue tearing the skin from his face. At that the man's nerve broke and he screamed like a woman. Immediately the beast sank its teeth into his shoulder and dragged him, screaming and struggling, across the room to the bed, where lay the remains of the dog upon which it had been feeding when Newton had entered.

Until dawn came the leopard crouched over the grisly thing that had been Frank Newton. The floor about the bed was slippery with blood and in a corner lay Susie, whose brain had passed beyond consciousness of fear. With the rising sun the leopard went as it had come, through the window.

Thus, John, who had dug himself out of the trap with his hands and his hunting-knife, discovered Susie an hour later. He had come straight to Newton's farm when he had found her missing from her own home.

As he picked her up, she opened her eyes. At first fear was in them, but when they rested on John's face, she smiled.

"You were right, John," she whispered. "There is a different set of values out here."

John bent and kissed her.

"I know," he said. "There are no leopards to protect you in Surbiton. I don't think," he added, "I want to shoot that beast now."

(Copyright)

Soft feet padded across the room, and a second later she felt the beast's fetid breath on her cheek. By a great effort she stopped the scream that rose to her lips and lay rigid, her eyes fast shut.

"Seventeen"

A JOYOUS age
This seventeen!
A turning page
An in-between,
With youth enough
To romp awhile
And years enough
To practise guile—
Being aware
Of woman-ness—
A seeming wise,
A subtle joy
In daring eyes
And feeling coy.
A deepening
Of worldly things,
An ecstasy
Of spreading wings.
—Yvonne Webb.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609045

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

FOR 'Tween-Seasons WEAR . . . THE SUIT !

FASHION'S *Trump* CARD Takes the Trick

FASHION'S trump cards, this spring season, are suits. To regulation suits have been added jackets and skirts that are suits or dresses as you will. Add a blouse and call it a suit; subtract the blouse, button up the jacket and call it a dress.

THE suit is the answer to the problem of what to wear between winter and summer; with a wool sweater it is suitable for cold days, with a lingerie blouse it is comfortable in warm weather.

The material makes a big difference in the effect of the suit. Suits with patterned jackets and plain skirts, or vice-versa, come in woollens, in silks, and in cotton tweeds and homespuns.

Printed silk suits are good for late spring, and so are one-color silk suits which usually consist of a dress and jacket, and dark taffeta suits appear for very formal wear. Flannel, tweed, and sheer wool suits in dark and pastel shades make practical suits for early spring.

When the word "suit" is mentioned these days, you should no longer think only of the simple classic tailor-made; there are so many different types. There is the well-cut dress that has a hip-length jacket; the skirt that has a matching three-quarter or long coat; Schiaparelli's new bell-hop suit that has a cutaway jacket with buttons and buttonholes right up the front; the jacket that is waist-length in front and shaped down at the back.

The last word in suit-jackets is wide open down the front, that is, the sides are cut off from neck to hem, showing almost all the front of the blouse. The latter is softly draped or frilly, and generally in some flattering tone.

For practical everyday wear I recommend the simple tailor-made, with hip-length jacket fitted to the waist and buttoning in front — although double-breasted fastenings are very popular abroad, the single-breasted finish looks much better when the jacket is left undone.

Lapels should be rather wide, and you must have one or more pockets. Flowers are worn in the lapel, so see that you have a buttonhole. You can please yourself about a belt, but beware of them unless you are slim. Chanel treats the back of her jackets with two seams that begin at the shoulders and point in towards the waist—a trick that improves your figure.

Panelled Skirts

THE smartest type of suit skirt is straight, showing some sort of panel treatment in front to give the necessary freedom of movement. There is a rather wide front gore ending in inverted pleats near the hem; sometimes the hem is split inside these pleats. An interesting skirt has a front panel buttoned on either side to about twelve inches above the hem.

For wool suits keep your skirt straight and narrow looking; the latest skirts on silk suits for dressy wear are accordion-pleated and kilted, making them very wide—it is rather early to judge whether these will prove popular. The new length for tailored suits is twelve inches from the ground.

Sweaters and Blouses

DARK blue, grey, brown, beige, and black are still popular suit colors abroad, but for this climate, when the sun is shining, the pastel shades should prove enticing—turquoise-blue, dusty-pink, greens, grey, orchid-mauve, and yellow. With these latter shades dark as well as contrasting pastel and white lingerie blouses are worn. With dark suits, blouses and sweaters are pastel, white or bright.

Spring sweaters are made of fine Shetland wool or cashmere in delightful colors. These have high necklines—the rounded, close neckline achieved by ribbing, the buttoned-up to the throat effect, and the ever-flattering Peter Pan collar.

Blouses are made of crepe, taffeta, and cotton—in plain colors, checks, spots, plaids, or stripes. White pique blouses are smart with dark suits, and white and cream net, voile, chiffon, and georgette blouses have ruffled jabots, tucked fronts, lace-edged frills, and rather full sleeves; wear these particularly with black skirts and long or short coats.

Blouses for tweed suits should be plainly tailored, with high necks either like a shirt and worn with a brooch, draped, tied in a bow, finishing with a Peter Pan collar, or a plain square. Sleeves can be long or three-quarters.

Please yourself whether or not your blouse tucks into your skirt—if you are inclined to be fat, have it over the skirt.

Some Suggestions

THE following suggestions might help you in your choice: A navy-blue wool suit with a white pique blouse, white pique on the lapels and under the cuffs. A pale blue sheer wool suit with a navy-blue dyed cotton lace blouse and navy accessories; a bright brown tweed with a turquoise crepe blouse. A checked brown-and-beige tweed jacket, a blouse of natural kasha jersey, with a pigskin belt and brown skirt. A navy wool skirt, arched up over the ribs, with a red tie around the waist to match the red of the wool jacket, a navy blouse. Pink sheer wool suit, the jacket tight and single-breasted, and a navy taffeta blouse. A buttercup-yellow suit with a brown and white checked taffeta blouse, and brown accessories.

The Regency idea appears in a jacket with wide revers, bindings of braid, a tightly-fitted short waistline, and a blouse with a pleated organdie ruffle.

Still more suggestions include a grey suit, a mannish pleated dickey of white pique ending in a tailored tie of navy dotted white pique to match the flower on the lapel. A navy wool suit with a loose bolero-length jacket which shows the blouse of red, white, and blue striped crinkly cotton.

Turquoise-blue suit with a blouse of blue, pink, and white and brown striped seersucker, a tiny handkerchief of the cotton in the top left side pocket, the collar and cuffs worn outside the jacket. A natural kasha suit with a lime-green tailored crepe shirt worn with a little bow tie of brown and white spotted pique, brown accessories.

● *MAINBOCHER makes this suit of rough green tweed. Four shell-shaped pockets on the jacket are attractive details. A yellow scarf with brown spots and brown accessories.*

● *VERY new is the suit in violet tweed. The blouse of purple crepe to match the violets on lapel is worn outside the skirt. The hat, a Breton sailor shape, is of purple felt.*

● *SUIT in sheer pink woollen, showing the new short jacket. The blouse and facings of the jacket are seersucker striped navy, red, and white. Note the neat slotted belt.*

● *A DRESS turned into a suit. The dress is navy and white plaid crepe, the trim jacket is of white pique, with short sleeves and four patch pockets. Navy leather belt and buttons.*

● *PALE blue angora suit trimmed with tucks. The taffeta blouse in navy, red, and white plaid has a ruffled jabot and ties in a bow outside the suit. Navy and red leather belt.*

Paris Snapshots

NEW blouses are—dotted taffeta shirts, peasant blouses of white chiffon with shirred necklines and long, very full sleeves, gathered into shirring at the wrist.

NEW accessories with a black dress are pale blue gloves, handkerchief, bag, and flowers—all exactly matching.

LANVIN shows small hats with chiffon and lace veils floating off the back like Second Empire hunting hats.

FOR spring, shoes have lower heels, and skirts are shorter and fuller for daytime.

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"I AM OLD-FASHIONED"

Writes Jean Patou in this Exclusive Fashion Article

IN designing the delightful cocktail ensemble at the extreme left, Patou made use of very finely woven blue serge with white polka dots.

IN the delightful evening ensemble designed by Patou (above), cut-out bunches of flowers are appliqued to the gown. The cape is tied in front.

FLOWERS cut out and used in relief on the sleeve are features of the navy-and-white daisy printed frock by Patou (top centre).

A SMART blue silk serge suit by Patou features a bolero and leather belt, with blouse in white chiffon and stiffened lace.

IT is my theory that a couturier does not need to be a cutter. He does not have to know how to sew. In fact, he is often handicapped by too much technical knowledge.

When I set myself to designing, I forget that I am a dress-designer. I become a mere man, a man who is old-fashioned enough just to love women, to appreciate them, and to admire them. Then, I dress the woman.

IT is not difficult to design just a pretty dress. The trick is to create a fitting frame for a woman, something which will enhance her attractiveness, bring out her personality, and add to her beauty.

I am strongly opposed to the creation of a neutral sex. A woman who is not a woman, but takes on the external insignia of a man, becomes just nothing at all. A woman must always remain a woman, no matter what she does in life . . . whether she is a society butterfly or a highly-trained professional. And it is my aim to dress this woman.

For a period after the war, femininity was lost. Square shoulders and hipless figures were the rule. Food was banned from the elegant woman's life, as it might add a few ounces of flesh. Thank heaven all that is over! Women are at last coming again into their own, and feminine curves have returned to favor. Personally, I think it means more beautiful women, and I think that most men agree with me.

OF course, the greatest influence in the changing fashions is life. Women now move as they did not do before. They go in for strenuous sports and their lives are as busy as those of men. Even society women have active occupations. And this has naturally changed the entire conception of women's clothes.

To-day, the business woman and the society woman dress alike. The woman who goes shopping wears a simple but smart suit just as the woman does who has to earn her own living. I do not think any difference should be made between the two, for both are women. And that is of prime importance.

The couture is a fugitive art and the most successful **chef d'oeuvre** does not last more than a moment. What we think amusing and novel to-day does not even interest us to-morrow. We are too busy looking for something new. The evolution of costume is, therefore, one of the most vibrant and living factors of life. The dress which every woman is ordering to-day—what we call "le grand succes"—is forgotten to-morrow.

There is no formula for the couturier, for he has no time to stop. He must evolve and change rapidly, find new inspiration all around him. Like a sensitive plant he must be quick to answer every changing mood of life and to register with lightning rapidity the new factors which continually crop up in our modern life.

That is his greatest problem, and unless he has supple brains and quick imagination he is doomed to failure.

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An Editorial

JULY 6, 1935

UNEQUAL WEALTH DISTRIBUTION

IN Australia, as in all civilised countries, the fact that wealth is unequally distributed is a cause of discontent. As national wealth increases, the problem of inequality becomes more insistent.

Some men are born rich, and others achieve riches. In either case they are a mark for the envy of the less fortunate. That has always been the case, and while human nature is what it is there is unlikely to be a change.

Goldsmith's clergyman, who was "passing rich on £40 a year," the poet Burns who described himself as "contented wi' little and cantie wi' more," are Eighteenth Century types that are almost extinct.

Few of us in these days are "contented with little," even if we could make shift to be "cantie" — that is to say, happy—with more.

While Australia has a higher general level of prosperity than almost any civilised country, it is a fact that wealth inequalities exist here, as they do everywhere, and that they tend to increase.

Figures furnished to the New South Wales Industrial Commission last week indicated that only 17 per cent. of those in receipt of incomes in Australia received £5 a week, or over. The incomes of the other 83 per cent. averaged under £5 a week.

The problem for our economists, legislators, and social reformers is to amend this state of things as far as it can be amended. The aim of every humanitarian thinker must be to level up instead of levelling down.

In America, where extremes of wealth and poverty are pronounced, President Roosevelt is proposing to tax the highest incomes in a manner that approaches confiscation. But he is not finding the path easy.

Our Arbitration Courts and Industrial Commissioners have done something to ensure a reasonable standard of living for Australian workers. But their powers are necessarily limited.

Every industry in this country is struggling under burdens that cannot be increased without making the evil of unemployment more acute.

Unequal distribution of wealth is a problem as old as civilisation. It cannot be solved by Acts of Parliament or by judicial decisions. The real remedy for social evils is in the growth of that humanitarian spirit which insists on everyone, including the "under dogs," being given a chance.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

Not Enough Thrill

A TRAVELLER by air mail from Europe remarked on arrival at Darwin the other day that there was no thrill left in this mode of transit. It had become too ordinary and too safe. A Press report says the traveller heaved a sigh as he made this comment. Another passenger, a lady, said she "dozed at 12,000 feet over the Timor Sea."

Comments like these are interesting, but not quite convincing. For the average man or woman there is still plenty of thrill in an ascent of 12,000 feet or so, whether over the sea or over solid ground. And if anyone wants a super-thrill there is always the stratosphere, where you still have uninterrupted right of way.

The Sports Girl

WHAT is the most important development of the century? Motoring, wireless, aviation? Not at all. Motoring and aviation have added nothing to the stamina of the race, while, as for wireless, it is not an unmixed blessing. Some flat dwellers can speak feelingly.

The change of all changes has been the emergence of woman as an athletic type.

There is no form of sport, except football and prize-fighting, that the modern girl hasn't made her own. She has won distinction in the air. She flies over the sea. She drives a speed-boat through it at 70 miles an hour. She is one of the chief "draws" at Wimbledon. She takes cricket teams round the world. She pulls a rowing boat in a style that turns the male onlooker green with envy.

The benefit will be the rising generations in A.D. 2000.

Breach of Promise

ANOTHER time-honored institution is in danger. This time it is the breach of promise action. Critics are attacking it everywhere. In some of the American States there has been unconditional surrender.

Most of us would be sorry to see this form of action ruled out of court. It has added something to the gaiety of nations.

Think of the joy to the court reporters! Think of the thrill for sentimental jurors! Think of the brightening up of the evening papers!

There are, no doubt, a few go-getters, gold-diggers, and others of the kind in the ranks. But there are others, too, who have a better cause of action than the average litigant, and have every right to be heard. They should not be shoo-ed out of court.

Matter of Degree

AT first sight the statement of Mr. George Marlow, well-known theatrical entrepreneur, that "all actors are mad" seems somewhat sweeping. But is it? Madness is only relative. Mr. Marlow gives an inkling of what is in his mind when he says that actors are "too much wrapped up in their own importance." There we are inclined to agree with him.

Actors are not alone in the failing. The man or woman who is not wrapped up in his or her importance is hard to find. Leaving a few victims of inferiority complex out of it, we are all in the same boat.

Because the actor's living depends on the striking of attitudes and the display of emotions he appears to the Philistines to be more mad than most of us. Philistinism uses its own yardstick as a measure, and there are plenty of things it can't measure at all.

Lyric of Life

THE To-morrow
Of ten million yesterdays is now.
We are the living heirs of all that was,
Of the dead years and dreams,
Forgotten loves and intrigues,
The conquests and anguish of defeat;
Of the chaotic growth of intellect
And the blood-lust of creeds.

All these things we have inherited in Time;
Yet with our own age pass them on
Unto posterity,
And ourselves become
"What was and is no more."

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Marriage "Reform"

THE old question of the non-domestic marriage has been revived. Rather curiously, the advocates this time are women. It is curious, because woman is the traditional defender of things domestic against the errant and revolutionary male.

There are women who believe in domestic freedom, but they are not numerous. Among the bold innovators is Marie Stopes, who has just published another book, "Marriage in My Time," in which she advocates an arrangement whereby young married couples are to live apart most of the time, and only to come together at week-ends. It is not a novel suggestion, but the common sense of most people is against it.

Then we have a visitor from New Zealand, Mrs. Margaret Macpherson, praising the institute as a training ground for young children. The implication is that it is a better place than the home, or than many homes. True of some homes, perhaps, but our reforming sisters should look where they are going.

THIS SNAPSHOT from Spain shows that the modern Spanish girl has retained all her traditional glamor. Modern fashions have not robbed her of her color!

Culture's Defenders

WHAT is culture? How do you define it? Is it a matter of education, taste, manner —or a combination of all three? For answers the reader is referred to the gathering in Paris that met last month under the title of "Congress of Writers for the Defence of Culture." It is no sectional affair, this congress; it includes writers from all countries, including Australia, to the number of 1600.

This is a formidable army. In defending culture it has trained its guns on the censors of literature who, the Australian delegates say, are "Customs officials empowered to ban what books they choose—even if scarcely able to read their own names!" A tremendous broadside, there!

"We demand," they say, "that the worth and legality of books should be judged by Australia's literary leaders." This is excellent, or would be, if we knew who these leaders are. While the point is unsettled our delegates seem to be rather in the air.

New Book On Food Facts For Everybody

James I is reputed to have knighted the loin of beef; hence "Sirloin." King George, by conferring honors on Sir Frederick Hopkins, discoverer of the vitamins, may be said to have indirectly knighted the vitamins.

THIS Royal recognition of a relatively new theory about food should make people more vitamin conscious, so that Mr. R. E. Figgis, the well-known Australian dietitian, has chosen a good time to launch his little book, "Food Facts for Everybody."

Mr. Figgis is already well known to The Australian Women's Weekly readers. Not long ago he wrote a series of Diet Hints for this paper, which were very much appreciated.

As vice-president and honorary dietitian of the New Health Society, which has a committee of doctors and public men, he has done a great deal of useful public work of an honorary nature.

In his book, "Food Facts for Everybody," Mr. Figgis adopts the same bright and amusing style which has made his talks over national stations so popular.

There is nothing academic or technical about his writing, and he quotes freely from world-famous authorities on nutrition to endorse his arguments.

Chair of Dietetics

TO people who are not already familiar with the advance that has been made, in recent years, in the study of food, some of these quotations will come as a surprise.

Not many Australians know, for instance, that among the names of professors appearing in Mr. Figgis' book are several who are heads of University Faculties of Dietetics in other parts of the world.

There is not yet a Chair of Dietetics in any Australian University, but overseas there are several, and their numbers increase every year as the importance of food study becomes better known.

"Food Facts for Everybody" is a little book which fulfils exactly what it sets out to do.

The author deals simply with the story of the vitamins and what they mean, and then goes on to discuss those other essentials of diet—mineral salts and celluloses. Having laid the foundations of knowledge about food, Mr. Figgis then deals with some of its uses and abuses.

He tells about "Poor food as a cause of poor health," and how to "Balance the food budget." He talks of "Bright spots in the food world," and has a special chapter for the "Modest potato and the blushing tomato."

HE deals with "Diet for the Elderly," "Feeding the Children," "Food as a Safeguard against Disease," and "Some Mistakes we Australians Make!"

The book is not intended to be a text-book on diet. Mr. Figgis does not set himself up as a world authority on what we should or should not eat. But he has concentrated years of careful research into a small, handy, and cheap volume of food facts for everybody—and particularly for the housewife who wants to know about food without tedious study.

("Food Facts for Everybody." Briton Publications, Ltd. 2/6.)

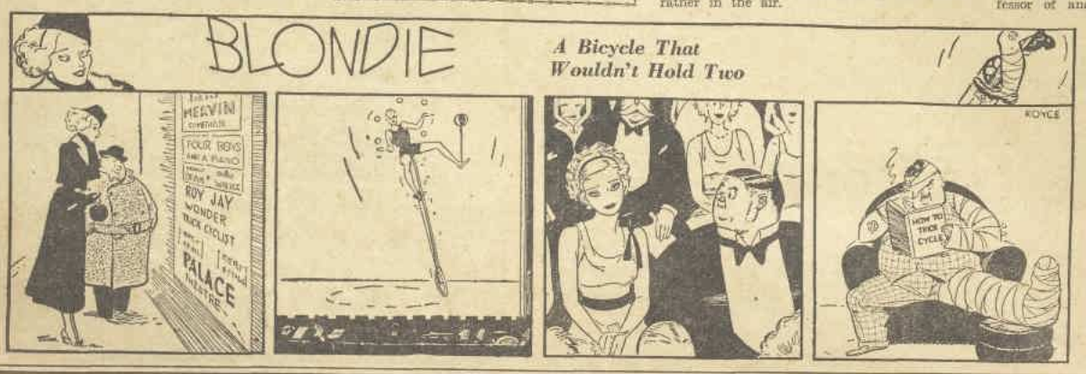
Women of Hongkong

BECAUSE there are few Chinese women in Australia we are interested in descriptions of them in their native haunts, so to speak. Here is Mrs. J. L. Shellshear, back in Australia from Hongkong, where her husband is professor of anatomy at the island University.

Not everyone knows, by the way, that Hongkong has a University. But it has.

Mrs. Shellshear likes the Chinese women, among whom she has lived for 20 years. The younger members, she told a Sydney reporter, show no restraint when mixing with European society. It is only the older ones who are a trifle nervous and self-conscious. One is surprised to hear of any Chinese, man or woman, being nervous in any company, anywhere. Perhaps the Australian lady has taken their polite reserve for something else.

A surprising fact is that they take readily to contract bridge, and "play an excellent game." Here is nimble-mindedness, if you like. Perhaps pak-a-pu is good mental exercise, though few of us can speak from experience. But contract bridge!



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LOWER'S CHUKKA *makes Everyone* CHUCKLE

Demon Polo Player Tells Inside Story of the Game

By L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by :: WEP ::

Now that the polo season is in full swing I would like to remind you that polo is a game for the idle rich. That's why I gave it up. I may be rich but I'm not idle.

I was first attracted to the game by the spectacle of beautiful ladies draped on the green sward covered all over with rugs and thermos flasks, with bits of leg sticking out here and there, all getting their photos taken for the social section of the papers. It made me ambitious.

I COMMENCED by practising on the billiard table with a Barcelona nut and an ice-pick. I got so efficient that I could hole out in one in the top pocket from the baulk line.

My next step was rather more difficult. I procured a scooter and used to race up and down the hallway with an umbrella handle and a cricket ball, the object being to belt the ball through the front door with the umbrella handle without falling off the scooter. I became so proficient that one morning I caught the landlord fair between the eyes as he was coming up the front steps.

This made me more enthusiastic than ever, and I decided to buy a horse, one of those hammer things with the long handle on it, riding breeches, and a yellow woollen sweater. I also bought a couple of goal-posts, but I found out that this was unnecessary as they have them laid on at the polo grounds.

The idea of the game is this: You all line up facing each other and the umpire throws the ball on to the ground. Then your horse bolts, and while you're clinging on, terror-stricken, the ball comes near you and you lean over, swing your polo stick, and fetch your horse a most awful crack on the shins. You throw that horse away and get another one. That's what makes the game so expensive.

Breaking Chukka

THEN there are the chukkas. You're always breaking them, or the handle comes off or the lining falls out or something.

I shall never forget the last big game I played in. I was coming down the field like the wind, that is, blowing like mad, with the ball in front of me. "Look out, Ashton!" I cried.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "it's Demon Lower!" His face went white. Even his horse turned a bit pale. Summoning up all my strength, and believe me it takes a bit of summoning, I swung at the ball, straight for the goal. I didn't get it, which was perhaps just as well, because it was the wrong goal.

The head of my racquet flew off and struck Ashton's horse on the forehead. It gave a low moan, licked Ashton's hand, and then folded up and went prone all over.

"Now look what you've done!" he said.

"You shouldn't have been in the way," I replied. "You know my methods."

Then the umpire came up and said what about getting on with the game, so I picked up the horse and tossed it over the fence, and he got a fresh one.

The concluding part of the game was quite thrilling. Ashton's new horse was a bit too small for him. His feet dragged on the ground, and in moments of excitement he would stand up and the horse would just dash out from underneath him. It slowed the game up a bit until we got used to it.

My Souvenirs

WE were running level at 3-all, when my horse decided to call it a day and rested on its left ear in among the spectators.

Nothing daunted, I shouted in clarion tones, "I can play this blooming game without a horse!" and flung myself into the fray. What a game!

When I'd finished winning the game for our side the field was strewn with recumbent horses, those of the players who were still capable of running were doing it, and the spectators were falling over each other to get out of the way. That was my last game.

I am sorry in a way that I gave it up because of the social side of the game.

I mixed with all the best people at the time, and at polo teas and balls you should have seen the souvenirs I got! I got eight spoons and two cocktail glasses from one place alone. As a matter of fact, I accumulated so much crockery, cutlery, and general hardware that I decided to get married.

I should have stuck to polo, now I come to think of it.

Summoning up all my strength, and believe me it takes a bit of summoning, I swung at the ball.

How does she keep her SLIM FIGURE

IT'S perfectly simple—just a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. No dieting, no violent exercises are necessary.

These purely vegetable pills ensure correct assimilation of your food, and remove daily from the system that unwanted fat. Surplus fat is a real menace to good health, so if you want to be slim and healthy start to-night with that regular dose of Bile Beans.

"Bile Beans have reduced my surplus fat and weight and made me feel younger and more active, so that housework doesn't take half the effort it used to do."

Mrs. A. B.

• • • •

"As the years have come on I have shown a natural inclination to grow stout, but the nightly doses of Bile Beans are of great assistance in keeping my weight down."

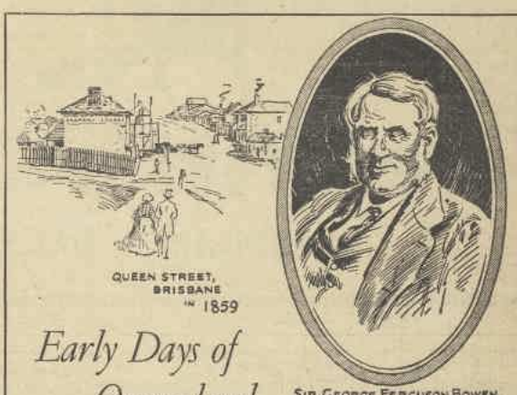
Mr. W. A.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MOISTURE PROOF SANITARY PINC-BAK TOWELS PINK BACK

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY COTTON DRESSINGS PTY LTD



Early Days of Queensland

Queensland was separated from New South Wales in 1859, the first Governor, Sir George Bowen, arriving at Brisbane on 10th December to formally proclaim the new colony.

At that time Queensland had a population of about 25,000, mainly engaged in pastoral pursuits. There were no railways, scarcely a made road in the colony, and none of the seaports could berth a laden 1,000-ton ship.

In seventy-six years Queensland has made remarkable progress. Its population has grown to practically 1,000,000; over 6,500 miles of railway have been opened for traffic, and many ports from Brisbane to Cairns serve the interior.

Nine years before Queensland became a separate colony, the Bank of New South Wales opened a branch at Brisbane.

This Bank, the oldest and largest in Australasia, has co-operated closely in the development of Queensland and all other States of the Commonwealth.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank in Australasia

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 12 137C.1935

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609049

BACKACHE

HOW often have you told yourself that your backache was due to over-tiredness—that you had been "taking too much out of yourself?" Make no mistake—those stabbing, sudden pains, or that down-dragging, dull ache are Nature's warning of a trouble that may seriously undermine your health. Your kidneys are at fault—they are not discharging their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. If you try to carry on you will only be giving yourself needless agony. What is more, you will be allowing the blood stream to carry poisons, uric acid among them, all over the body *because your kidneys are too weak to filter them out naturally.* This uric acid will then form crystals that lodge in the joints, giving rise to backache or the fiery pain of rheumatism. It may lead to scalding gravel or chronic inflammation of the bladder.

WHY suffer the maddening pain of backache, when De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will bring quick relief? De Witt's Pills are specially compounded to reach the kidneys and restore them to healthy natural action. You will have visible proof of this within 24 hours of taking them. No other pills will do this. In a very few hours after taking De Witt's Pills your pain will lessen and soon the kidneys will be working naturally. Then your backache will leave you completely and with it will go the risk of the serious health danger of kidney weakness. Price 3/6 per box, or the larger, economical size, 6/6.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

The Concluding Instalment of . . .

AMATEUR LADY

By . . . Barbara WEBB

SIR JOHN RANSOME, sitting with his family in the library, had received the telephone call at ten o'clock. Frey had told the whole story as he knew it—the hasty marriage, Gilead's appearance, Simon's death, Gilead's precarious state.

"You will go to your rooms," Sir John said quietly to his children when the conversation was over. "I want to talk to your mother."

They left silently, wondering what grave matters were afoot. Lady Ransome had heard the story of Christine's bravery at the horse show. She had made little comment, but had put her sewing aside from time to time to stare into the fire as though seeing pictures there. Now, with the children gone, she looked questioningly at her husband.

"They are married?" she asked.

"No, I wish it were that, Cecilia."

He told her then, as gently as he could, what had happened.

"You think she made this hasty marriage to save Philip from herself." It was a statement, rather than a question, and Sir John nodded his head.

"They will need us, Philip and Christine both," said Lady Ransome quietly. "We will have an early breakfast and go there first thing in the morning. I may not be able to help much, but you can advise Christine and save her from some of the difficult things."

She folded her sewing and stood up, straight and tall, and Sir John reached for her hand.

"We'll go, Cecilia," he said. "It's the right thing for us to do now."

"Yes."

He looked at her admiringly. Whatever she did, she would do thoroughly. Generously. With no hesitation once she saw her course clearly.

They went at once to Philip's rooms in the morning. He got up from his desk to greet them, his face lined and sombre.

"She won't see me," he said. "There seems to be nothing I can do to help her now. She's thinking only of Gilead. And she's got to face an inquest, reporters from the newspapers."

"I'll help her, Philip," Sir John said. "She'll need a lawyer, and I think she'll let me do it. You make your mother comfortable, tell her just what has happened if you can. We're here to stay with you as long as there is anything we can do. I'll go out now and try to see Christine."

Left alone, Philip and his mother faced each other.

"I'm sorry, Philip," she said.

"I know—it's just something—that had to happen—I suppose. Oh, what difference does it all make now—my family, my name—when I've lost the only thing in the world I care about—"

"It may not be lost," said Lady Ransome. "I want to see Christine before I return, to tell her I am sorry, and to let her know how welcome she will be with us when all this trouble is over."

Philip shook his head.

"You don't know how she loves Gilead—if he—if he dies, and they think he will—she'll never look at me again. That sounds selfish, but, mother, she needs comfort so. Christine does—I want to help her, and I can't."

The day dragged. The inquest had been set for that afternoon at four. Christine, accompanied by Sir John, whose offer of help she had accepted without protest, appeared to falter out her story. Other witnesses were called, and at the end of an hour the coroner gave his verdict of "accidental death by drowning," exonerating Gilead from all blame.

Sheltered by the tall, commanding presence of Sir John, Christine went back to the house. Gilead's condition was unchanged, and though his heart ached for her Sir John felt it wise to urge on her at once the settlement of the inevitable details involved in Simon's death.

"You are legally his widow, you know," he said gently, "and you inherit your dower rights, even if he left a will."

"I will take nothing," said Christine. "It all belongs to his children."

"Then I will arrange for you to waive those rights, Christine. I have talked with the children's aunt, and she will take over the care of them. They, the daughters particularly—the boys are too young really to know what has happened—grieve for their father, but they grieve for you, too, Christine."

"I know—I will do everything I can for them when I know about Gilead."

They laid Simon to rest the following day. Christine sat with Simon's children, her face thin and tearless, her bearing brave and dignified through this conclusion to her effort to put herself and Philip safely beyond temptation.

Gilead, partly conscious, partly racked by fever and pain, held on, fighting with stupendous energy the inroads of the disease that racked his lungs and made his every breath an agony. Sir John, Christine's affairs firmly in hand, went to see her for the last time the day after Simon's funeral. She came from the sickroom to talk to him, sitting at Gilead's desk, her eyes shadowed, but her voice and manner under firm control.

"This is all, I think," he said at last, "except—you know that Philip's mother is here. She would like to see you, Christine, if it would not pain you too much. She feels—we all feel that a grave wrong was done when we opposed your marriage to Philip. And Philip himself—you will see him again, won't you, Christine?"

She shook her head.

"I'd rather not. Take him home with you. All of it was wrong from the very beginning. All of it—Gilead——" Her voice broke and she could not continue.

"But you will see Lady Ransome?" Sir John persisted.

"Yes, if you ask me to."

Please turn to Page 32

Blind

I THINK that I am going blind
In both my foolish eyes,
And I who longed to study so,
Be clever, young, and wise.

I am afraid, who spoke of fear
As weakness of the mind,
My calm philosophy has fled
Now I am going blind.

I cannot live without the sun
To whiten in my eyes,
Without the shadow flocks of birds
To pattern out the skies.

I am a coward, sick at heart,
My youth has fled dismayed;
And standing in the wilderness
I am afraid, afraid.

—Yvonne Webb.

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about BULL-FIGHTING, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Awaiting the charge of the bull," will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 11, BOX 4153X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 12th JULY.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 27th JULY.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 8

The Winning Competitor in this contest is:—
MISS G. HANSON,
558 Blaxland Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Her solution, containing only one error, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to her. Prize money will be posted on Friday, July 19th.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 8

"Usually, jelly-fish live on minute organisms, but the larger forms have been known to capture a full-grown mackerel. Most live near the surface, but some have been found at a depth of 2750 fathoms."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609050

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

FAIR MOTORIST (as she ties bib on newly-painted car): Baby mustn't get his nice new coat splashed with nasty petrol.

LADY MOTORIST: Why didn't you give me half the road?

VICTIM: I didn't have time to discover which half you wanted.

EMPLOYER (to applicant who has handed in testimonials from two ministers): We don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a reference from someone who sees you on week-days?

SHE: What would you do if you were left a widower?

HE: Oh, the same as you would if you were left a widow, I suppose.

SHE: You horrid thing! and you told me you could never care for anyone else!

WIFE: There's a notice in the paper saying you died to-day!

PROFESSOR: Remind me to send a wreath, will you?

Age 13

Old enough for strong drugs?

What the doctors say about giving children a medicine of adult strength.

It is *not* wise to give a laxative of adult strength to a child, just because you give it less often or in less amounts.

Stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can often be traced to this single mistake.

There is a better way to relieve those occasional sluggish spells or constipation in a child of any age:

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a *natural* laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does **not** harm or upset a child's system.

Doctors advise liquid laxatives, and hospitals use the liquid form. Almost any child who has been convalescing in the hospital usually comes out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

Make the change now to pure, California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you won't risk any more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. Those little upsets and complaints just disappear as a rule and the child is soon normal and happy again.

Give that headachy, bilious child California Syrup of Figs when constipated, *and a little less each time* until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suitable to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

HE: Since I met you, I can't eat.
She (hopefully): Why?
He: I'm broke.

CHAPLAIN: My poor fellow, I suppose that poverty, which causes the downfall of so many, brought you to this?
Convict: Not at all. When I was arrested, I was simply coining money.

TEACHER: What's meant by the wisdom of the serpent?
Star Pupil: That you can't pull a snake's leg.

LANDLADY: I'll give you just three days in which to pay your board!
Student: All right. I'll pick the fourth of July, Christmas, and Easter.

HE: I talked with a very interesting man to-day. He was a Buddhist.
She: Oh, I'd love to meet him. All of my geraniums are wilting.

HER CASE IS HOPELESS

said two doctors leaving the sick bed of my wife. As a last resort, I gave her

ARTERIOL TABLETS

and after two days she opened her eyes and spoke, and improved daily until last week she actually took a hand at bridge.

(Extract from Original Letter.)

If you suffer from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flushes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, etc., etc., that's BLOOD PRESSURE. Be on the safe side with the only safe remedy—

ARTERIOL TABLETS

Price: 12/-, 5 weeks; 22/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/6.

Obtainable all leading chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 63 Wellington Street, Kew E.1, Victoria.

Are You Bashful?

SHY?

NERVOUS?

EMBARRASSED?

NO WONDER YOU ARE A "STAY-AT-HOME"

DO you ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

You Are Self-Conscious!

Shame on you! There is no need for you to be nervous and embarrassed. Stop being shy. You can learn how to conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Every individual now suffering from Bashfulness (Self-Consciousness) and inferiority complex, will welcome this good news. My method used with great success by thousands of people throughout the world. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** If you're Bashful—don't wait another day—Send for my fascinating, amazing book. Tells how to master and overcome Self-Consciousness, unreasonable fears—How to acquire a magnetic personality — Health, Power and Success. **Write to-day!**

This Book is Free!

MAIL THIS FREE BOOK COUPON

AUSTRALASIAN PHYSICAL COLLEGE,
HARVARD HOUSE, 192 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs,—Without any obligation on my part please send me a FREE copy of your amazing book on Nervousness and Bashfulness. I enclose stamp for postage.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

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WALKED "AT A SNAIL'S PACE"

Woman of 60 Hopeless About Her Rheumatism

Relieved by Kruschen

Here is a message of hope for all sufferers from rheumatism. No one could be in a more hopeless state than was this woman—none could be more cheerful than she is now :—

"For over eighteen months I was crippled with rheumatism in the knees. I could not walk without a stick, and then only at a snail's pace. I went to hospital, having electrical treatment twice a week. But it did no good, so I just gave up and thought my case hopeless. I was over 60, and just made up my mind (after leading a very active life) that I was finished. I could not kneel, and had practically to lift my legs on to the bed, they were so helpless. Then something made me wonder. 'Why not try Kruschen?' I did, and, believe me, I left off everything else, and took only Kruschen in my tea. Now I can walk and run as quickly as anyone at my age, or a lot younger, and, what is more, I can sleep, which means a lot to me (after suffering like I did). For all this I have only Kruschen to thank."—(Mrs.) P. C.

Most rheumatic pain and swelling is caused by too much uric acid in the body. Uric acid is composed of sharp, needle-like crystals which settle in the muscles, joints, and tendons, pierce the nerves, and inflame the tissues. Keep down the excess of uric acid from day to day, and it stands to reason you'll never have to suffer any more.

That is just what Kruschen Salts does—brings quick relief from the cutting, stabbing pains of rheumatism because it actually rids your blood of every trace of poisonous uric acid. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of these uric acid crystals, then dissolve them away altogether. Other ingredients of these salts assist Nature to wash out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels. And as they go, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Land of Women—Paraguay in the 'Sixties

One of the most unusual and interesting books published this year is Katharina von Dombrowski's "Land of Women," a work described by the publishers as "an historical epic of Paraguay in the 1860's." While not going to the length of accepting the "epic" qualities of the book, one can, at least, class it as a novel well above the average in subject, wideness of scope, and originality.

MADAME DOMBROWSKI has chosen as her central characters the Paraguayan dictator, Francisco Lopez, and his mistress, Eliza Lynch, the latter a fascinating creature, French by adoption, Irish by birth, unprincipled, clever, grasping and beautiful.

Lopez, dreaming of a South American empire, and urged on by Madame Lynch, embarks on a war with Brazil, the Argentine, and Uruguay. This war brings to both of them their moments of supreme triumph and power, but also draws in its wake a fearful and ever-mounting wave of murder, torture, spoliation, and national disaster. The wave, at length, overtakes both the would-be emperor and his paramour, overwhelming both, and, on receding, leaves Lopez a corpse, and Eliza Lynch shorn of her power.

As its title would indicate, the Paraguayan women play a big part in the story. It is in handling them, reaching into their lives, that Madame Dombrowski is at her best. She has described these Guarani women sympathetically, not baulking at their moral standards, which decidedly were not those of civilised countries of to-day, but showing, against the lightness with which they bestowed their love, the deep devotion of which they were capable, their loyalty, incredible stamina and real piety.

* * *

"LAND of Women" is a novel that takes one to a new world, or, rather, to an old one, one that disappeared when, partly by war, partly by Lopez' own executions and punishments, Guarani manhood was virtually wiped out in Paraguay. It is a world ruled, on the surface, by men, but controlled by the subterranean influence of women. Even Francisco Solano Lopez, El Supremo, with power of life and death, was influenced, first by his mother, and later by Madame Lynch; a woman was the only one openly to curse him; and, at the end, the women of Paraguay play the final scene.

There are scenes in this book that will make the modern reader shiver: mention of killings, murders, floggings that would be incredible in any other setting. And yet, simply because the background is so true, these enormities do not seem out of place; they are part of a story which could not exist without them; they are as essential to this closely-packed narrative as are the very capable descriptions of the ordinary domestic life of the country.

Madame Dombrowski is a much-travelled woman. She has lived in Austria, Germany, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, West Africa, and New York. But of all these countries, Paraguay has left the strongest impression. That it has left its mark on her is apparent in her book. Only one deeply interested in Paraguay and with a strong respect and love for its people could have written this story as she has written it.

"Land of Women" is a crowded book, and yet crowded in a way that leaves every incident and character clear-cut and arresting. It is full of action, interesting, moving, and, above all, real. It may not be, as has been said, "epic," it may even be forgotten in a few years, but it is a book that nobody will regret reading. (Putnam. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

THOMAS WOLFE, the American novelist, is a master in the art of the marathon novel. His latest book, "Of Time and the River," is said to contain at least 400,000 words.

SHORT REVIEWS

"FIRE ON THE WIND," John K. Ewers. John K. Ewers, whose first novel, "Money Street," gave promise of more good things to come, has justified admirers of his work in his new book, "Fire on the Wind."

It seems the accepted thing to portray Australian country life during a period of pestilence, either drought, flood, or fire, and Mr. Ewers has chosen a bush-fire as the highlight of his story. He has given us an example of fine descriptive writing in his account of the fire, and he has gone even further by making it appear as something much more than a mere wrecker, a destroyer of tangible things. It occurs at a time when the elementary human emotions of jealousy, love, and anger are destroying the mental make-up of the people of whom he writes. Yet how petty and small such human emotions seem when the Fire God strides over the land, rushing onward with the inevitableness of doom.

The story deals with the home life of the Colliver family on their farm on the Gippsland hills. David Colliver, the aged father, hailed from Devon, but he is reminiscent of the old Scotch Covenanters in his attitude towards his family. His sons and daughters, most of them approaching middle life, were treated as children, accepting his authority without question. Edward, a man in his thirties, supplies the main interest of the plot. His smouldering passion for an old love, now married, broke into flames and set in train a series of events upon which the novelist has founded his story.

The characters in the book are extremely well drawn, and the Colliver family life a convincing picture of many homes in the 'eighties before "personality" and "independence" became familiar catchwords. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* * *

"TYCOON," C. E. Scoggins. Romantic story of a railway construction camp in Central America, with a purposeful young man for the hero. His love affair progresses rapidly, but just when happiness seems to be threatened a volcanic eruption makes all sorts of unexpected things happen, and his affairs are settled satisfactorily. (Skeffington. Our copy, Swains.)

"MONKEY'S MONEY," Mabel L. Tyrrell. Robert-Marie Daiby was born in France during a heavy storm, and, hearing about it years later, that storm seemed to him an omen of his life. There were many emotional outbreaks among the members of his family. A temperamental French mother and an indolent English father, both possessing a strong allegiance for the land of their birth, did not make for harmony in the home. Robert-Marie was torn between the desires of his parents, and his discomfiture was increased by his mother's intolerance of himself and her all-absorbing interest in her riches. When her second son, Pierre-Marie was born, she loved him to the point of fanaticism, and saw in him one who would inherit her land.

The outbreak of war brought to light some hidden family history. Matters reached a crisis, and Robert-Marie, now a young man, set off for England. Unhappiness and disappointment dogged him, but unexpectedly in middle life the long-denied happiness was granted to him. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* * *

"A STAR IN LOVE," Berta Ruck. Jane Richards, a young and pretty Welsh actress enjoying her first stage success, was warned that love was a handicap to a career. She endeavored to cast it out of her scheme of things, and the story tells of her efforts to do so and the ensuing results. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Romance of Cookery

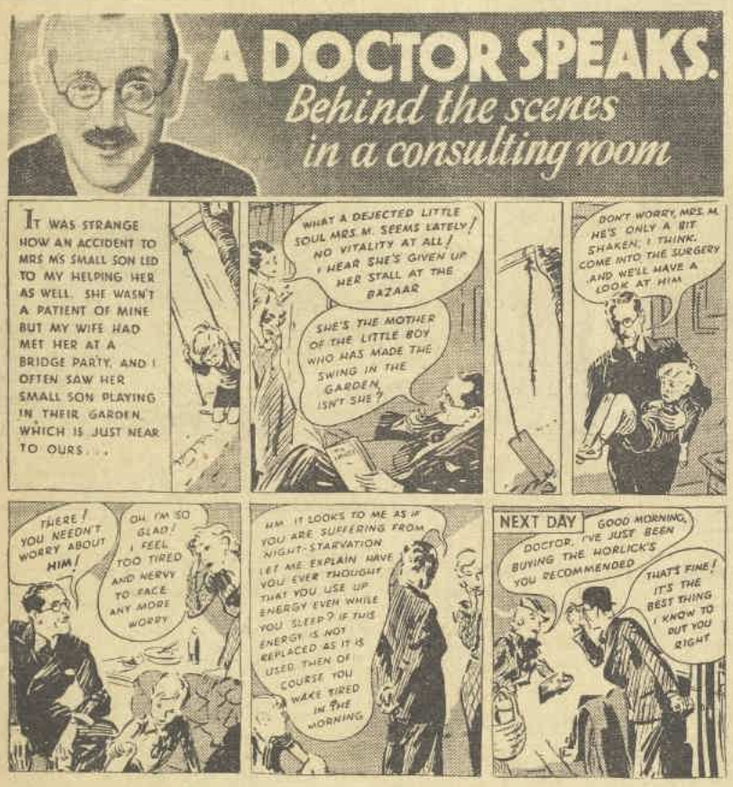
THE fact that there are thousands of women who admit to finding more pleasure in the reading of a cookery book than in any work of fiction justifies, I think, mention of such a book among reviews of recent publications. Certainly few women could resist the charm of the book in question—Elizabeth Craig's Family Cookery.

Mrs. Craig is the celebrated English authority on household management, and her fame is world-wide. Her comprehensive book is specially designed to be intensely practical and economical, and directions are given in a way that might be termed "fool-proof." There are chapters devoted to household management, special diets, menus, Empire cookery, and other things too numerous to detail. (Collins, 8/6.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty ***

A DOCTOR SPEAKS.

Behind the scenes in a consulting room



So many mothers feel as Mrs. M. did—worn out, wretched, depressed. They, too, are suffering from "Night Starvation". As the doctor explained, we use up energy even while we sleep—with breathing and other automatic actions. And if this energy is not replaced as it is used up, we wake tired, "Night Starved". Horlick's Malted Milk, taken regularly at bed-time, prevents "Night Starvation"—restores energy as it is used up. You will love its intriguing flavour. It is economical, too, for the milk is in Horlick's. Add water only. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

Do you know these amazing facts about "Night-Starvation"?

(1) The average person stirs once every 10 minutes during sleep. The body shifts first this way and then that in order to rest all the muscle groups in turn.
(2) During an 8-hour night, you expend 30,000 muscular efforts just to breathe!
(3) All night through your heart has to beat and pump blood—about 35,000 beats between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.
(4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you suffer from "Night Starvation". Actual tests show that Horlick's, because it is so easily digested, restores this energy *while you sleep.*

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

13 H 35

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There's Snow On "Them Thar Hills"

WINTER sports are in full swing on Australia's various rooftops — happy crowds have brought life once more to Buffalo and Kosciusko. Here are some typical scenes taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

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TO REGAIN & TO RETAIN

The Glory of Beautiful Womanhood

Invaluable to the younger woman who would retain her youthful looks as well as those who would take from ten to twenty years off their appearance in as many minutes, **TWO-SEVEN-O** Scientific Facial Rejuvenators remove double chins, lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet, etc., **IMMEDIATELY.**

Whilst this treatment enables you to retain or to regain permanently, your youthful beauty and assist your skin to breathe correctly, it is restful and uses **No Massage—No Drugs—No Tedious Exercises or Face Patting.**

We have specially fitted private consulting rooms, whilst country clients may apply the treatment in their own homes with self service charts.

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For Further Particulars or 'Phone B4723 (extension 2) for appointment.

Country and Interstate clients, please note that special direct mail instruction can be forwarded whereby you may apply the "Two-Seven-O" treatment yourself. Write for full particulars to the above address.

Unretouched Photo taken immediately after treatment.

LITTLE SON

Continued from Page 6

"OH, if it could only come true!" Jenny said with a rapturous sigh. "I fell in love with him, his bonny little face, the way he said things, so quaint! I wonder if they'd let him go? Someone loved him. I saw that, the way his clothes were patched. He didn't talk about his father at all, did he?"

"No, he didn't. Perhaps his mother's a widow. If so, I should think she'd be glad to have him off her hands, to be well looked after."

Early next morning Benjamin Mortlake got the trap out. It was a couple of miles to the station. They got to London soon after eleven.

Nan was just getting their frugal dinner ready when the knock came at the door. Jerry had come in from Sunday school with an illuminated text which had been given him. The picture was David with the slain bear, and proudly he showed her two stones he had picked up on his way home.

"All I want now is a sling, and, of course, a bear."

As Nan opened the door, Jerry greeted them with a loud shout of approval.

"Mum, it's Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake from the farm! Look at my lovely card! I wish they'd given me one with a bull on. Do you think Betsy will give some milk to-day without you there?"

"Hush, Jerry!" said Nan. She looked at the visitors apologetically.

"Jerry's so full of life. He's always asking questions. I'm afraid, from what he tells me, he was rather a trial to you yesterday. But he did enjoy himself!"

"No, he wasn't a trial. We've come to talk to you about him. Can you spare us a little while?"

"Jerry, darling," said Nan quietly, "go and ask Mrs. Barton if you can stay with her a little while. I'll come and fetch you when dinner's ready."

"Perhaps you'd like to take these gooseberries down and share them?" said Jenny, and she took from her capacious basket a bag of ripe, red gooseberries.

"Thank you very much!" said Jerry. He picked half a dozen of the biggest and put them on a plate.

"That's for you, Mum," he said, and departed.

A curious feeling had swept over Nan, almost a feeling of panic. They wanted Jerry! It was as though instinct told her. Jerry, who was her darling, all she had in the world! She couldn't let him go! But of course she could for a week, a fortnight! Wonderful for the boy to have a holiday! That must be what they had come for.

And then, very quietly, Mrs. Mortlake told her.

"Mrs. Everest, my husband and I took a great fancy to your boy yesterday. We've no children of our own. We've often thought we'd like to adopt one, but we've never seen one that we could take to. Your Jerry would be heart's desire to us."

THE look of anguish that crossed Nan's face told them that what they wanted was hopeless. Poor creature, she looked so delicate, so fragile, and yet they could see her point. Her son was all she had! How could she let him go?

"He's my whole world!" said Nan. "My husband died four years ago. I've brought Jerry up, struggled and sacrificed for him. He's all I've got to live for."

"We oughtn't to have come," said Benjamin Mortlake. "I'm sorry, my lass! Don't take it to heart. He's a fine little chap, and we both of us wished you could have listened, but we acted on the impulse, wanted to strike while the iron was hot. We ought to have written."

"We liked him so much," broke in his wife. "We wanted him so, felt that he would be so happy there at the farm. But of course you couldn't let him go. I see that now. We've brought you a few things, dear. Try to forgive us for suggesting it."

"Forgive you!" said Nan wistfully. "Why, I think it's wonderful of you! You wer so kind. He told me all about it. He'll never stop talking about you. He has such quaint ideas. He was quite sure that you were Moses tending the flock and you were Ruth gleaning the barley."

How they laughed, but there was a sob there, too.

Presently they went, leaving Nan. She unpacked the basket—butter and eggs, a chicken, and a bottle of cream, and no end of fruit. How kind they were!

Suddenly she dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands, and wept.

Please turn to Page 32

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A.," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years. W.S.M.

for **MAN, WOMAN, or CHILD**

The never failing COMPLETE remedy for- CONSTIPATION IN ITS COUNTLESS FORMS

LAXETTES

PROVED ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL

IN THOUSANDS OF THE MOST OBSTINATE CASES

Every intelligent reader knows that one of the greatest rules of life is to avoid any and every form of constipation. No matter who you are, the remedy you use for constipation is one of the most important things you carry in stock in your house. What do you use? Do you use Laxettes? No man or woman is justified in resting content until he or she has discovered how completely superior, in every way, Laxettes are to the very best of other aperients. The best of the others is second-best to Laxettes. Test and prove this yourself. Thousands of others have tested and proved it. Do likewise yourself. To-day, buy Laxettes.

READ WHAT SATISFIED USERS SAY:

Dear Sirs,—I find these Laxettes to be the finest medicine both for myself and children, and intend always to use them. I have been a sufferer from constipation for a long period and nothing has done me any good. But now I am not troubled since I have found your wonderful cure.

I am, yours truly,
Mrs. K——, Ravensworth.

Dear Sirs,—It is a pleasure for me to write to you about Laxettes. I tried your sample and they have done me wonderfully well. I have tried all other laxatives and none of them are as good as Laxettes, and I have recommended them to lots of my friends and also I have bought a tin for my own use. I would advise other people to try a sample. I cannot recommend them too highly.

I am, yours sincerely,
Mrs. S. G. B——, Binigay, N.S.W.

FORM NO HABIT – DOUBLY EFFECTIVE – DOUBLY ECONOMICAL

LAXETTES

IMPORTANT WARNING TO PARENTS

Far too many parents dismiss the possibility of their children being afflicted by intestinal worms! They neglect to be ever-watchful for signs that BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS are urgently needed. No other treatment can be relied on so safely. BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS do not contain Santonin or compounds injurious and upsetting, and are definitely guaranteed as a worm-killer and expeller. Write for authoritative literature to 366 Swanston St., Melbourne.

WHY? have those Horrid RUST MARKS and GREEN STAINS on YOUR BATH when

KLEEN-BATH

WILL REMOVE THEM!

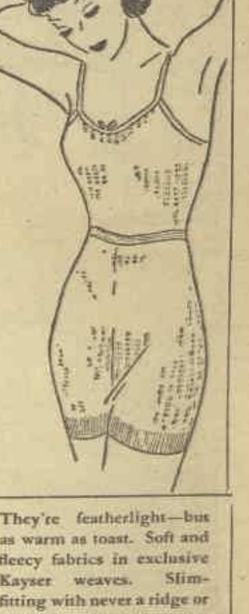
"WITH NO SHAKING OF POWDER ALL OVER THE PLACE. "KLEEN-BATH" CLEANS BATHS WITH EASE AND NO WASTE."

Stocked By All Stores City, Country, and Interstate.

MNF'S. "KLEENERS LIMITED," SYDNEY.

Be Smart!
Be Snug!
in

KAYSER *Woolies*



They're featherlight—but as warm as toast. Soft and fleecy fabrics in exclusive Kayser weaves. Slim-fitting with never a ridge or a bulge . . . and as near unshrinkable as wool can be.

Illustrated: Kayser Woolies Vest, K231, and Knicker, K211. *In wool and rayon, featuring the* SPECIAL WOVEN "LASTEX" BAND. *Comfy-cut Vest,* 2/11. *Knicker* . . . . . 4/11.

For Daywear, for Slumberwear, choose Kayser Woolies. Knickers from 4/11. Solos from 7/11. Vests from 2/11. Nightdresses from 14/11. Pyjamas from 19/11. Dressing Jackets from 9/11.

KAYSER *Woolies*

AT ALL GOOD STORES

KAYSER HOSIERY-GLOVES-WOOLIES

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR.

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, encounters in Alexandria PRINCESS NARDA: A beautiful girl who is being terrorised by HAWK: An international criminal, who claims that her brother, PRINCE SIGRID: Has committed murder. Hawk is bleeding Sigrid and Narda of their wealth. Mandrake, with LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, sets out to rescue Sigrid. Arrived at the latter's house, Mandrake and his servant wait while Narda goes inside. But the girl finds that Hawk is there. He announces that, having gained everything they have, he now intends to put brother and sister to death. Now read on.

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BABY TWINS *Problem for Modern* SOLOMON

Many are the problems confronting a Judge in Divorce. He needs a wide fund, indeed, of wisdom and tolerance, and a very kindly understanding of human nature. Mr. Justice Boyce has all these attributes, and many more, which eminently fit him to administer justice in the courts which deal exclusively with matrimonial differences and domestic unhappiness.

But at the present time he is called on to decide a problem which Solomon himself would surely have been loath to settle.

THE Stevens restitution suit now before the Court, and adjourned owing to the illness of one of the learned counsel engaged in the hearing, makes new judicial history in New South Wales.

The suit before the Court is an application by Constance Stevens, the wife of a North Coast farmer, for a restitution order against her husband, John Daniel Stevens, who, she claims, without just cause, has failed to provide a home for her.

The difficulties of the suit are accentuated by the intrusion into the picture of the fourteen-months-old babies, John and Margaret, twin children of the marriage, for whose custody the mother is asking the Court.

Public attention has been directed to the restitution suit by reason of the fact that the husband and wife came together through a matrimonial advertisement in a Melbourne weekly newspaper, and because of allegations made and denied by Mrs. Stevens, that she had sold one of the twin babies for £50.

Upon the decision of the Judge in Divorce rests the future welfare of the little twins. Will they be handed over to the care of the mother, or left in the custody of the father?

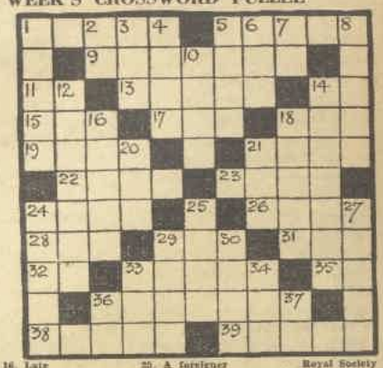
DURING the hearing of the suit the unusual spectacle has been witnessed of the little mites being brought daily to the Court so that their mother may have an opportunity of spending half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon with them.

The babies were in the country with friends when the litigation started, and Mr. Justice Boyce, on the application of the mother, made the order that they be brought to Sydney during the hearing of the case.

Evidence having been completed, the little twins have now gone back to their home with friends, to await a decision of which they know nothing, but which will affect their whole future.

All eyes are on Mr. Justice Boyce. Only in the biblical story of Solomon's judgment when two mothers claimed the same baby can anything like a parallel be found to this case.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES ACROSS

1. Polish
5. Yields
9. Like
11. One side of a stage
13. Turning point
14. Australian State
15. Decay
17. Animal
18. Friend
19. Snare
21. Bucket
22. Outing
23. Covering
24. Edge
26. Immediately
28. Very cold
29. Fellow of the Linnean Society
31. — la! la!
32. Exclamation
33. Delicate
35. Vessel
36. Conquer
38. Fermenter
39. Fleshy

CLUES DOWN

1. Good fellow
2. Exists
3. Small measure
4. Eastern ruler
5. Congealed liquid
6. Consume
7. Physician
8. Tiny
10. Name
12. Colonnade
14. Seaman
16. Late
18. Color
20. Excitable
21. Vegetable
24. Soft and fine
25. A foreigner
27. Unpleasant
29. Worry
30. Country
32. Fellow of the Royal Society
34. Recline
36. He gets all the blame!
37. Exclamation

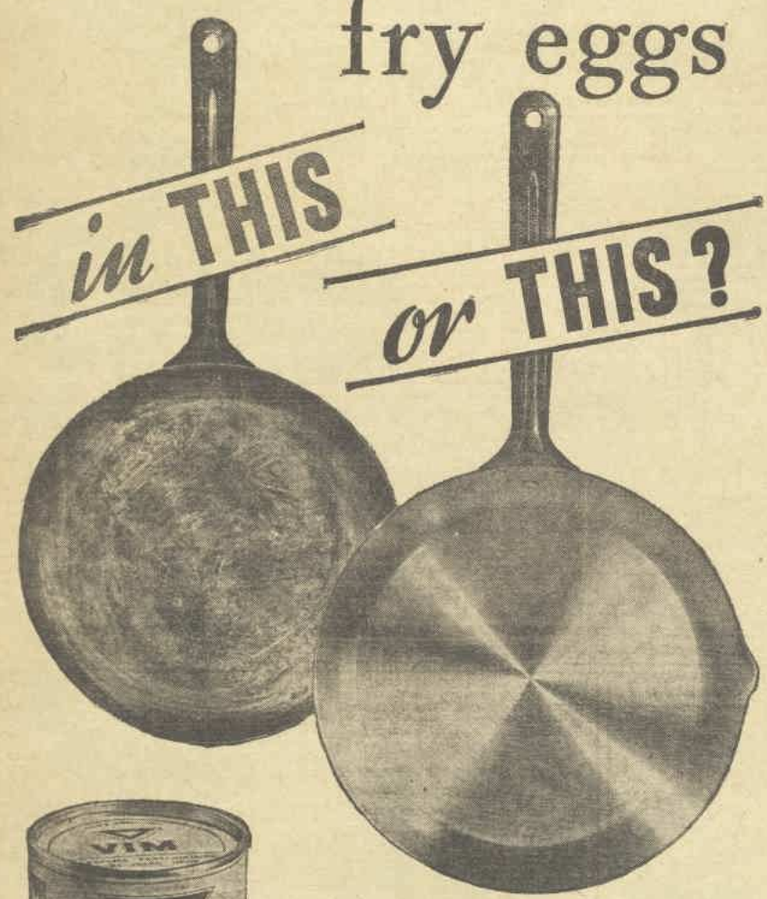
ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Eliminate, em, facet, da, lea, toe, bin, kris, daft, syrup, frays, aisle, crave, yacht, fire, moor, sft, die, pre, t.l., eliot, de, extentive.

DOWN: Emery, if, mat, icon, nee, ai, edify, elks, ants, air, bas, suave, dream, pie, fly, clot, rifle, art, eep, borde, tree, k'la, die, R.O.R., ai, sl.

Would you *rather* fry eggs

in THIS *or* THIS?



VIM'S *soap-coated* GRAINS CLEAN *CLEANER*

Don't age your pots and pans—don't dull and wear them with harsh cleaners. Pots need *smooth* cleaning to keep them bright and make them last. Give them the silky-smooth cleaning of Vim, and see the difference. Vim cleans smoother, cleaner, faster, because it cleans with soap-coated grains that gently *lift* the dirt off and away.

VIM CLEANS IN A SHAKE

A LEVER PRODUCT 7.36.15

To give *you* an irresistible charm....

● This powder, soft as a shower of falling flower petals on tender baby skins, is best for your own soft skin too. It is not given to all women to have perfect features, or beautiful eyes. But any woman can cultivate an air of fragrant freshness; a personal charm more intimate than beauty of figure . . . an irresistible charm that captivates.

This she may do by using after her bath the softest and smoothest of all toilet powders . . . Johnson's Baby Powder. Sprinkle it all over yourself after the bath, and its sweet fragrance will linger about you.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price. Now 9d. per tablet.

D4-35

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

"QUEER" PEOPLE

IS it not sad to hear anyone who never speaks scandal or unkind gossip described as "queer"?

The trouble with so many of us is that we have too much to say about the spots on the sun, the thorns on the roses, the weaknesses of our friends. Why not, instead, talk of the sun's warmth and splendor, the fragrance of the rose, and the fine and beautiful qualities to be found in men and women? Let us be determined not to pass on any unkind, foolish, or embarrassing story about another. Let us lock it up in our memory and lose the key. It is quite likely that soon we will hear some malicious or foolish talk, so let us remember that, if we cannot avoid hearing it, we can avoid repeating it.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. H. A. Beasley, Pedder St., Launceston, Tas.

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A WEEKLY SAVING

HOW often we hear people say what they would do if they could have their days over again to make things better all round.

I think the course that would have benefited the great majority of us would have been a strict adherence to a resolution never for one week to live wholly up to our income.

Just think of the boon of that 5 or even 3 shillings put aside weekly, and the moral benefit of the lesson of steady self-denial to us all. What a support to us in every way for future years!

Mrs. E. Bohane, 75 Arthur St., New Farm, Brisbane.

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THIRD PARTY ADVICE

I AM often annoyed by the emphatic way advice is given through newspaper columns to individual inquiries of a personal nature; such as "Should I divorce my husband?"

There are always two sides to every dispute. How can a person give advice after reading the written assertions of one of the parties concerned? Even admitting those assertions to be a full statement of the case, I contend that no third person can enter into a problem coldly and calmly and pronounce judgment. Nor can they understand the feelings and reactions of the two persons concerned nor the reason why they acted as they did. I may be wrong, but I would like to know what other readers think.

Thurza Ledgard, Inverell, N.S.W.

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MY IDEAL MAN

RE Adela Shelton Smith's article (22/6/'35), we all have an ideal man. Some insist on good looks, others prefer mental and moral charms. I prefer a man with a sense of humor.

I value most honesty and tolerance, in addition to humor. My ideal man is honest, so that he will mislead none in word or deed, nor betray a trust. His tolerance is for others, especially for those who are neither mentally nor physically so well equipped as he. Although he must not condone sin, yet he has charity for their failings, sympathy in their sorrows. And when he cannot give of this world's goods, he has a kindly word of advice or encouragement.

Do I expect too much?

Mrs. M. Atkinson, 15 Moor St., Sandringham, Vic.

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GUIDANCE NEEDED

I THINK the cause of a great deal of the unrest and discontent found in our young people to-day is the lack of guidance by their elders as to what to read and how to read. There are great treasures hidden in books, either to be found or lost. If children were given a variety of the best authors, they would soon learn to take the best out of each for themselves. A bright, clean, laughable story read aloud by one member of the house would have the effect of a good tonic, and be enjoyed by the old as well as the young.

Miss Florence Miller, 36 Glenfarne St., Bexley, N.S.W.

"No More Colds" Should Be Our Winter Slogan

"DON'T sit in that draught. You'll catch your death of cold." "Wrap yourself up well before you go out or you will catch cold." "You're wet through. Change your clothes quickly or you will get a severe cold."

These, together with other admonitions, have been hurled at us since childhood. The result? Everybody, by reason of their thinking so much about it, catches cold easily.

Psychology enters as much into the matter of common colds as it does in other things. Naturally, if you live in constant dread of catching cold, even though you do so subconsciously, you will always be subject to these ailments. Fewer people would suffer from colds if only they did not think so much about them.

Miss Louise Scott, 126 Victoria St., King's Cross, Sydney.

Wishing Our Lives Away

HOW often do we hear, "Oh! I wish the week-end were here," and "I wish the holidays would come more quickly!"—wishing the days to fly so that we may grasp some future pleasure. If we would but stop to think, we would find that we are but wishing our lives away. How few of us have acquired the art of enjoying each day to the full — extracting pleasure from each working hour?

H. M. Carmody, Thargool, R.M. Line, Qld.

Some Home Advice

I AGREE with O. G. Quigley that people should beware of colds, and, if necessary, be given advice on how best to ward them off. Particularly is it foolish to allow children and the aged to have cold after cold. This weakens resistance and may end in pneumonia, if not consumption, and prove fatal. People are careless of themselves, and regret it too late.

A few home tips: Warmth-giving foods should be partaken of and warm clothing worn; avoid sudden changes of warm and light clothes; hot lemon drinks at night on the first sign of a cold should be taken. Many people do not sleep warmly enough. A good travelling-rug or eiderdown seems to ensure the greatest warmth, with blankets, of course.

Mrs. E. A. Lanigan-O'Keeffe, 60 Holt Avenue, Cremorne Junction, N.S.W.

Chain Letters Are Silly and Possibly Harmful

I WAS amused and somewhat comforted at reading the par on "Chain letters."

I also received one a few days ago, and read those awe-inspiring words, telling what must be done within a stated time, lest I should see the vanishing of something, or someone I dearly loved, and be visited with bad luck to come. Several years ago I also received one, and feverishly lost no time in re-writing those "horrors" to five other people. An anxious and superstitious friend urged me to acquiesce with the request of the chain letter, lest fate be cruel. This time, however, I am allowing no persuasive powers to intervene, so the letter remains, and the chain is broken!

Mrs. Florence Baron Stanton, 12 George St., Richmond, Adelaide.

Cured Her Superstition

I HAVE to thank one of the much-discussed chain letters for curing me of superstition.

While I was ill I received a letter which I was instructed to copy and send to five other persons. By doing this, I was to receive good luck in four days' time, but if I failed to do so something terrible was sure to happen on that fourth day.

Being sick, I decided to take no risks, so I posted away the five copies, and calmly waited for the promised good fortune. The fourth day proved the reverse for me. Physically I became decidedly worse!

Then, how I thanked my lucky stars that I had posted those ridiculous letters, for had I not done so, I would surely have believed it was the curse of the chain that affected my health.

Now, I make a blaze of any such letters that come my way, and I advise everyone else to do the same, and so extinguish them altogether.

Vera M. Gready, Wal Wal, Vic.

Cheap Excitement

WHY bother to make the chain letter habit a punishable offence, as suggested by Mrs. Burton (15/6/'35)?

No doubt a number of misguided persons enjoy quite a little thrill by complying with the enclosed instructions, and if anyone is ill or nervous it's worth the required postage to ease their mind.

It's a silly custom, no doubt, and I court disaster (?) by destroying all that I receive—the first arrived sixteen years ago. But let the superstitious have their mild excitement—it's cheap at tenpence, isn't it?

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, Sydney.

Gardening As An Escape From Worry and Woe

HOW right is Mrs. E. Fitzmaurice when she points out that a cure for worry is gardening?

The creative desire in us often becomes our salvation when we are besieged by worry.

The artist escapes in his paintings, the musician soothes away his troubles with tender melodies, the poet creates his own world, but for an average person—gardening.

Thus we may reach the very beginning of creation. While delving into rich brown soil . . . planning . . . massing snowdrops here, single daffodils there, worries soon disappear in the joy of creating.

Miss Ray Smith, Claremont, 91 Campbell St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Great Mental Stimulus

I AGREE with Mrs. Fitzmaurice that, instead of worrying unnecessarily, we should turn our thoughts to the garden.

What is more beautiful after planting tiny seeds than to watch with eagerness the development and unfolding of Nature's glorious works?

Variety is the spice of life; a little break in the general routine of household duties will act as a great mental stimulus in preparing us for our daily toil.

To my way of thinking, I cannot find any excuse for people not being able to spend at least one hour each day in the garden.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Warden Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Good Only for Some

THOUGH I agree with Mrs. Fitzmaurice (W.W., 15/6/'35) that gardening is a healthy occupation, it is not the sort of recreation that suits everybody. Not every woman can stand bending and stooping for any length of time owing, perhaps, to certain physical disabilities.

For them, then, let us prescribe sitting out in the garden in the fresh air, perhaps to knit, sew, read, or write. A half-hour spent that way seems to refresh one more than an hour's rest indoors. There is so much in the outside world to cheer one and divert one from worries.

Moreover, gardening requires some knowledge and experience to be successful, and an amateur needs to learn what to do before she potters around to the extent of doing more harm than good.

K. E. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

As Good as a Holiday

I AM also a great believer in gardening as a remedy for worry or weariness (re Mrs. E. Fitzmaurice, 15/6/'35). After spending the whole day in the house, even to get out into the fresh air is beneficial, and to do a little gardening dispels like magic that jaded feeling from which we suffer at times. I've often heard it said that a change of occupation is as good as a holiday, and when I escape for just a short period to work in the garden instead of in the house I am quite ready to agree.

K. Stanley, Currumbin Beach, via Brisbane.

"Wheelbarrow" Derby

MANY opinions have been expressed about the Beechworth Wheelbarrow Derby. Like everything else, this affair has two sides, but on the whole it has more advantages than disadvantages.

It was reported that there were 4000 people present at the beginning. What a trade shopkeepers must have done! Imagine the business in that country town! Also, during these hard times, people like some excitement to break the routine of the daily round. One band even travelled twenty-five miles in a cattle-truck to keep up the spirit of the "Derby."

While reading a very severe criticism, I thought of those very wise lines:—

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

Are other readers in favor of the Derby?

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, Sydney.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

I OFTEN wonder why we do not have properly trained and paid teachers in our Sunday schools.

In every other branch of education it is considered necessary for instructors to undergo consistent training over a period of years, but in the field of spiritual enlightenment (surely the most important of all!) this is far from being the case. Actually no one knows what our children are being taught, or how.

What I should like to see—and I am sure other parents will agree—are teachers well trained to their work, properly paid and adequately supervised. Then, and then only, can we be assured that our children are receiving the best possible instruction in religious matters.

Mrs. W. S. Cropper, 7 Currawang St., Concord West, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T SPOIL a friend's enjoyment of a show by telling her you've seen it all before and what is going to happen. It is also annoying to those seated near you.

KEEPING THEM JEALOUS

I HAVE heard a surprising number of young married women state their belief in the old saying "where there is no jealousy, there is no love." Their method of reassuring themselves that all is right in the love nest is to suggest that someone has been trying to flirt with them, and they are only satisfied when their partner registers the correct degree of jealous anger.

To my mind, there is no love where there is no trust.

I think that in such circumstances it would be far more satisfactory to hear one's husband quietly express his confidence in his wife's ability to handle the situation. However, that is only my opinion, and I know that many readers will think differently.

Mrs. R. Ballantine, 12 Charles St., Kew, Vic.

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THESE "BETRAYALS"

IT seems to be a failing of most married couples to betray the confidences of their friends, who, as in the "old days," talk things over with them. "He" sees no harm in telling "her" (and vice-versa). It is passed on to a friend or sister, and so it goes and grows, to the embarrassment of the confider, who decides to keep things to himself in future.

That is the reason why friendships dwindle, why we often lose our friends when they marry, as we do not feel free to confide in them as before.

Miss Amy G. Dickie, G.S. Rd., Berrigan, N.S.W.

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HILL-TOP HOMES

WHY is it that most country people will persist in having their homes built on hills wherever possible?

I've lived in a house on a hill all my life, and therefore I know the advantages and disadvantages.

The only advantage is, to my mind, being able to watch the weather, see if the clouds mean rain, etc. I don't regard "view" as an advantage, because one tires of the same view after the first few days.

There are many disadvantages . . . gravelly soil that will only grow the hardy flowers . . . fierce gales of wind which also ruin the garden—and the sheets during washing day . . . plenty of dust-storms in summer.

To my mind the ideal home nestles in a protected valley, surrounded by flowers and trees.

Emmy Wiseman, Burrumbuttock P.O., N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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FARMER'S *Jubilation* SALE

Heels together—are they perfectly straight or are they a case for Farmer's immediate heel repairs? This while-you-wait service need cost you only 6d. a pair.
Shoes, Third Floor

Lay-By can secure you five times as many sale bargains. The system's simplicity itself — 1/- in 5 deposit.

4th to 13th JULY

Store-wide Astounding Clearances!

A season for jubilation demands a history-making SALE to celebrate it. A Nine Days Wonder that bargain-seekers will remember for years to come. More "Half-prices"! "Less-than-Halfs"! No half-measures about the price-cutting. Every item cut to clear and clear quickly! Every article of good, seasonable QUALITY . . . Quality Sydney knows, respects and acquires with pride! . . . . .

13/9

A SMART INSTEP TIE, marked down for finishing the Winter season. Pump soles and attractive heels; the inserts are brown suede. Mostly size 4, but other sizes represented. Usually priced 22/9. Sale price 13/9

Us. 22/9

29/6

Usual 42/-

SMART 4-HOLE OXFORD. Genuine imported skin vamp and kid quarters. Pump sole. 2's to 7½'s and half sizes. Usual price 42/-. Sale price now 29/6

25/9

Usual 37/6

A BOON FOR BROAD FEET. Scientifically built, soft black kid gussett court with arch support. Flannel lined. In all sizes. In black or brown.

13/9

Usual 19/9

AGAIN THE BROADER FOOT. High grade kid gussett court with wide joint fitting, few sizes only. Low Louis heel. Usual price 19/9. Sale now 13/9

6 BIG WINTER SUCCESSES
genuinely reduced for the Sydney Miss

3 in broken size ranges! 3 complete!

24/9

Us. 39/6

THE SEASON'S SMARTEST GHILLIE is a genuine welt. Best brown calf, smart covered cuban heels. Half sizes, 2 to 7½.

13/9

Us. 22/9

NOVELTY OXFORD, black kid and suede. Unusual cut-out side pieces. Genuine pump soles. A real bargain. Most sizes available.

CHILDREN'S SHOES, TOO!

Derby Shoe in imitation croc. & brown suede. Made on a 'Nature Form' last. Size 4x6 7x10 11x1 Us. 10/6 11/9 12/9 **Sale 7/11 8/11 9/11**

"Junior Tramper." Rich brown suede. "Nature Form" last. Leather soles. Size 4x6 7x10 11x1 Us. 10/9 12/9 14/9 **Sale 7/6 8/6 9/6**

Black patent! Another "Wonder Welt" in a smart 1-bar design, buckle fastener. Made in ½ sizes, 2 to 5½. Usual price 21/-. **Sale 14/11**

Wonder welts! The ever popular shoes for older girls. In quality brown calf. Comfy, and look well. Sizes 2 to 5½. Usual price 23/9. **Sale 15/9**

Children's Shoes, Third Floor. Why not make a Lay-By during sale time and save many shillings?

£3,000 *worth of* Shoes Half *and* Less

● The Entire Centre Aisle is given over to

SHOES HALF and LESS

In Size and Price Racks, 7/6 to 25/-

£3,000 worth, comprising almost every kind of fabric, and leather, every shape, every heel, all styles.

Hardly 2 pairs alike! Hundreds of pairs in each size from 2 to 7½, but not in each line. The most comprehensive stock clearance in the Commonwealth. All at half and less. Remember Farmer's worryless Lay-by.

Be early! NO 'PHONE OR MAIL ORDERS

FROM **7/6**

● 2,000 Prs. Imported Shoes

All greatly reduced, some half--some even less. Most represented by 1 or 2 pairs only, 100's your size. . .

NO MAIL OR TELEPHONE ORDERS

● Manufacturers Samples

Another Scoop! The latest, 1935, Winter samples of two outstanding Australian manufacturers. Now clearing sensationally! *Size 4 only.* No Mail or 'Phone Orders

Westbrook-Mason's, Loudens! 300 Pairs! Usually 39/6 to 49/6

Sale 10/- 12/6 15/- 17/6 20/- 22/6 25/-

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What Women Are Doing

World-wide Travellers

WORLD-WIDE travellers at present in Australia are Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carter. Mr. Carter is secretary-general of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and Mrs. Carter is a graduate of American Universities. She was born and brought up in New York. Honolulu is the "home" address, but "home" seems to be in any part of the world!

For many years, when Mrs. Carter was in New York, she was engaged in international work for the Young Women's Christian Association, being a member of its world committee. She was also chairwoman of the New York State League of Women Voters.

Miss Kate Mitchell and Miss Elsie Fairfax-Cholmeley, secretaries to Mr. Carter, are also in the party.

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"Grandmother" Member And a "Mere Parent"

MISS G. JUDE, secretary of the women's branch committee of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia, has such a long record of service that she is now a "grandmother" member of it. That is to say, she was also prominent in the Australian National Association which, being the "parent" of the South Australian Liberal Federation (which is in turn the "parent" of the Liberal and Country League), is the "grandparent" of the Liberal and Country League.

The service record of Mrs. T. Flint is almost as long as that of Miss Jude, but hers began with the inauguration of the S.A.L.F., so she is a mere "parent." Mrs. Flint has just been appointed acting-chairwoman of the women's branch of the L.C.L. for the period of Mrs. F. W. Rymill's absence for two years in England. She is well fitted to her new position, as before her marriage Mrs. Flint was general secretary to the League, and she has also been chairwoman of the Walkerville branch for three years, and a member of the executive and of the branch committee for seven years. Mrs. Flint also represents the League on the National Council of Women, and therefore has been appointed to the newly-formed Women's Centenary Council.

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New Chief of Women Police In South Australia

JULY 1 should have a special significance for Mrs. M. Wilcher, for not only from that date will she officially be head of the Women Police Department in South Australia, but on July 1 she will have completed 19 years' service with the force.

Mrs. M. Wilcher —Rasburn portrait.

Mrs. Wilcher is an amazingly energetic woman. She was, 19 years ago, transferred from the Children's Welfare Department, but before that she filled a vast variety of positions. First she was a nursery governess, then a State schoolteacher. Later she became a nurse, and now possesses every nursing certificate it is possible to get in Australia. Then came marriage, and after the death of her husband Mrs. Wilcher became matron of the West Australian Anglican Boys' Orphanage. Later she took her midwifery course in Melbourne.

Since she has been acting-Chief, the new cells for arrested women awaiting trial have been opened, and she has had the responsibility of them added to her former work.

For 17 out of her 19 years in the force Mrs. Wilcher has acted as Chief of Women Police during holidays or absence of Miss Kate Cocks, who has now retired.

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Preparing for Medical Mission Work

DR. LORNA MacCOLL, who recently returned to Melbourne after 15 months abroad, hopes to take up medical mission work with the China Inland Mission.

To fit herself for this work, she has done a post-graduate course at the London School of Tropical Medicine, and some interesting eye research work at Moorfields Eye Hospital.

Honor for Queenslander

IF the Queensland Government agrees with a suggestion that Mr. Ken Sato, of the Japanese Delegation, will make during his visit there, Mrs. T. J. Ryan will visit Japan as a goodwill emissary for her home State.

Mrs. Ryan, widow of a former Premier and Attorney-General of Queensland, has made a big success of her job at the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau in Melbourne, and her many friends will be delighted if the Queensland Government accepts the Japanese invitation.

While he was in Melbourne, Mrs. Ryan conferred with Mr. Sato on the question of trade and tourist traffic and the exchange of films between Japan and Queensland.

Young Queenslander's First Success Abroad

BONNIE BELL, of Brisbane, who went abroad over a year ago to seek success on the London stage, has signed a three-months' contract with Sydney Carroll, the well-known theatrical producer, who conducts the Regent's Park Shakespearean season, and also controls a number of West End theatres.

From 30 girls who had been granted an audition, Bonnie was the only one chosen.

It is understood that a leading film company has also been much impressed with Bonnie's personality and talent, and offered her a part in a forthcoming production. Dame Sybil Thorndike has shown much practical interest in Bonnie, both in Australia and on the other side.

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Studied Singing Under Rosina Storchio in Italy

GLADYS LORIMER, pictured here in the role of Rosina, has been charming Sydney audiences with her singing.

A New Zealander by birth, she returned recently to Australia after eight years abroad. Miss Lorimer went to Italy to study opera, and had the advantage of tuition from Rosina Storchio, who created the part of Madame Butterfly at La Scala, Milan.

Gladys Lorimer

She subsequently went to London, where she sang at Covent Garden, taking the role of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and also appearing in "Carmen."

Working for the Welfare Of Mental Deficients

MRS. W. D. RYAN, of Brisbane, works hard for the welfare of mental deficients. She thinks it is a most worthy cause, for it aims at helping those least able to help themselves.

Mrs. W. D. Ryan —Noel Maitland.

As there is no home at present where these little children can be cared for by the State, Mrs. Ryan, with other workers, is trying to get the State to provide such a home. The National Council of Women, the Legacy Club, the Rotary Club, and the medical profession are all members of the executive.

Mrs. Ryan is on the council and is social convenor of the Historical Society. Last year, with the help of an enthusiastic committee, the furnishings at historical Newstead House were installed.

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Notable Queensland Nurse To Retire

MISS MAY SCULLY, J.P., who for the last twelve years has been matron-superintendent of Westwood Sanatorium, is retiring this year. She is a notable Queensland nurse.

Matron Scully trained at Charters Towers and served as matron at Richmond and Gladstone before the war.

She left Australia in the troopship Kyarla in 1914 and, after serving in the Military Hospitals in Egypt and England, returned on transport duty in 1918. She was appointed matron at the Enoggera Base Hospital and afterwards at Rosemount, in Brisbane.

"Swan Song" That Will Echo Through the Years

SPEAKING at the final meeting of Victoria's Women's Centenary Council, the president, Mrs. I. H. Moss, said that the meeting was the council's "swan song."

If that be so, it is a "swan song" that will echo through the years and be heard by women in all corners of Victoria, for it was then that the Pioneer Women's Memorial Fund was allocated.

The £600 allocated to the country will be used by the Baby Health Centres Association to buy a motor caravan to bring help and advice to mothers in outback areas where the luxury of a travelling baby health centre will be an untold blessing.

The £600 allotted to the metropolitan area will be divided between the Women's and the Queen Victoria Hospitals for some addition or equipment that will commemorate the fund in perpetuity.

The allocation for the Pioneer Women's Memorial Garden is £400, and £250 will be spent on historical records.

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Mrs. Bonney Sets Off In "My Little Ship"

THE Queensland airwoman, Mrs. H. B. Bonney, left Brisbane recently on a new venture in her plane "My Little Ship."

She plans to fly to the North-West and possibly Central Australia, covering approximately 4000 miles, giving joy flights at the various stopping-places and taking passengers over any section of the route.

Her flight will include a visit to a mission station 60 miles west of Alice Springs, several days at Cairns, a brief stay at Mount Isa, Oodnadatta, Broken Hill, Bourke, and home to Brisbane again.

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Accomplished in Almost Every Known Handicraft

MRS. BESSIE JENKINS, of Beaumaris, is mistress of many arts and crafts, and is one of the most highly-prized demonstrators of the Country Women's Association of Victoria.

Mrs. B. Jenkins —Brootborn.

Most of her time is spent travelling the country and demonstrating wherever she goes. She is so well-equipped with varied knowledge that she can discuss almost any craft her pupils like to name.

Notable among the many things she has made is a desk set of tooled leather that was copied from a similar set at Government House, Canberra.

Four Clever Sisters In a Brisbane Family

AN evidence of talent running in families is provided in a Brisbane family in which four sisters have accomplished worth-while things.

One sister, Miss M. L. Paten, has written two good novels, "Bitter Bread" and "Frances of the Farm" and a book of fairy stories, in addition to numerous short stories published in leading southern newspapers.

Miss E. M. Paten, owner and matron of Holywood hospital, in company with three others, comprised the first nursing contingent to leave Queensland for the Great War. She was awarded the Royal Red Cross. Miss Paten is now president of the War Nurses' Association in Queensland, and matron of the First Military District nursing reserve.

Another sister, Mrs. C. W. F. French, trained before the war in Sydney as a medical masseuse, and saw service in Egypt in that capacity during the war. On her return she nursed in hospital, and subsequently married Captain C. W. F. French, M.C. She still carries on her practice at Ashgrove, Brisbane.

The fourth sister, Mrs. G. L. C. Prewin, is a Bachelor of Laws, Melbourne University. At present she is on the staff of a leading life insurance company.

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Produced Many Successful Amateur Productions

LISTENERS on a recent Saturday evening heard a play, "The Eye of a Beholder," by Cyril Grainger, broadcast by 4QG and produced by Miss Barbara Sisley, who is a member of the selection committee for the Repertory Society productions.

Miss Barbara Sisley —Ronald Simmonds.

Miss Sisley has just assisted the Darnell fund by successfully producing "Merrie England" at the Princess Theatre, and also "Sixteen," in which she took a leading part.

Now Miss Sisley is busy with her next production, "The Blue Bird," the performance of which will be in aid of the Creche and Kindergarten Association at the beginning of August.

English by birth, she has lived most of her life in Australia, and for many years has been a leading exponent of the art of speech, verse-making, and drama in Brisbane.

A member of the Lyceum Club, and the Brisbane Shakespeare Society, Miss Sisley has produced plays for both associations, and she also does much work for the Dickens Fellowship.

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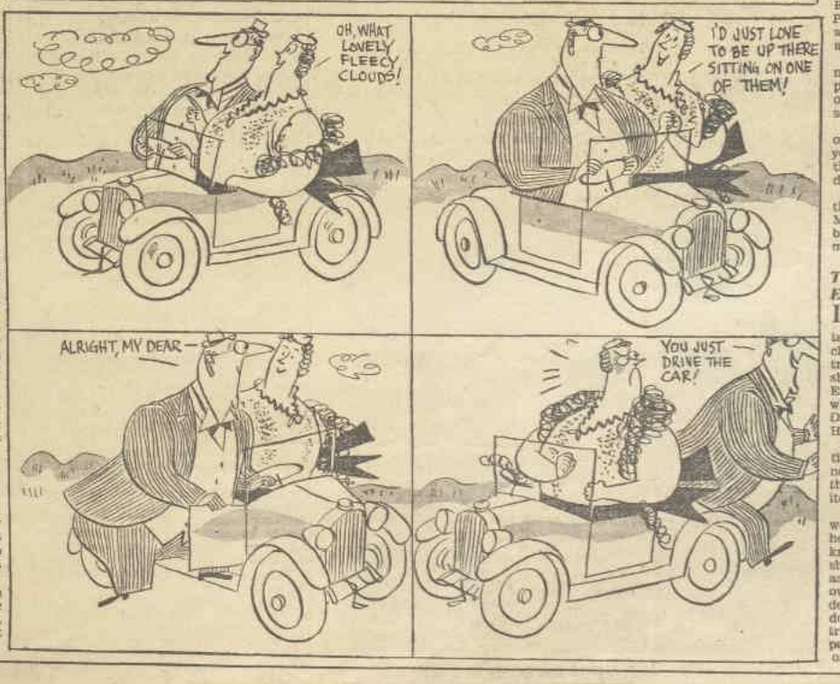
Training Women in Empire Citizenship

DAME RACHEL CROWDY, sister of Miss Isabel Crowdy who was secretary to Lady Game, is acting as vice-chairman in a new venture for the training of women in Empire citizenship. This is being launched by the Empire Citizenship Training Council which has its headquarters in London, Dr. Cyril Norwood, late headmaster of Harrow school, being chairman.

Three months' theoretical and practical studies, designed to meet the needs of educated women of all races throughout the Empire, is the principal item of this new venture.

The idea behind it all is to help the woman who marries and goes out to her new home overseas with but little knowledge of the sort of life in which she will have to play a part. As well as this, the classes will be open to overseas women home on holiday who desire additional knowledge of tropical domestic hygiene and citizenship training, to enable them to take some part in building up the social service of the land in which their lot is cast.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP.



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JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

AN INTERESTING PICTURE of Lady Hore-Ruthven, specially posed for The Australian Women's Weekly in the reception-lounge at Government House. Yonka, the Vice-Regal pet, promises to become as famous in New South Wales as Mickey, Sir Philip Game's red setter. Yonka went to the polo and set the fashion for the canine world of Sydney.
—Women's Weekly photo.

New Singing Stars

★ are brought to you by Paramount from the Musical ★ Comedy stage of England. Mary Ellis, the "Rose Marie," beautiful, charming and with a voice that makes an ecstasy of song. You'll love her and her glorious voice.

Carl Brisson appears with her in Paramount's new picture, "ALL THE KING'S HORSES," with new songs and amazing dancing such as made him the idol of London.

There are the songs you'll hear them sing in Paramount's
"ALL THE KING'S HORSES":
"A Little White Gardenia,"
"Be Careful, Young Lady,"
"A King Can Do No Wrong" and
"When My Prince Charming Comes Along."

★ Mary ELLIS
England's "Rose Marie"
★ Carl BRISSON
Musical Comedy Star

"If It's a Paramount Picture, It's The Best Show In Town."

"HELP *the* CHILDREN!"

"Ever since that day 26 years ago when I opened the kindergarten at Miller's Point, acting as proxy for Lady Dudley, I have taken a very keen interest in the work of the Kindergarten Union," said Lady Hore-Ruthven in an exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Anything that can be done for little children makes a specially strong appeal to me, and for that reason I am earnestly asking your readers to support the party arranged to be held on the Manunda on July 11," she added.

"IT is so much wiser to take preventive measures against ills both physical and mental. So, apart from the personal pleasure I derive from doing everything in my power for tiny children so dependent upon others for their welfare, I realise the tremendous factor, both economical and psychological, that kindergarten work is in the community.

"I had not been in Sydney long before I visited the Kindergarten Union, where I was sorry to hear of the monetary difficulties from which the organisation is suffering. As a result of my visit, I got in touch with Adelaide Steamship Company, and the management generously put the Manunda at the disposal of the union for a 2 to 7 party on July 11."

A wonderful variety of amusements has been arranged for the party which will be unique for Sydney. From two to seven o'clock guests will be entertained with dancing, bridge playing, a musicale, novelty competitions arranged by the Younger Set, Russian gipsy items, mannequin parades, and dramatic sketches.

Everything has been put in train to make the party a memorable one, but, as Lady Hore-Ruthven says—

"Individual efforts cannot make the venture a success without the generous co-operation of the public, and I earnestly trust that all who can will give their practical support to this splendid cause."

Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery

"Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "mainspring" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy.

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A new, more lustrous lacquer that wears 50% longer. Six glorious shades . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows each one just as it will look on your nails . . . makes it easy to choose just the shades you want.

Another Glazo advantage—the new oily-type Polish Remover which contains a special oil that leaves the cuticle soft. No more fear of brittle, splitting nails. And it comes in an extra size bottle, ample to last as long as your polish

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JACK LUMSDAINE, *Song Writer* CREATES *New* "HIT"

Gladys Moncrieff to Sing New Song On New Zealand Tour

There are only two men in Australia who have achieved any considerable success as writers of popular songs. Both of them are Jacks, and one of them bears the name of O'Hagan. The other is Jack Lumsdaine, of 2GB. He has just written what looks mighty like a new song hit.

JACK LUMSDAINE has been in the musical business, one way or another, too long to be unduly optimistic about any song achieving success, let alone one he has composed himself.

When you consider how many songs are turned out yearly, and how few of their number achieve publication and, further, how few songs ever reach that happy state where they are whistled as familiarly by the baker's boy at Slowcombe-on-Mud as they are by the butcher's boy at Bourke or the cowboys of Texas, Arizona, then you'll realise how great the odds against success are.

YET, in the past, Jack Lumsdaine has achieved one big success with "Wodonga." People who had never been to Wodonga, nor even knew where to find it on the map, longed to go back there—in song at least.

Other songs of his that have been successful are "Cobber o' Mine," a tribute to a mate who fell in the War; "Calling," a waltz number; and "Somewhere South of Shanghai," which even after close on ten years is still played by English and Continental bands, and still brings in its royalties.

His new song is called "Where the Shannon Flows Down to the Sea." After writing it, Jack Lumsdaine was so impressed by its suitability for Gladys Moncrieff's voice that he broke a habit of many years' standing, and asked her to accept the dedication of the song.

Miss Moncrieff asked to be able to see the song in manuscript, and was so enthusiastic that she not only gave it her blessing but promised to make a feature of it on her coming tour of New Zealand. She also asked permission to record it.

TO-DAY, Gladys Moncrieff is in New Zealand, about to commence her tour, the record is made and due to be released, and Jack Lumsdaine, from a sick-bed, eagerly waits to see whether his hunch that his new song is going to be a big success is right.

In the meantime a talkie short has been made by Fox Movietone showing how an Australian song came into being. In this talkie short, cinemagoers will be shown the history of a song from the time when its composer first got his inspiration to the stamping of the record.

Intermediate stages shown will be the writing of the manuscript, the engraving of the blocks, the printing of the music, and the making of the record. Gladys Moncrieff will be seen and heard recording the refrain.

To anyone who aspires to being a composer of popular songs, Jack Lumsdaine's advice, as one not new to the business, is publ'sh in London or New York, simultaneously with Australia, and don't hope too greatly for success even then, but remember that one never knows.

Some picture magnate may fall in love with your music, and order a talkie about it; then you'll be as famous almost as Schubert, who, unfortunately, wasn't discovered by Hollywood and Elstree until too late to prevent him from dying of starvation.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, July 6.—6.0: "New Moon." 7.30: Astrologer of the Air. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 8.0: How to Travel. 9.0: Ellis Price. Two Irishmen. 9.45: Political Commentator.

SUNDAY, July 7.—1.45: Highlights of "Rigoletto." 2.15: Face to Face with Mozart. 7.20: Madeline Buck, Petra. 7.40: Prof. Harvey Sutton, "Blue Eyes or Brown." 8.15: Harmony Isle. 8.45: George Edwards, "Joseph & His Brethren."

MONDAY, July 8.—10.45: George Edwards as "Abdul the Damned." 12.15: Miss Steel, "The New Education." 7.50: Inspector Scott. 9.0: The Deputy. 9.15: Russell and Morgan.

TUESDAY, July 9.—11.45: Dorothea Vautier, "So They Say" Topics. 6.45: Voice of the People. 9.0: Teapot Reflections. 9.15: Sobieski, King of Poland.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—4.8: Voice from Hollywood. 6.8: Search for the Missing Link. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.0: Easy Chair, presenting Donald Novis. 9.45: Four Indian Love Lyrics, Cyril James.

THURSDAY, July 11.—11.45: Feature Session, Dorothea Vautier. 9.15: Birth of the British Nation: Sons of Ethelwulf.

FRIDAY, June 12.—6.35: Once Upon a Time. 9.30: Mr. A. M. Pooley.

WHY use an old-fashioned dummy when Watson's New Hygienic Comforters embody improvements to protect your child from germ infection.
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JUST one short generation ago the world knew practically nothing about Pyorrhea. And the members of that generation had a tremendous number of teeth pulled out because they waited **too long!** They waited for teeth to **decay** before they went to a Dentist.

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Get your Dentist on the job of **prevention.** Don't put it off, and don't think you are an exception, for **more than half** the losses of adult teeth are due to Pyorrhea.

Avoid the terrible tragedy of lost teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Don't give Pyorrhea a chance. See your Dentist twice a year and use **Forhan's** twice a day.

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MARRIAGE *Service may be* ALTERED

English Move Has Churchmen Divided on Vital Issues

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London.

An agitation is afoot to alter the Church of England marriage service; to render almost unrecognisable the ceremony that has united countless millions of people for centuries past.

Church dignitaries are ranging themselves for and against such alterations, and next month's Church Assembly — the Parliament of the Church of England—promises to be quite a stormy gathering.

AMONG the suggested innovations is a "secular" form of service for non-churchgoers, keeping the usual service entirely for the devout.

Another idea is that the happy pair should swear before the altar that neither of them would sue for divorce, and if either refused to make such a declaration then the clergyman should refuse to marry them.

The Reverend Dr. Geikie-Cobb, whose hundreds of parishioners are dotted about in every part of England, indeed, in every part of the world, is, among other things, chairman of the Marriage Law Reform League. People go to him for advice on all manner of subjects, so I thought he would be quite the best person with whom to discuss the suggested alterations in the marriage service.

"THE Marriage Reform League is going to fight all this," Dr. Geikie-Cobb told me. "Marriage was made for man, not man for marriage, so why should the clergy refuse to marry this person or that person simply because he or she won't swear not to have a divorce. After all, a person has to be lived with to be known, and the people who cannot get on well together should be able to start afresh if they so desire.

"It is dreadfully bad for children to be brought up in a bickering atmosphere . . . much better lose one parent than live in a constant state of 'taking sides.'

"In any case, a very binding chain always hurts more than a slacker one. To quote my friend Lord Lyndhurst, who says, 'Freer divorce is likely to contribute to greater propriety of conduct because it makes the contract much more dependent on the exertions of the parties themselves.'

"Then, too, why have a secular ceremony? We are supposed to want to encourage everyone to come to Church and to lead a good and happy life—separating the sheep from the goats doesn't seem to me the way to do it."

DR. GEIKIE-COBB is old in years, but young in mind. He has a ready smile and an engaging twinkle even when he is serious. He is tall and athletic, and, in the scarlet robes of a Doctor of Divinity, he is a noble and commanding figure. He weighs his opinions carefully and delivers them in a quiet, unemotional manner. Anyway, he looks very determined about this marriage business.

EISTEDDFOD *Entries* Close JULY 9

Great Interest In Our £100 Scholarship

This year's City of Sydney Eisteddfod promises to bring forth a record number of competitors.

Entries for all sections, according to the organising secretary, Mr. D. G. MacDougall, are very gratifying, and, in deference to requests from other States, the committee has extended the closing date for one week, until the 9th July.

THE Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship is proving to be one of the features among this year's prizes, and competition in this important section of the Juvenile Division will be keen.

A precedent for the postponement of the closing date for entries was set last year when, as has been the case with the 1935 entries, a further week was given to intending competitors to get their entrance forms in to the organising secretary.

This courtesy is extended mainly for the benefit of intending participants in other States, some of whom, between the moment of receiving particulars and the original closing date, have not had overmuch time to prepare for the tests they will have to undergo.

There seems to be some doubt existing in regard to the wording of the syllabus relating to many of the sections. In all piano sections and other sections, where two pieces are set, both pieces must be prepared, the adjudicator deciding whether he wishes to hear all of both or of either. Only where the word "or" appears between two pieces set for any section is only one piece to be prepared.

The final competition between prize-winners in Juvenile Piano Sections for The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship will be full of interest. Judging by the avalanche of entries that have been received, this scholarship should bring together a fine gathering of young talent, and the special session that will be held to decide this event is one that is being looked forward to by Eisteddfod officials and judges alike.

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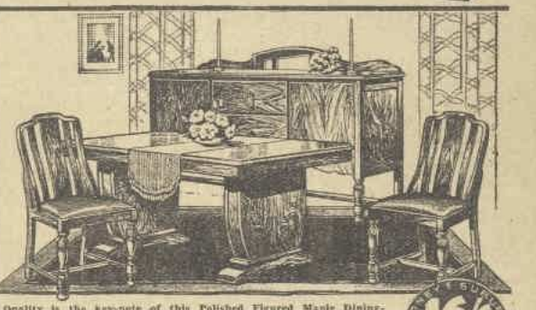

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars ..... no good.

★ THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

Cicely Courtneidge, William Gargan. (G.-B.)

THERE are several good ideas in this film to keep us pleasantly entertained. Not that Cicely Courtneidge as twins is such an original notion; but for one twin to be a strait-laced mistress at a girls' school, and the other to be the happy-go-lucky proprietor and star performer of a travelling circus, who impersonates her, offers fruitful possibilities, which are fulfilled when the impostor has cold shudders at the geometry problems to be elucidated to the class, and gives a realistic lesson on wild animals. Then there is a nice little boppety tune produced in collaboration with the music master (William Gargan), with the optimistic words "things are getting better, better, better every day."

But there is too much of an air of improvisation and of prolonging the joke beyond what it will bear, so that we do not enjoy as we might the stolid Yorkshireman who proposes to buy the circus if his dour child is amused. Max Miller, as the circus factotum, does not equal his previous comic performances. But the governors and parents at the school breaking-up springing to attention each time the National Anthem begins is a good touch.—Lyceum; com. June 29.

★ SWEET MUSIC

Rudy Vallee, Ann Dvorak. (Warner.)

WHEN you find at the beginning of this musical film that a crooner (Rudy Vallee) and a song-and-dance performer (Ann Dvorak) are disputing the top lines in the same night club entertainment, you foresee that they will carry on their scrapping through the various vaudeville and radio engagements where they encounter one another, but that they will fall into a loving embrace at the end, though, to be sure, Miss Dvorak, among other harsh remarks, several times says some shrewd things about Vallee's perpetual smile. As a matter of hard fact, the crooner's performance is up to standard, and his singing of "There Is a Tavern in the Town" is enjoyable, whereas Miss Dvorak's dancing is not out of the ordinary, and her singing voice is nil.

More entertainment is to be had out of the clumsy, misplaced attempts of Vallee's publicity man (Allen Jenkins) to get his chief on to the front page and from the determined methods of Miss Dvorak's manager (Ned Sparks). But the part we liked best is that of a gangster (Robert Armstrong) with an imperfect ear for music who wishes to better himself by learning to croon.—Plaza; com. July 5.

★ GAY LOVE

Florence Desmond, Sophie Tucker. (B.D.F.)

IF this were just another back-stage film it would barely reach the average level, for the drama of the self-sacrificing star, with a social climber of a sister, who sponges on her and snobbishly conceals their relationship, is weak, though Sydney Fairbrother, as the star's dresser, is a gem. But since occasion is given for that inspired mimic, Florence Desmond, to take off Greta Garbo, Zasu Pitts, and Mae West, the story scarcely matters.

We have marvelled before at Miss Desmond's capacity to assume the very image and character of Garbo and Zasu; but that this slim little creature should be able to impersonate the abounding Mae West is a minor miracle. And she does it to admiration. We are also grateful for her rendering of the old music-hall song, "She Was Only a Bird in a Gi-ild-ed Ca-age," but wish she had foregone the crooning. Sophie Tucker, the American variety artist, who works hard in characteristic numbers, might have been left with that side of the entertainment.—Mayfair; com. June 29.

★ THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME

Betty Stockfeld, Lyn Harding. (Brit. Lion.)

AN Edgar Wallace thriller can be depended on to keep one guessing till the end. Here the growing dread of the young wife (Betty Stockfeld), who fears that her middle-aged husband (Lyn Harding) suspects a liaison between her and an old acquaintance, Ryan, and is therefore trying to bring about her death, is very skilfully built up, while gradually it is borne upon her that Ryan was only pretending love in order to use her in the matter of obtaining a valuable lease of land in Canada, and that selfish cowardice prompts him to leave her to her fate.

The two-edged remarks of the husband and the quotations from a forthcoming history of criminal cases by a retired barrister all increase the tension, and it is only at the end that the clouds lift. The production is rather fumbling. There is too much conversation between the distressed pair in corners where they might know they would be overheard, and we agree with Miss Stockfeld that nothing much could be done to improve the baronial mansion where these events transpire, a truly deplorable example of studio architecture. Miss Stockfeld has distinction as well as beauty, and Harding puts up a consistent performance.—Mayfair; com. June 29.

★ WALTZ TIME

Evelyn Laye, Fritz Schulz. (G.-B.)

OPERA in terms of the black-and-white screen must miss something of the vivacity of the stage. But, even allowing for that, Johann Strauss' popular operetta of Vienna in the '70's, "Die Fledermaus," is never sufficiently lightsome. Some of the settings are very pleasing, and the singing is good, particularly of the fiacre driver. The music has, however, been considerably reduced.

Evelyn Laye is so much more attractive as her golden self that it would be extraordinary for her husband to pursue her in the dark disguise which makes her almost plain, if that were not demanded by the plot and his roving disposition. Fritz Schulz plays the genial scamp with enthusiasm, and Gina Malo is a pretty minx of a maid with a shrewd eye to the main chance. Jay Laurier's performance as the drunken gaoler we feel would be wholly enjoyable on the stage, where it belongs.—Variety; com. June 29.

★ LADIES LOVE DANGER

Mona Barrie, Gilbert Roland. (Fox.)

THERE is too much complexity and deliberate mystification in this detective yarn for it to be very satisfactory. But Mona Barrie adds to her laurels in a part that requires her on her first introduction to be suffering from a "hang over" and later to be perkily irrational in her behaviour as she prowls round the scene of the murders and yet to remain an attractive and sympathetic figure. She does it; but we hope she will have a more feasible character and course of action to indicate next time.

Gilbert Roland, as the playwright to whom the police serenely leave the unravelling of the crimes apparently, is less happy. As his servant, Herbert Mundin supplies some welcome comedy. Adrienne Ames and Donald Cook play the part of people who are bound for trouble from the first; and Hardie Allbright continues a characterisation he gave in "The Ninth Guest." The interior decorations of this film are interestingly modern. But the story and direction are too spasmodic.—Capitol; com. July 5. King's Cross; com. July 6.

★ MARY JANE'S PA

Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee. (Warner.)

THERE is something too comfortably domestic and "small town" about Guy Kibbee—at any rate in association with Aline MacMahon—to make it credible that, at the call of a train whistle, he would leave his young family and go a-wandering to the other side of the world for 11 years. Nor do we quite see Miss MacMahon, efficient though she is, keeping on the printing business. But when Kibbee returns in search of them it is to be expected that he should befriend his artless infant without knowing who she is, and straighten out the courtship of the elder girl and generally play Providence before he is forgiven by his wife. That he should pull her out of the wrong side in local politics by a strictly illegal act is also according to schedule. What a free and easy way with the law these Middle Westerners have!—Plaza; com. July 5.

SING SING NIGHTS

Conway Tearle, Mary Doran. (Monogram.)

APPARENTLY, the title of this film, which involves the narration of personal histories by three men awaiting execution in prison for the murder of Floyd Cooper (Conway Tearle), has a reference to the Arabian Nights Tales by which Scheherazade continually staved off her doom. But these crudely presented stories are far from entrancing, and the real murderer, being caught out by the professor's patent lie detector, gets no reprieve.

The fact that the other two had intended to kill Cooper and were convinced that they had done so gives the plot a new twist. And we are bound to say that Cooper looked the kind of man it would be a pleasure, if not a duty, to shoot. What bothered us was how he could have had such a success with women.—Lyric; com. June 28.

YOUNG ACTOR *of* DISTINCTION

Emlyn Williams

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

A SELF-MADE man, if there ever was one, is Emlyn Williams, who will be seen as Christian VII, King of Denmark, in "The Dictator," the historical film starring Madeleine Carroll and Clive Brook.

By his own efforts he has lifted himself out of poverty and obscurity to a position of some distinction on the London stage and in English pictures. Now, at the age of 28, he is not only one of the most prominent supporting actors in the English studios; he has also made his mark as author of plays and scenarios, both originals and adaptations.

Though he has had a great struggle, and more than once the odds have seemed heavy, he is now in the enviable position of holding a double contract for three years in the capacity of author-actor.

His work in both departments shows keen intelligence and individual style.

MADELEINE CARROLL as Queen Caroline Mathilde in "The Dictator."

EMLYN WILLIAMS is here shown as the ill-fated King Christian VII of Denmark.

NICHOLAS HANNEN takes the part of Guldberg, powerful Minister of State and enemy of Struensee (Clive Brook).

EMLYN WILLIAMS is an interesting example of how brains and grit will tell. He started with none of the advantages that one might suppose from his stage and film appearance now. His father was an ironworker and would never have been able to afford to send his boy to college.

However, young Williams was ambitious, and won scholarships which took him to Oxford, where he gained his degree.

While in his teens he was attracted towards the drama, and when he was barely twenty and still at Oxford he wrote his first play, "Full Moon." This later got him an introduction to a theatrical manager, and eventually he went to New York with Yvonne Arnaud and Edmund Gwenn to play in "And So to Bed," the comedy by J. B. Fagan on the story of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist of Charles II's reign.

His performance in "And So to Bed" brought him three offers from Hollywood, which he turned down.

Though he is of good physique, Emlyn Williams scarcely possesses the kind of looks that would enable him in a few years to become a favorite leading man. In this he is quite unlike his namesake, Hugh Williams, who is not related to him.

Compare him with Clive Brook, with whom he plays some arresting scenes in "The Dictator," and you realise that while Brook's mobile, sensitive face and aristocratic demeanor mark him out for romantic roles, Emlyn Williams is too heavy-featured, too beetle-browed, normally to play a hero. And in his characterisations there is usually something sinister.

The part which first brought him into prominence with the film public was that of the young heir to an ancient title in the Edgar Wallace thriller, "The Case of the Frightened Lady." Here his study of decadence flaming into violent madness was very powerful. It was voted by readers of the London "Film Weekly" as being the best performance of 1932 by a British actor in a British film.

SINCE then Williams has been seen as the smooth-tongued blackmailer in "Friday the Thirteenth," for which film he also wrote the scenario and dialogue, and as the war-shattered lover of Maggie O'Neill in "Evensong," who sits dully in his chair unable to recognise the world-famous diva when she visits him in hospital. He also took the small part of the scurrilous newspaper correspondent in "The Iron Duke."

In "The Dictator" once more he provides a study of an unbalanced mind.

Reference has been made to Emlyn Williams' work as author of "Friday the Thirteenth." Besides his film authorship he has half a dozen stage plays to his credit, and has acted in two of them—"Glamour" and "A Murder Has Been Arranged." He also translated and adapted the French play which had a long run in London under the title of "The Late Christopher Bean," and was much less successfully adapted by Hollywood for the screen as "Her Sweetheart," starring Marie Dressler.

Williams' plurality of gifts tempts one to make comparison with another paragon of versatility, Noel Coward. But the comparison is hardly fair. Noel Coward is an accomplished musician, a writer of witty verses, and a commanding stage producer as well as a front-rank actor and dramatic author. It is true that he can give Emlyn Williams a few years. But the younger man has shown no capacity for musical composition or performance.

Clive Brook

THE cast of "The Dictator" contains some distinguished names. Besides beautiful Madeleine Carroll, who was seen in Australia last as the heroine of the Hollywood film "The World Moves On," and who here plays the young English princess who became the wife of Christian VII, Clive Brook makes his debut in English talking pictures.

This English actor has been so long in Hollywood that it comes as a surprise to find that he ever acted in English films at all. But such is the case. It was his work in the silent film, "Woman to Woman," made in England in 1924, that won him a Hollywood contract.

Having returned to his native land to play in "The Dictator," it is Brook's intention to divide his time between Hollywood and British pictures. He is at present in Hollywood, but is due back home shortly to act in a film to be directed by Alfred Hitchcock. He has also been mentioned in connection with a British film to be made in Australia possibly in the near future.

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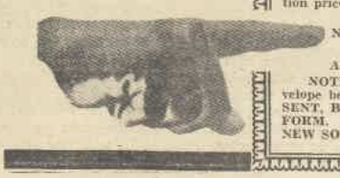

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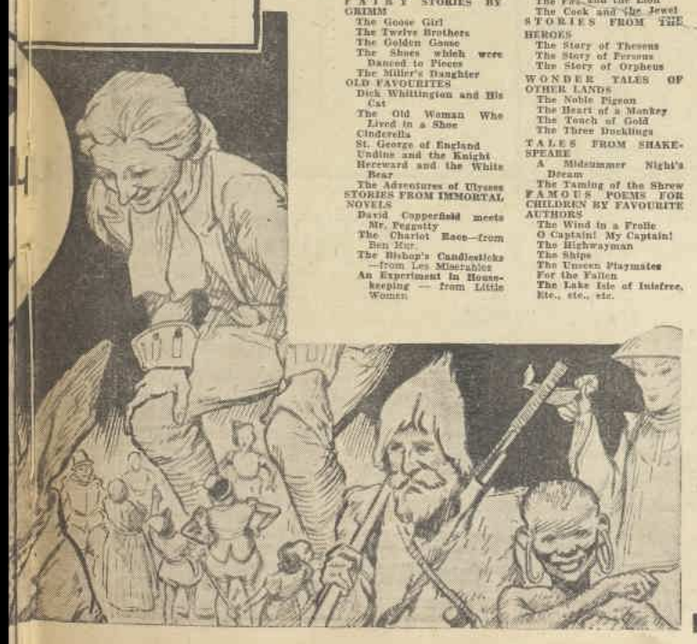

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If you require your volume to be despatched to you, write your full name and postal address on the Address Form above. Please write in ink in block letters. Send in for the Children's Treasure House your address label, voucher, ten tokens, and a postal note for 5/-, plus 1/- to cover cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc., making 6/- in all. Remember . . . do not send loose stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note and make it payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. Then send it together with your voucher and address form to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3854T, G.P.O., Sydney. Your volume will then be despatched to you immediately.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Joan Badgery in ivory and green draperies danced with tall and stately Harry Guinness at Hotel Australia dinner dance during week?

Chukka Casualties

POLO-PLAYING not all champagne and Dudley Cups. . . . Jim McLeod had bad luck to break leg in finals. . . . Same leg in wars last year at Cobbitty. . . . Geoff Ashton also had nasty spill. . . . Brother Phil played plucky game after bout of influenza. . . . Very pale and wan. . . . Dog-fanciers in great force at Saturday's matches. . . . One small terrier kept mistress walking from end to end of ground all afternoon. . . . Excitement of galloping horses too much for peace of mind. . . . "Dinger" Bode couple arrived with spaniel.

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Ramsay Pennicuick inundated with visitors at Tusculum. Appendix safely removed and patient well on mend. Bout of influenza did not improve early days of illness.

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Australia Parties

MUCH jollity at Hotel Australia on Saturday night. . . . Military wedding party made colorful splash. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bishop, Mrs. Frank Crane, Frank Bragg couple, and party, made merry after late dinner-party. . . . Litchfield family held one corner of lounge for entertaining. . . . Mrs. T. H. Kelly resplendent in palest pink taffeta with pink and blue artificial flower accessories. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Eakin present for supper.

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Marcia Cordeaux made trip to Sydney for Crossing-Haley wedding. Is staying few days before return to Bowral.

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June Courts

MRS. STOGDALE and Suzanne arrived in London in time for presentation at June Courts. . . . Elizabeth McCarthy wore cream lace and deeper shade of satin for the big event. . . . Virginia Lee, also from N.S.W., chose peach net picture frock with fichu neck over gold tissue. . . . Train of tissue covered in net. . . . French-blue was choice of Essie Murray. . . . Margaret Collingridge, Mrs. F. Stewart and daughter Doris, Mrs. John Perkins, Allison Dent, and Mrs. John Crawford also presented.

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Mrs. Crawford Robertson making stay in South Devon. Will tour Sweden and France next month.

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From Auckland

MRS. WELTON HOGG, better known in Sydney by maiden name Marjorie Kirkland, here for short holiday. . . . Since marriage to man of medicine in Auckland much missed from social circles. . . . Keen sport, numbering motoring, yachting, golf, and tennis among hobbies. . . . Was entertained at Royal Sydney Golf Club on Thursday by Mrs. John Sheppard. . . . Mrs. Bill Eyres, Mrs. Geoff Walker, Mrs. Lamble, and Gwen Rofe among friends exchanging chat and tennis balls.

Winter Wedding

BRIDAL honors of week to Cherie Haley. . . . Simplicity keynote of bridal array in opalescent satin. . . . Honiton lace veil saw previous service with bride's mother and sister. . . . Turquoise and brown attractive color combination chosen for matron of honor and bridesmaids. . . . Sheaves of orchids added for good measure. . . . Bridegroom old King's School boy, and consequently blue and white much in evidence in church and at reception.

Ski-ers All Set

ALL the smartest ski-ing gear will be packed this week by the Ski Club for members' annual jaunt to Kosciusko... "To ski" or "to she"?... Experts disagree... Inhabitants of northern countries plump for "ski"... Party leaves for chalet on Friday... Dr. John Laidley, Giff and sister Joan, Dick Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Moulden, Nuttie McKellar, Margaret Allen, and Aileen Bell, from Coochin Coochin, among winter sport fraternity.

Many Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS to Munro family were order of day at Kyeemagh. . . . Doug's wife, formerly Barbara White, now mother of small son. . . . Mrs. Hugh Munro has three granddaughters, but this is first Munro heir. . . . Gordon Munro also comes in for much shaking of hands. . . . Fiancee Charmian Mack success of polo season. . . . Rumors of wedding for popular couple in October, and trip to America for honeymoon.

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Malaya must be health resort. Mrs. Sandes looking blooming since return from tropics. Has just returned to old home at Woollahra after trip to country on visit to friends.

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"Naughty Marietta"

MUCH clapping of hands at finale of "Naughty Marietta" premiere at St. James. . . . Gorgeous Period frocks worn by Jeanette MacDonald. . . . New find, Nelson Eddy, possesses ringing baritone heard to great advantage in melodious songs. . . . Not handsome, but definitely has charm. . . . Oskar Denes, new J.C.W. star, accompanied producer Blackman in audience. . . . Both registered approval. . . . Claire McMahon came in polo tweeds. . . . Laura Florance also present.

Polo Bits

POLO spectators not exclusively polo minded. . . . Much chat and wandering hither and thither in between chukkas. . . . Pet dogs much in evidence. . . . Mrs. Bill Crossing's Dalmatian centre of admiring throng through week. . . . Ashton brides among the keenly-interested. . . . Mrs. Geoff slighter than ever. . . . Affecting forest-green coat and skirt with brick-red scarves. . . . Mrs. Jim true to navy. . . . Most becoming. . . . Hatless fashion led by Mrs. Dick Allen and Crookston sisters still the vogue.

Muriel Brunskill's Concert

STAGE adorned with greeneries and scarlet flowers splendid setting for Muriel Brunskill's lovely frock for opening night of concert season. . . . Audience at Assembly Hall listened to famous contralto in comfortable seats, and appreciated unaccustomed luxury. . . . Singer's gown of ivory satin beautifully cut and bright with circles of crystal beads. . . . Lady Hore-Ruthven chose warm cherry velvet coat and black velvet gown. . . . Was accompanied by Miss Ivy Price. . . . Professor and Mrs. Fawsitt, Rene Maxwell, Dr. and Mrs. Bainton, and Mrs. Gordon Allard among throng.

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Almost a week old is baby son of Dr. and Mrs. Hertford Weedon, of Wagga. Mrs. Weedon, formerly Phyllis Bragg, of Cootamundra, is sister of polo-playing Frank at present in Sydney.

IN A SUNNY CORNER OF HER GARDEN. Miss Kathleen McCathie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McCathie, of The Hermitage, Rose Bay. —Dayne studios.

Journey for Party

MRS. COLIN CHISHOLM travelled all way to Melbourne for week-end party. . . . Was guest of Mrs. John Keep when telephone call from husband persuaded her to meet him at Albury for final motor run to southern capital. . . . Expects return Sydney again this week. . . . Numerous engagements to be caught up with. . . . Home on Upper Murray too wet and chilly this weather for comfort. . . . New sunken gardens left temporarily to own devices.

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Susan Spencer is spending holiday in Adelaide. Recently enjoyed Hunt Club's festivities at Murray Bridge.

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Few Enthusiasts

"WITHIN THE LAW" deserved better house for first night. . . . Chilly weather and week-night semewhat to blame. . . . Those present most enthusiastic. . . . Richard Parry, newcomer to company, made romantic hero. . . . George Parker produced and Gabriel Toyne had "look see" from stalls. . . . Mrs. Garnet Marsden well wrapped in ermine occupied front row of circle, accompanied by Mrs. Swallow and other friends. . . . Lois Windeyer, Tom D'Arcy Irvine, and Dr. and Mrs. Cardamatis also present.

Fun for Family

THRILLS and gurgles for Joan and Ross Johnson. . . . Their mother intends arriving from Singapore for Christmas holidays. . . . First glimpse of her for two years. . . . Two young brothers complete with amah also coming along. . . . Travellers choosing route via Java and West Coast. . . . Plans include country cottage with ponies, cream, and fruit in abundance.

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Carleton Kelly once more bright and breezy after nasty motor accident.

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Cheering Cocktails

THURSDAY'S after-polo parties included festivity at Clifford, Potts Point, with Bill Hinchley and Tony Stephens acting hosts. . . . Many country people, including Joyce and Jim Crossing, Stephanie Osborne, Margaret Mack, Alan Mitchell, and Joan and Bill Austin. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Doug Levy also offered cup that cheers to polo players and spectators at Potts Point flat.

Chilly Blooms

VERY chilly looked white blossom decorations at St. Andrew's College dance . . . Supper marquee cold in reality, but looked cheerily warmed by reason of crimson adornments. . . . Harry Raffan, senior student, took affairs seriously and assisted Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Anderson entertain. . . . "Giff," whose appearances in public not nowadays so frequent, Deborah Mackay-Sim, Phyllis Skene, Ian Vickery, and David Harbison among diligent dancers.

Have You Noticed—

The fetching sequined toque worn by Mrs. Glan Satchell for evening weddings? Opalescent and black cleverly combined.

Jane Anne

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End that Backache!

KEEP ACTIVE AND WELL! Don't endure backache, dizzy attacks, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, urinary disorders, bladder weakness and other kidney complaints. Get right to the cause of the trouble — the weakened kidneys. Strengthen them by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, the special kidney tonic, and you will be amazed how quickly you will feel yourself again.

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Mrs. W. D. Lamont, c/o Mrs. P. S. Twist, 235 Woodville Road, Merrylands, Sydney, says:—"Some little time ago a cold settled on my kidneys, and as a result I suffered agony from backache. The pain centred just above my kidneys, and never left me day or night. I heard good reports of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, so began using them, and they gave me relief almost at once, and before long I was completely cured. I consider this medicine worthy of high recommendation and will always have a good word to say for it."

Four years later, Mrs. Lamont says:—"I have had no return of backache and kidney trouble since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me over four years ago. I need not enlarge on this, the facts speak for themselves."

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BLACK POLISH — The Quality Boot Polish — TAN POLISH

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All That Mattered

A FRIEND of mine was at a recent wedding, and, after assisting the bride to change before leaving for the honeymoon, remarked, "Are you sure you have everything?" To which the bride replied, "I don't know if I have everything, but I do know I have my lipstick, and that's all that really matters!"
—J.E.

ROSS for HEIGHT!

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LITTLE SON

Continued from Page 16

THEY heard no more about Jerry. Three weeks passed, and they had almost forgotten the incident, when they got a letter—a letter that stirred them strangely.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake,—I wonder if you are still of the same opinion about Jerry? If so, I have changed my mind, and I am willing to let him go. Would you like me to send him to you by train, or will you come over and fetch him?—Sincerely yours, NAN EVEREST."

Jenny Mortlake nearly went demented with delight.

"Oh, Benjamin!" she said. "Let's go down and fetch him at once. I'm so glad she's changed her mind now the fruit season's on, because he'l' love gathering the cherries."

"Won't he be pleased with the new calf?" said Benjamin Mortlake delightedly. "We'll get William over to lend an eye to the farm, and we'll go over at once. I don't feel I can wait."

Neither could his wife wait. Besides, if they delayed, Nan might change her mind again.

As they went by in the trap, they called in on William Johnson's farm and told him what they were going to do and asked him if he'd go up and give a look to the milking.

William was willing enough. He approved of what they were about to do. The Mortlakes were such a splendid couple and they were lonely. A child about the place would make all the difference.

Nan expected them. She guessed that they would come at once.

"He'll be in from school in half an hour. I've got his things ready," said Nan. "There aren't very many," she added with a little sigh.

"We'll get him everything," said Benjamin Mortlake quickly. "We'll do everything for him. We'll be good to him. I promise you."

"I know that," said Nan, and smiled bravely.

Jerry came in like a March wind. He was overjoyed to see the Mortlakes. Going to the farm! Oh, the rapture on his boyish face! Plainly the farm was his idea of heaven on earth.

Nan turned away to hide the anguish that tore her heart to pieces.

Chattering away twenty to the dozen, Jerry went off with the kindly couple.

Nan, left behind, stood like stone until the last echo had died away. She had let him go—her boy—her all!

Now she dropped to a chair, and the tearing sobs seemed to shatter her. Best for him to go. The doctor had declared she wasn't strong, had advised a thorough rest—a thorough rest! The irony of it! Well, now it didn't matter what happened, or how soon death came.

* * *

Glorious days filled with sunshine, filled with laughter! Jerry loved them. William Johnson found him over at his farm one day, filled with excitement.

"There's a sheep caught in the hedge," he said. "I can't get her out."

William Johnson went and released the sheep.

"I knew it was yours, 'cause Uncle Benjamin said yours had a red stripe painted on."

"Come on back with me. I've got some ripe plums," William said approvingly.

JERRY went. At first he chattered gaily, but when he saw the plums a troubled look flashed into his eyes, and he choked.

"What is it, son?" said William in surprise.

"I'd like Mummy to have them, 'cause she's off her feed in the hot weather."

"I expect she's buying some for herself," said William comfortingly.

"No, there's not a lot of money in London," said Jerry, and he blinked so quickly that William guessed he was winking away the tears.

"I wish Mummy could live in the country."

"I expect she likes the town best," said William. He felt furious with Jerry's mother. How could she have let such a splendid little son go to strangers?

Oh, no doubt she thought it was for the best to let Jerry come and live on a farm with the Mortlakes, but she couldn't have much real affection for the boy, or she couldn't have parted with him.

Jerry had been at the farm exactly a week when William got an inkling as to what was at the back of Nan Everest's sacrifice. Jenny Mortlake had brought him over to see if William could spare her a sitting of his Indian Runner ducks. William had gone to fetch them, and the boy had gone, too, delighted to creep into the low duck-house and forage for the eggs.

"I've got some bantams. Aunt Jenny's given them to me," said Jerry importantly. "There was a little egg this morning. It was warm. Mr. Johnson, I think Mummy could manage a bantam egg; it wouldn't be too much for her."

"How do you mean?" said William, puzzled.

"Well, a whole egg is more than she can manage. I wish she could be here and have my bantam egg. Uncle Benjamin says it's very healthy here. I think Mummy's cough would get better if she came here. Mr. Johnson, do you really think she likes the town best?"

And, in a flash of insight, William Johnson understood all that had puzzled him. Poor Mrs. Everest letting her son go—because——! He flinched at the thought of the reason.

Please turn to Page 40

THIS SMART two-buttoned tailleur is of tan gabardine, and the deep lapels and buttoned sleeves are in accordance with fashion's present masculine trend. A jaunty brown hat and gay scarf are the feminine touches adopted by June Clayworth, Universal player.

Grace Bros.' 100th Sale

An event of particular interest to all is Grace Bros.' 100th sale, which is now in its first big week. This anniversary event marks an important milestone in the history of the store, and every effort has been made to make it truly memorable.

Grace Bros. are celebrating the occasion with twelve days of exceptional value-giving, offering hundreds of bargains in all departments. It's a sale for everyone—men, women, and children—creating opportunities galore to save on wanted items for the individual, the family, and the home.

HEED NATURES WARNING

So many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, that attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open.

Weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples, the general air of lassitude are nine times out of ten the result of constipation or indigestion. Women need Chamberlain's Tablets—a mild and gentle laxative, non-griping and non-habit forming.

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose physician told her ten years ago how to keep her children well

HERE is a mother, who, with her three children, has been enjoying the blessings of perfect health ever since her doctor told her the secret ten years ago!

She is Mrs. J. A. Sullivan. Her letter and the pictures she sends with it of these happy, healthy children, tell the story better than we can.

"I am enclosing several photographs of my youngsters," she writes. "We are enthusiastic Nujol users, and have been ever since my oldest boy, who is now ten, was a baby, when my doctor advised me to give him Nujol.

"I have seen all three of them through all the children's diseases, which invariably come with school age. However, no complications have ever occurred, nor have any bad after-effects developed, and I have always felt that this was due to the regular habits acquired by the systematic use of Nujol."

Why don't you follow Mrs. Sullivan's example, and see what Nujol will do for you when you take it regularly?

Bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. It cannot hurt them; it is perfectly pure and absolutely harmless, and it forms no habit. Nujol is just a lubricant and is not absorbed by the body at all. Nujol comes in two forms, plain and Cream of Nujol, which is flavored and is often preferred by children. You can get both forms of Nujol at any chemist.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 747G, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The first dose of this Remedy does this . . .

Imagine what it means to get relief immediate and permanent! No more pain, no more fulness, no more palpitation, heartburn or flatulence! To dispel agony with a single dose! That is what De Witt's Antacid Powder will do for you, as it is doing for thousands every day.

That is what De Witt's Antacid Powder was made for—to give *immediate* relief; that is the object of its ingenious three-fold formula, which is so effective and so simple.

First, its bland alkalinity neutralises the acid in the stomach, and stops all pain at once.

Secondly, the colloidal kaolin it contains covers the stomach walls with a soothing, protective film, and allows the inflamed membrane to heal and recover its strength and tone. At the same time the ordinary process of digestion is not interfered with.

Thirdly, another ingredient partially digests the food, and takes heavy work off the weakened stomach until it is in a condition to take over its proper labours once again.

Two-and-sixpence will buy the big sky-blue canister that all chemists sell; half-a-crown will bring you the relief that you have often longed for but never hoped to attain. De Witt's Antacid Powder will give it to you—you may be quite sure of that—the first dose will convince you. Get your supply now and forget your stomach troubles from to-day onwards!

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

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~~2/11~~ **1/11 YD**

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A heavy quality Flat Crepe in grounds of White, with printed designs of Brown/Gold, Navy / Red, Green/Black, Saxe/Gold, Navy / Royal. Usual Prices: 4/6, 4/11 & 5/6
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36" CRINKLE CREPE A beautiful Pure Silk Crepe with the fashionable crinkle effect in a choice range of selected shades. Ivory, Salmon, Nil, Sky, Pink, Beige, Gipsy Gold, Baccarat Green, Royal, Violet, Brown, and Black. Usual Price, 5/11. SALE **3/11 YD**

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~~1/3~~ **6D YD**

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TAFFETTA

Suitable for frocks, linings, furnishings, etc. Exceptional value. The shades are: White, Lemon, Maise, Reseda, Sky, Blue, Rose Beige, and Pink. Usual Price 2/11 yard.
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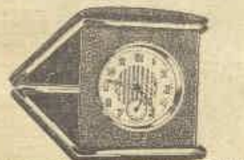

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Plant bulbs for garden beauty

Cheap ideal garden collection

IT has been proved that the marvellous flowers which beautify the Dutch Gardens thrive as well in Australia. One of our customers in Southern Australia wrote: **"Here in Adelaide all your bulbs do very well indeed."**
We have therefore decided to offer a collection of Bulbs that will beautify your garden in a way you never have dreamed of.
This collection contains Bulbs for all purposes—for groups, beds, borders, as well as for naturalisation in shrubbery, lawn, and rockery. This collection will enable you to cut the most beautiful flowers for your home during a long period.

As it is our aim to popularise our famous Dutch Bulbs in Australia, we offer this wonderful collection at a very low price in order to encourage thousands of flower friends to plant bulbs this year. Cultural directions are with every collection—we guarantee every success with our bulbs, which are expertly packed for Australia and New Zealand.

Here's the collection—it will arouse admiration when the fascinating beauty of the flowers has transformed your garden into a realm of sheer delight.

- 50 **Gorgeous Hyacinths**, in 5 distinct colours for five groups.
- 100 **Grape Hyacinths**, prettiest blue, for a group that may remain undisturbed for years.
- 50 **Resplendent Early Tulips**, in 5 varieties for five fine plots.
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- 50 **Long-stemmed Cottage Tulips** for a fine corner in your garden.
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- 200 **Crocuses, yellow, white, blue, and striped**, to plant in groups, in a border, in rockery, or lawn where they will naturalise and come back year after year.
- 100 **Fine Spanish Iris** in beautiful colours, the only rivals of the Orchids.
- 100 **True Dutch Iris** in fine colours.
- 50 **Snowdrops** for wild-gardening.
- 100 **Double Ranunculus**, like roses.
- 50 **Scilla**, the blue Siberian Squill.
- 50 **Blue Bells**, for some lovely groups.
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In all 1600 strong Bulbs in the most wonderful colourific splendour, delivered carriage and duty paid to anywhere in Australia and New Zealand.

No charge for packing

Only £3/15/-.

Half the collection, half quantities of all the above mentioned varieties, as carefully packed and separately labelled as the whole collection. **Carriage and duty paid** £2/2/-.

Double the Collection £6/10/-.

Remittance may be made by bankers' draft, Postal Order, or foreign Money Order. Satisfaction in every respect is guaranteed. **Money back if not satisfied. Order now!** It's time to order now.

A. BAERT & CO's
BULB GROWERS' SOCIETY
Hillegom - Holland (Europe)

12 New Feather Hyacinths **FREE** with all orders, if the name of the paper in which you found this advertisement is mentioned.

GEORGE EDWARDS PRESENTS:

ABDUL THE DAMNED

(Adapted from the B.I.P. Talkie)

Haunted by the knowledge that seventeen Sultans before him had met their deaths at the hands of the assassin, Abdul Hamid II, whom they called the Damned, spied and plotted and planned to avoid an untimely death. Then into the web of his intrigue came a beautiful Viennese actress, Therese Alder, and Hilmi Pasha, leader of the Young Turkey Party.

(Each week-day at 10.45 a.m., commencing Monday, July 8.)

BUILD A LITTLE HOME

For a long time now these delightful sessions of popular music introduced by a few bars of "Build a Little Home" have been a favourite with listeners, and in response to public appreciation it has been decided to broadcast them in future nightly, except Friday, at 8.35 o'clock.

2GB

DON'T ... FORGET

The "Bright and Snappy" revue commencing at the Savoy Theatre July 8 for a season of four nights, in aid of the N.S.W. Jewish War Memorial.

☆ ☆ ☆

"The Cherry Orchard," by Anton Tchekov, staged by Scott Alexander at the Kursaal Theatre, 420 Kent Street, July 6 and 13.

☆ ☆ ☆

The A.I.F. Ball, Palais Royal, July 9. Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven will be present.

☆ ☆ ☆

The dance arranged by the newly-formed Bellevue Hill-Rose Bay Auxiliary of the Eastern Suburbs Hospital, Masonic Hall, Double Bay, July 17.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card evening arranged by the N.S.W. Nurses' Association, Tate's Ambassadors, Strand Arcade, July 12, 8 p.m. Reservations by ringing B5676.

☆ ☆ ☆

The appeal for goods to be disposed of at the Continental Fair and Jumble Sale being arranged by the Dulwich Hill branch of the Blind Institution, William Street. Any parcels may be left at any suburban railway station and transferred to Central Office and then delivered by carrier.

☆ ☆ ☆

The third annual ball of the Clan Mackay, State Ballroom, July 26. Proceeds of ball for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington).

☆ ☆ ☆

French National Ball, arranged by Alliance Française, Hordern Brothers, July 12, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bridge party arranged by Linen Auxiliary of Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Carlton Hotel, July 17, 2 p.m. For reservations ring X1661.

☆ ☆ ☆

The opening of the Spurway Memorial Home by Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, and dedication by Archbishop of Sydney, at Boys' Home, Pennant Hills Rd., Carlingford, July 13, 2.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Most Popular A.I.F. Unit Competition, organised by the A.I.F. Ball Committee. Books of tickets procurable from hon. secretary, 88 Pitt Street.

☆ ☆ ☆

The dance arranged by Kia-Ora New Zealand Club at the Pickwick Book Club, July 11, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card party and musicale for the benefit of St. Gabriel's School for Deaf Boys, Castle Hill, at David Jones', 2.15 p.m., July 8. For reservations phone M4404.

Ways of Brightening the Dining Room

HELPFUL gadgets and bright ideas for dining-rooms abound in these days, but a thing that all of us are apt to overlook is that we often choose the darkest room in the house as the dining-room. This is possibly because this room is used less than other rooms.

Light-colored walls, together with clever lighting, can do much to repair this lack of light. And another way, as many home-lovers have happily discovered, is by using bright pieces of copper and brass. Decorative things in these glittering wares are now the shining lights of many dining-room schemes.

Almost any antique or second-hand furniture shop is sure to have one or two pieces of genuinely old copper and brass, which will make your dining-room much brighter. All they need to bring them mint-bright again is a rub with one of the modern liquid metal polishes such as Brasso. They only need polishing once in a while, and this little task makes a welcome change from day-in-day-out household duties.

Few things are as lovely as a brass jug, filled with flowers. Buy one old piece of copper or brass, polish it well, and see for yourself what a happy effect it will create.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
July 6, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Within the PORTALS... of BISHOPSCOURT

Exclusive glimpses into a stately old home . . . at Darling Point, Sydney, the residence of Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

I AM sure that everyone of my readers will be interested in my tour of the principal rooms in this, one of Australia's most beautiful old homes.

Built years and years ago for the late T. S. Mort, Bishopscourt is set amid picturesque, tree-girt surroundings. On one side sloping lawns sweep down—and beyond—the flower-lined drive. On the other, the foundations rise from a rock bed—a sheer twenty feet drop from the ground-floor windows. Bush paths wind in and out down there, and, twixt the tropical-like growth of foliage, the hand-cultivated specimens of man peep invitingly from nook and cranny.

WHEN, accompanied by our photographer, I arrived at Bishopscourt, no electric button, bell, or prosaic door-knocker could be found to announce our presence. Slightly nonplussed, I studied the iron-wrought old door and its environs until I chanced on one of the quaintest methods of hailing the inmates—a bell-puller. I pulled and pulled, and in the middle of my activities the door suddenly opened to reveal a surprised face looking inquiringly into a more startled one, which was mine!

Inside, I found myself on a narrow landing with a half-dozen steps running down to a short hall. Passing the cloak-room, flower-room, and the telephone-room, and turning sharply to the left, I faced one of the most spaciously inviting halls it has ever been my privilege to see. Running almost the full length of the immense home, this hall, with its rug-strewn, gleaming, tiled floor, is so stately in its construction.

The main staircase, with its beautifully hand-carved panelling of oak-leaves, is situated midway. And, midway, in a spacious alcove, reposes the statue of "The Good Samaritan," left to Bishopscourt by the late T. S. Mort.

A Room With a Motto

THE first room I entered was the study or library, which opens off the left side of the main hall. This is an interesting room. It is blue-carpeted to match the color of the decorative ceiling, and here, it is said, the original owner sat while the house was under construction. Within this room was wrought many times over in stone and plaster his favorite motto: "To persevere is to succeed." Scroll-like around and around the ceiling this motto runs, and over the fireplace in decorative form.

Above the fireplace, side by side, hang the five portraits of Sydney's line of Anglican bishops and archbishops—exclusive of Archbishop Mowll, of course. They range from Bishop Broughton (1836-1853) to Archbishop Wright (1909-1933).

The walls of this dignified book-lined room are in natural stone, polished; the furniture is of oak, while the inviting chairs are brown, leather-covered.

With the motto "To persevere is to succeed" turning over and over in my brain I then entered the spacious dining-room, which is furnished with almost monastic simplicity. The all-over carpet here is a rich fawn. The furniture is mainly walnut, except for the old oak serving-table. The seats of some of the beautifully-carved dining-chairs are covered with the same exquisitely-designed linen which drapes windows and the door leading on to a balcony.

And now to the drawing-room. This is a most charming and intimate room with its colorful printed linen-covered chairs, its circular window recess, its bevy of etchings and personal photographs. Royalty is represented by an autographed picture of Prince Henry holding one of our furry koalas in his arms. This was a Christmas gift to Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll, as were also the photographs of Sir Philip and Lady Game.

Unique Features

THE ceiling of this room is another tribute to the skill of craftsmen employed in the building of this stately home. It is unique, as is also the Gothic-shaped fireplace.

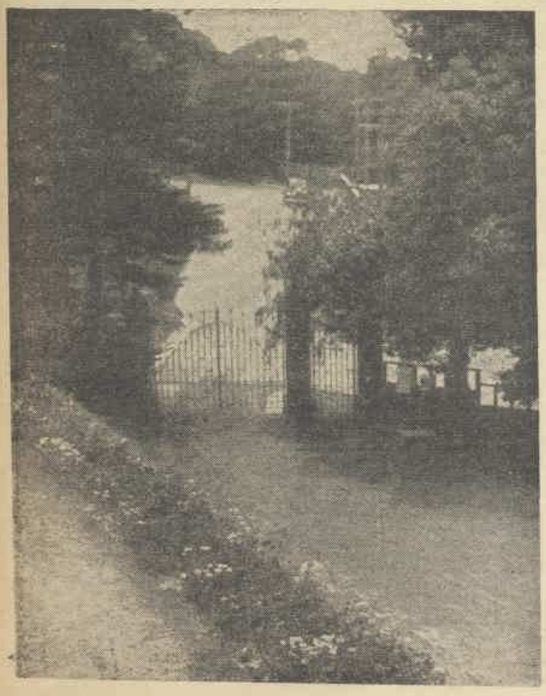
A large, circular mirror hangs above the fireplace, reflecting light and color and movement, as mirrors so magically do. The floor is carpeted in fawn. . . . A door opens on to the glorious sunroom, which is featured on this page. From its windows you get wondrous glimpses of the harbor and its colorful foreshores.

I left the sunporch by way of the hall entrance, and slipped upstairs to glimpse the principal bedrooms in this twenty-odd-roomed home. I paused a little to exult over the stained glass windows on the landing, and the five magnificent Chinese hand-embroidered panels decorating the walls, before entering the first bedroom.

MRS. MOWLL'S bedroom is a symphony in grey and blue furnishings and inlaid mahogany furniture. The carpets they brought with them from China are luxurious—I have never seen any here to equal their beauty.

The principal guest-room features twin beds in dark oak, with matching oak writing-table and appointments. Black and fawn rugs stress the fawn-felted floor, and gaily-colored printed linen curtains flutter at the windows—all framing magnificent views.

I peeped into one of the smartly-appointed black-and-white bathrooms, and then slowly, in order to drink in the more the spaciousness and the mellow beauty of the surroundings, wended my way downstairs again. . . . One more glimpse of the views from the sunroom, one more peep into the study, and with the words "To persevere is to succeed" whirling through my brain, with a final glance around the beautiful grounds (whose reconstruction and beauty lie in the capable hands of "The Old Gardener," so well known to you through these pages), I bade adieu to my gracious hostess and Bishopscourt.—E.E.G.



HERE ABOVE is pictured the glorious sunroom with its comfy wicker chairs, its polished red-tile floor, and dome-shaped windows framing magnificent harbor views.

LEFT: A glimpse of the charming drawing-room. Gaily-colored, printed linen covers the deep-seated chairs and frames the circular windows at the far end of the room (not shown in this picture). The open door leads on to the sunroom. Priceless pieces gathered on Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll's travels, and particularly from China, dot this spacious room—permeate, in fact, every room.

BELOW: The quaint iron gates at the entrance to the flower-lined drive of stately Bishopscourt, set in picturesque, tree-girt gardens and spacious lawns.

CLEVER IDEAS

CLEANS PEWTER

CIGAR ASH, whiting, and linseed oil, mixed, clean pewter. Afterwards wash with a warm leather, and dry.

BEATING EGGS

BEFORE BEATING eggs, add a pinch of salt. They will stiffen quicker.

WEARING SHOES

DON'T WEAR the same pair of shoes every day, or they will quickly become shabby and shapeless. Let them stand for 24 hours in trees.

KITCHEN ADVICE

THE WISE housewife burns all the solid refuse she can, and disposes of dirty water down the sink or drain. She remembers, too, that it is of great importance to keep the outlets of sinks and drains thoroughly clean.

UNDER VASES

KEEP A mat or circle of balze or cork underneath vases so that they do not stain the polished furniture.

CHAMOIS GLOVES

NEVER FORCE a chamois glove if fingers or thumbs have shrunk after washing, but moisten with warm water, and the gloves will slip on easily. When on the hand, press with a clean towel, so that the fingers will dry quickly.

STORING JAMS, ETC.

ON NO account store jams or pickles on a top shelf, as hot air rises and causes fermentation.

ABOUT CHERRIES

CHERRIES FOR a cake should be dusted first with flour to prevent them from sinking to the bottom.

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MODERNISE....
YOUR BATHROOM
AND KITCHEN
With
TILUX
MARBLE-FINISHED WALL PANELS

GIVE Added Charm and Luxury to your home by using these beautiful marble-finished wall panels for covering your Bathroom and Kitchen Walls. "TILUX" is always Artistic and Immaculate . . . Fire Retardant and Waterproof . . . Hygienic and **Easy to Clean.**

Only a fraction of the cost of tiles fixed! Easily and quickly erected. Eight beautiful colours. Write for sample and illustrated pamphlet—FREE AND POST FREE!

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PERTH: - - - - - - Riverside
ADELAIDE: Clarkson Ltd., Rundle St.
MACKAY: Chas. Porter & Sons Ltd.
TOWNSVILLE: Cummins & Campbell

Colorful Gladioli
... as Garden Favorites!

Nature Has Richly Endowed them with Stately Beauty

By THE OLD GARDENER

JULY and August, late or early, according to the climate, as the Old Gardener says below, are the times of the year to plant these delightful flowers. They are a favorite for the garden—clustering up a long stem, sometimes in delicate tints, sometimes in a combination of deep, rich, glorious shades—and can be very beautiful in interior decorations.

HAVE you noticed what amazing strides garden cultivation has made in the last few years, when even the smallest cottage has its little garden plot?

In a few weeks the first month of spring will be with us, and then our gardens will truly burst forth, gloriously transformed, and will doubly repay for the care and attention given them during the cold, uninteresting days of winter.

Even now, in warmer climes, the wattle is peeping out, sure harbinger of warm, sunny days. The birds are beginning to be more cheerful. Deciduous trees are showing signs of putting on gay spring attire.

Gladioli time is here, also, and are we going to make our gladioli bed even better than ever? Yes, of course, and it is going to be the garden delight of 1935. So we must get to work at once.

Your garden is not fashionable if there are no gladioli in it. Besides, it is such a glorious fashion!

Choose Your Situation

PLANT them well out in the open. Gladioli do not thrive in shade. Plenty of morning sun they must have. In very hot districts it is a good plan to plant them where large trees or shrubs will give them a little protection during the hottest part of the day, but, generally speaking, plenty of sun is what they require. Moreover, a bed of gladioli out in the centre of the lawn always attracts attention and admiration. See that the bed is well drained, and that it is raised above this lawn or path.

The soil for planting them must be naturally rich and deep, but avoid new manure. A bed manured for a previous crop is ideal, or else work plenty of thoroughly-decayed manure or compost into the plot when preparing. Gladioli will grow in light, sandy soil, sandy loam, or heavy clay. Don't forget cow manure for light soil, and horse manure for heavy soil. A thorough, systematic manuring, plenty of water—and gorgeous, giant flowers will be the result!

And Now for Planting

HAVE the soil fairly moist at planting time. If the weather is dry, water the plot well the day before planting. As the hole is made to receive each bulb, place in the bottom a little sand—just enough to bed the bulb in.

Plant about three or four inches deep. Say, for heavy soil three inches, and for sandy soil four inches, and space them six inches apart. Yes, you can plant in clumps, but always keep the colors separate. Planting in masses is most effective. A long, narrow bed is also ideal, one that will take three or four rows. One can then work and give them general attention without having to walk on the bed.

If you desire a combination for color effect, and one that is very pleasing, plant a bed of the so-called blues of various shades with the yellows, and the pale pink will blend with good effect. Other attractive combinations are to be had by planting purple or violet with apricot, deep crimson with yellow, and cream with any color, as they seem to make other colors stand out bolder, and more rich.

Best Time to Plant

THE latter end of July and the month of August are two noted times in which to plant, although it can be done periodically from June to February. August planting, however, will give a fine display about Christmas time. Of course, planting time varies according to climatic conditions. The further we go north the earlier the planting, and the further south a later planting is recommended, but, generally speaking, for an early summer display July and August are the selected months.

If, when planted, the bed is fairly moist, very little watering will be required until the plants are about six inches high. From then on, until flowering time, a thorough soaking at intervals is necessary. Shallow surface-tilling is beneficial, and during the hot months a plentiful supply of mulch is necessary. Well-decayed manure, old grass, bush scrapings, compost, or seaweed will give the desired effect in imprisoning the moisture and preventing rapid evaporation by capillary action.

Now we'll just run over the list of some valuable and worth-while varieties from which to select.

Mother Machree is a grey lavender; Winged Victory, light pink; Waratah, brilliant orange-scarlet; White Pearl, pure white; Yellow Perfection, yellow; Minuet, light lavender and pink; Aida, deep violet and blue; Nerissa, salmon-shaded whitish-grey lavender; Lucifer Amaranth, crimson; Canberra, yellow; Red Lory, orange and crimson; Betty Nuthall, orange and pink.

Can you do this easily?

IF YOU CAN—be thankful and take measures to preserve such excellent sight, so that it will continue to serve you so faithfully. If you cannot—then take warning that your vision is defective. Have your eyes examined by an Optometrist; he will show you how your defective vision can be made sharp and keen, and see that all the harmful strain is immediately removed. Do not delay, neglect is the forerunner of even graver harm.

For your eyes' sake consult an Optometrist once a year

Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council.

MRS. WARD IS 91 YEARS *Young!*
REGAINS PERFECT HEALTH WITH
'JUNIPAH'
MINERAL SPRING SALTS
(Containing the Wonderful Oil of Juniper)

—Photo. by courtesy of Ross Studio, 314 Pitt Street, Sydney.
Mrs. Maria Ward, a great-grandmother.

Mrs. Maria Ward, 91 years "young," bright-eyed, clear skinned, and still youthful in spirit, writes from 51 Buckingham-street, Sydney.

"I always enjoyed the best of health, but a year or two ago must have been careless, and got rheumatism. Then one night I heard about Junipah on the wireless, and I remembered how my father used to talk about Juniper Berries, and how good they were for rheumatism. So I tried your Junipah Salts, and now my rheumatism is almost gone."

END CONSTIPATION

Constipation is the greatest evil affecting health, causing immediate unpleasant effects, such as headaches, pimples, etc., and laying the foundation for serious ailments. Junipah Mineral Spring Salts, because they contain Oil of Juniper, clear the system gently, safely, and surely, and end this curse.

These Troubles Yield QUICKLY

Oil of Juniper is Nature's precious gift to suffering humanity. Because this remedy is blended with other excellent ingredients, Junipah Mineral Spring Salts bring quick relief to kidney and bladder troubles, and all conditions induced by the stomach or uric acid. They are also an excellent slimming agent.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

When you buy Junipah Mineral Spring Salts you pay for the contents, not the container. They are sold in a simple, but perfectly effective air-proof container, sealed with a patent fastener, but there is no fancy packing. That's why, though Junipah Salts cost more than ordinary mineral salts to make, THEY COST NO MORE TO BUY.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Distributors: Grosvenor Laboratories Ltd., Sydney.

Junipah are the only mineral spring salts recommended by the N.S.W. SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

SIX REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

1.—The large size costs 2/-, against 2/6 or 2/9 for mineral salts.
2.—Contains at least twelve doses more.
3.—It is different—it contains the precious Oil of Juniper.
4.—Junipah does not crystallise in the blood stream.
5.—The packages are compact and air-tight.
6.—Junipah does what is claimed for it.

BEAUTIFUL LIPS

Men say so!

These are the lips that men want to kiss. Never coated with paint. They are soft and natural. You, too, can have beautiful lips by using Tangee. It isn't paint, but has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural color in your lips. Tangee's cream base softens dry lips.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade, Tangee Rouge gives the same natural color as Lipstick.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.
PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's unconvincing and men don't like it.
TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia:
R. G. TURNLEY & SON, Melbourne.

SEA JAY
CABIN TRUNKS & CASES
CLIFFORD J. STEVENS
23 Goulburn Street,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

HONOUR THE LAW—Don't miss these thrilling Police Radio Patrol Dramas. — See advertisement on page 22 for full details.

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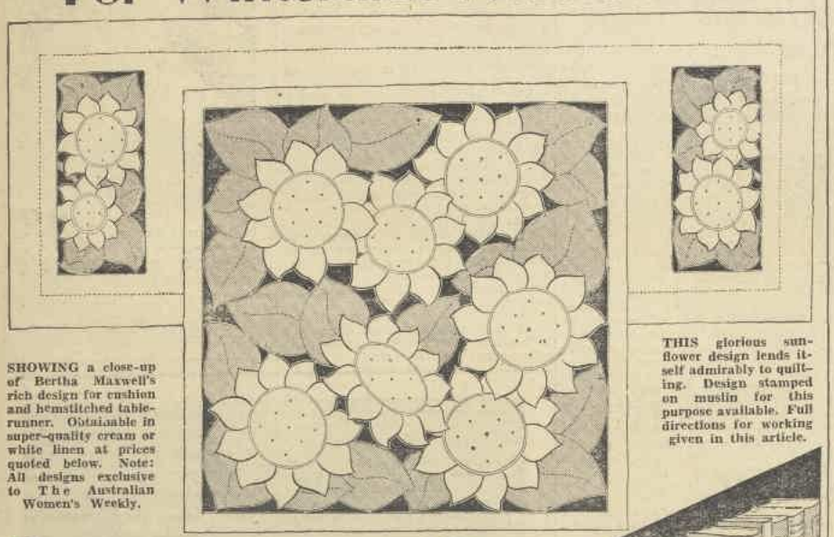
GOLDEN SUNFLOWERS
For Wintertime Needlework!



SHOWING a close-up of Bertha Maxwell's rich design for cushion and hemstitched table-runner. Obtainable in super-quality cream or white linen at prices quoted below. Note: All designs exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THIS glorious sunflower design lends itself admirably to quilting. Design stamped on muslin for this purpose available. Full directions for working given in this article.

THE SUNFLOWER RUNNER would bring beauty to any table. Size 12 x 36 inches, with hemstitched hem in super-quality cream or white linen. Price 3/3.

For Roman Cutwork . . . or Simple but Fashionable Quilting . . . Designed by Bertha Maxwell

BEAUTIFUL Roman cutwork in an all-over design in sunflowers and their leaves... a table-runner with ends to match the cushion... These two pieces worked in gold, brown, and green will brighten your living-room and give you a great deal of pleasure in their fascinating stitchery.

Or, if you would like one of those beautiful, quilted silk cushions, which are so costly to buy, this sunflower pattern is available ready for quilting on to your own materials... quilting is the loveliest and most intriguing form of simple needlework we know—and so fashionable, too.

WHEN flowers are scarce, as they are this winter in some of our drier districts, it is well to rule them right out of the decorative scheme in the home; nothing replaces their charm, but one must sometimes turn to other means of introducing color and light into the rooms in daily use.

Foremost as an aid to beauty comes bright needlework; the designs on this page have been specially prepared for this purpose—a sunflower runner, with a few scarlet, green, and blue books, and more color added in rich little book-ends; then a gold and green cushion near a window . . . these introduce warmth and cheer to the appearance of a room, and add that satisfying note so necessary to the eye.

The runner has a hemstitched hem all round, with beautifully-finished, mitred corners, and measures 12 inches by 36 inches; the design is stamped across both ends. In best quality cream or white linen. Price 3/3.

The cushion measures 18 inches by 18 inches, with the same amount of material for the back; the design measures 16 inches by 16 inches, which allows space all round for seaming. In best quality cream or white linen. Price 3/3.

The quilting design for the cushion, exactly as it is drawn for the embroidery, is stamped on white muslin and costs 1/6. The smaller quilting design (note panel), measuring 8 x 3½ inches, stamped on white muslin, costs 9d.

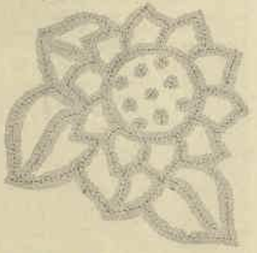
If you have never done any quilting, read on down the page and learn how simple it is—no embroidery skill is necessary, anyone can do it quickly and well.

A very good sunflower-gold is Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton, or coton a broder, as you prefer, No. F.444; the brown for the centres may be F.671 or any other good firm brown; while for the leaves you may use F.489 or F.676, the latter being a soft, rather bronze green which is very charming.

If these numbers are not available, choose a golden-yellow, a brown and a green which resemble the sunflower hues.

The Cut Embroidery

THIS is simplicity itself; run the outline of flowers and leaves with one or two thicknesses of embroidery cotton, of a three-stranded thickness of stranded cotton, or use more cotton of both kinds if you prefer a raised effect.



SECTION OF sunflower design in quilting. Design stamped on muslin for cushion available, and full directions given in this article will guide you to instantaneous success.

Then buttonhole over the running. When all the buttonholing is finished, or finished in sections, cut out the pieces of material which appear black in the drawing; you will be able to ascertain these for yourself, but it is better to watch the illustration as it is so easy to clip away a piece of the flowers where they overlap, and so spoil the work.

The double ring around the flower centres should be run twice with a padding thread, and then buttonholed or satin-stitched. The centre of each flower is marked with scattered dots, which may be satin-stitched or french-knotted; or the dots may be used as guides for cross-darning or other filling-in brown.

When the cushion-cover is made up, if it is mounted over black, brown, or green, the cut effects are very striking and handsome.

A Quilted Cushion

FOR this you will need enough material for two pieces measuring 18 inches by 18 inches, back and front; also a piece of thin flannel the same size for the front of the cushion only.

Then, with the stamped piece of material which we supply with the pattern on, you will be able to set to work. Lovely materials for the cover are furnishing taffeta, furnishing art silks, good washing satins, crepe-de-chine, fuji silk, and good Japanese silk; prices of these suit everyone. The color of the silk may be anything you please, but probably the golds, greens, browns, and buffs suit the design a little better than the rose shades or blues.

The flannel interlining should be very open and light, a cheap quality of baby-flannel is very good. The silk for sewing should be strong and of the same shade as the silk material. There is a silk called broriche which is very suitable; obtainable in skeins.

Lovers of Quilting Note Specially

THE smaller oblong design, measuring 8 x 3½ inches, which features on each end of the hemstitched runner shown on this page, is available stamped on muslin for quilting purposes. You may utilise this for smart envelope handbags, nightdress or kerchief sachets, cot or pram covers, wee babies' pillows, to make up panels for satin or silk-covered bedspreads, and even for the cuffs of luxurious dressing-gowns. Design, stamped on muslin, costs 9d.

The flannel interlining should be very open and light, a cheap quality of baby-flannel is very good. The silk for sewing should be strong and of the same shade as the silk material. There is a silk called broriche which is very suitable; obtainable in skeins.

How to Do the Quilting

LAY the front of the cushion face down on the table, set the flannel square evenly on it, and then set the printed piece with the ✓ sign on top of that. Weight the corners, and then tack all three thicknesses together loosely but well, avoiding the lines of the pattern as much as possible.

Take a length of sewing silk, thread it into a good large needle, and then begin the quilting. This is merely sewing all over all the lines of the pattern, with rather small running stitches which must pass through all the materials.

The little stitches show up faintly on the right side of the material and so give the lovely quilted effect we all admire so much. Pull the stitches a little here and there to produce the slightly puffed effect, but do not pull too much.

At the points of the petals and here and there make a back stitch to keep the work shipshape. That is all there is to do. When all the pattern has been stitched, make up the cushion with a small lap of material or cord round the outside.

Don't forget that this easy work is done from the back of the three materials and is merely plain sewing.

Make a single stitch for the seed marks in the flower centres and tie off these stitches singly at the back.

The tiny sketch of a section of the design quilted will give you some idea of what it looks like.

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It is Not Always Wise to Break a Childish Habit

By MARY TRUBY KING

Almost every little child has some habit peculiarly its own. Most of them are harmless enough, but mothers should beware of them lest they should be symptoms of some disorder and need attention.

SEEKING advice on the subject of head-rocking, a mother writes:—"I am worried about my little daughter, aged almost five, who always rocks her head from side to side until she goes to sleep, and several times during her slumbers through the night. It is just a habit, I am sure, for when a tiny child she sucked her thumb until she went off to sleep. We broke her of this habit, and then she started rocking her head. She has been brought up strictly by clinic rules, and is in excellent health. The Sisters at the clinic told me she would most likely grow out of this habit, but there is no improvement so far. I have tried sleeping beside her bed and holding her head every time she rocks it, but to no avail. I would be very pleased if you could help me in any way."

Though continued and constant thumb or finger sucking may do harm to the shape of the mouth and teeth, it is usually unwise to deny a little child the comfort of a suck or two when dropping off to sleep. At the end of the day, when the child is really weary, a little thumb-sucking can be forgiven, and when the child is really asleep mother can gently close its mouth.

Of course, there are many children to whom it would not occur to suck their fingers at this time or any other, and so much the better for those children. It must not be thought that I uphold the foolish relative who has been known to pop baby's finger into his mouth, saying, "Suck your pretty fingers! Doesn't he look lovely when he does that?"

But I do think there are some children who seem to need this special comfort just before they fall asleep, and to break them forcibly of this habit seems to start up worse habits, or at any rate other habits which, though innocent enough in themselves, cause distress to the watching adults.

It has evidently been so in the case mentioned. I have no doubt at all that the successful breaking of this little girl's finger-sucking has been directly responsible for the head rocking.

It would be unwise, therefore, to try to break this new habit, for some other habit would be almost bound to follow.

It does the child no harm to rock its head, provided that the head end of the bed is well padded to prevent possible hard bumps.

But one should seek the cause, and if possible remove it, for such habits denote, as a rule, some anxiety in the child's mind; some frustration, perhaps, or some longing for something necessary which has been denied.

This mother should ask herself: What was the cause of my little one taking to thumb-sucking in the first place? Did a new baby come along of whom she felt jealous? Was I away from home and the child left in charge of a stranger, or someone she did not care for? Did she take to this habit after a bout of sickness? Did I tend to leave her too much by herself when she was little, failing to realise that she needed the help of my presence, especially at the end of day?

Gradual Disappearance

THE clinic nurses were right in assuming that the child would gradually grow out of the head-rocking habit; but it will be gradual, and may not disappear entirely for a year or so. I should think that when the child goes to kindergarten or school an improvement may confidently be looked for, and as the child is nearly five this time is not far distant. If possible, it would be wise to send the child to kindergarten now; or failing that, to have other children of her own age to play with her every day. No mention is made of other members of the family, so this may be an "only" one, and a bit on the lonely side.

As the child's physical health is excellent, the mother has nothing to worry about on this score. The little one should not be spoken to about this habit she has formed—in fact, no notice should be taken of it at all, and the mother should try not to worry, as her worrying will automatically make the need for the head-rocking greater. What one has to understand is that at present there is a need in the child's mind for the solace of this movement and that it should not be interfered with by the mother sleeping beside her and holding her head.

IT is possible that over-stimulation of the child's brain during the daytime is responsible, but it does not seem likely in this particular case.

Care should be taken that the child is not excited in any way round about bed-time, and the atmosphere of the home should be loving and healthily quiet. Lack of stimulation might have just the same effect, though this is rare in modern times.

Boredom is just as bad as over-excitement . . . but surely no child these days is bored, unless it be the much-to-be-pitied "poor little rich girl."

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AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 12

"I DO ask you, Christine, both for your sake and hers."

"Then I will see her whenever you say—here, or in the village if she wishes."

"She will come here."

Late that afternoon Philip's mother and Christine sat in Aunt Kate's living-room together. Christine hardly seemed to see her caller, and strained for every sound in the sickroom just beyond.

Lady Ransome's face was full of pity.

"I can hardly expect you to forgive me, Christine," she said.

Christine moved her head.

"There's nothing to forgive," she said. "It all—just happened. It had to happen, I suppose."

"But it will pass," said the older woman. "This must not spoil all your life, Christine—yours and Philip's."

"Tell Philip for me," said Christine clearly, "that it is all over. I do not wish—I can't see him again."

"But, my dear——"

Christine turned to her fiercely.

"Do you think I can think now of anything except Gilead, Gilead, who may die because of my frightful, insane marriage to Simon? The marriage I made so that I could spare Philip? If Gilead dies——"

Lady Ransome rose.

"I won't keep you longer, Christine," she said. "I know you want to go back to Gilead. But I came to say this to you, and I must say it before I leave. You are in every way worthy of Philip; you are welcome with us as a daughter whenever you choose to come."

"Never! Never!" Christine clasped her hands together tightly and flung them forward as she spoke, then, seeing the suffering in the older woman's face, she said more gently: "Don't think I don't—appreciate your coming. I do. It's just that now—now—Gilead is all—is everything."

Lady Ransome leaned forward.

"We will wait, then, my dear. And hope."

She kissed Christine's cheek and went out to join her husband, who waited with Philip in the Ransome car before the house.

"You'll have to wait, Philip," she said. "It's only natural, only right, that Christine should think now of Gilead. You must give her time. If Gilead lives——"

"Even if he dies," said Sir John, "Christine will come to you. Be patient, Philip, and bring her to us just as soon as you can."

Philip's face set.

"I'll wait," he said, "but I've not much hope."

THEY left him then to haunt the garden round the Grant house, to sit long hours in his office waiting for a telephone call that did not come, to lie awake at nights picturing Christine in need of him, to live over and over painfully and clearly all their hours together.

His only comfort lay in hours spent with Sandy. The boy told over and over again the story of that panic-stricken rush from Simon's house to Gilead. Of his finding the old doctor asleep, waking him, telling him the dreadful news. Of the instinctive search next for Philip, who had arrived just after the tragedy. At first Sandy would tell his story wildly, with tears and fear. Then he grew calmer, and one day said gently, "Gilead is going to die, Philip."

Philip looked at him startled.

"Why do you say that, Sandy?"

"I know," said Sandy. "And then I shall have to be different. I have to take care of mother. You'll take care of Christine, but there'll be only me to help in the garden, with the babies, look after things in the house. Gilead would want me to take his place. And I will, when he is gone. When people are brave like Gilead and Christine, and you belong to them, you have to be brave, too, don't you, Philip?"

"Yes, Sandy," Philip answered.

He saw then that Sandy had changed, changed more and more as the days went on. The shock, the feeling that he had saved Christine from great danger, had endowed the boy with new strength; and, though he still had his moments of childlike wonder, it could be seen that Sandy was growing up.

The tenth day after Simon's death it was clear that Gilead's hours were numbered.

It was a dull, mist-filled evening with an autumn chill in the air. Outside there was the sound of rain, it fell gently from the leaden skies; all the golden brown of the trees was made more glorious by a sheen of wet. Away across the countryside definition was already giving place to a pale blue haze, as if the shadows were creeping up stealthily to claim the earth before the sun had completed his daily course.

There had been flashes of consciousness in Gilead before, hours when at his insistence they had told him all that had happened. Now he opened his eyes and looked at Christine, watching by his bed.

"Philip——" he said with difficulty.

Christine's eyes widened and she shook her head slightly.

"PHILLIP—and you—here," he said more loudly commanding her with his pain-filled eyes.

She rose obediently.

"I will fetch him, Gilead. I shall have to telephone to him."

Please turn to Page 41

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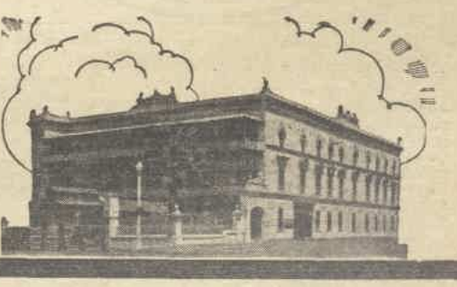

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PATTERNS
See special notice on the pattern page.

LITTLE SON

Continued from Page 32

FORTUNATELY, Jenny Mortlake called then, and he hadn't to answer the question.

Two days later, however, old Mortlake came round to the farm in great trouble just as William was going to bed.

"William! We can't find Jerry anywhere."

"Can't find Jerry?" said William anxiously.

"No. Jenny saw him off to bed, tucked him up and left him, but when we went in just now to see if he was all right, the bed was empty. Jenny's half demented."

"He's only up to some mischief. I expect you'll find him sitting up with a sick cow or something. You know what Jerry is."

A look of despair crossed the farmer's face.

"We've looked everywhere. His things are gone, too."

"Then he's gone back home," said William Johnson. "He missed his mother so. Don't you worry," he added, patting Benjamin's arm sympathetically. "If I'm quick I'll catch the ten-thirty at the junction. It will only take me ten minutes to cycle there."

"Jenny says," quavered the old man, "she can't let Jerry go now. It would break her heart."

"I know," said William comfortingly. "I'm quite sure he's gone home, and I'll bring him back, I promise."

A couple of hours later and William Johnson was knocking at the door of Nan Everest's room. A great pity welled up in his heart for her. Late though it was, it was stiflingly hot; the heat was like a grey blanket.

When she opened the door he received a shock. Thin almost to emaciation, her face was deathly white, only the bright eyes seemed alive as she stood there defiant.

"You've come for Jerry!" she cried "I can't let him go again! I can't!"

"Let's talk it over," said William quietly, as he stepped into the little room. Barely furnished it was, shabby, too, but spotlessly clean. The boy was asleep in the corner on a tiny fold-up bed. As William entered he stirred.

"Mummy, Mummy, I won't go back any more! I'm your little boy!"

She went across to him, her hand on his arm.

"My little boy, Jerry—always my little boy now!" she said. "You shan't go back, darling!"

THEN, very quietly, she moved to the window, and William followed her. They stood close together. Then suddenly a fit of coughing started, and his pity grew. When at last the paroxysm was over, she stood, weak, as though empty of all energy.

"He shall come back," she said desolately. "I forgot."

"Listen," said William suddenly. "I've got an idea. Come back with him until he's settled. The Mortlakes love him so. They'll break their hearts if he never goes back. Bring him back with you and stay a little while. Take a holiday, too."

He saw the desperate longing in her eyes, then saw her face change as her eyes rested on the pile of men's garments waiting to be stitched.

The mere possibility seemed like a bright light shining ahead of her—a light that beckoned her to a new life, one where there would be happiness, peace and security.

But it seemed too good to be true.

"There's someone in these buildings who would do this work and return it, isn't there?" he asked.

"It's my living," she said.

William Johnson wasn't an impulsive man, but he did an impulsive thing at that moment. He caught her two hands and looked at her, at the thin little face, with the shining, feverish eyes, at the delicate, fragile beauty of her, and he smiled at her encouragingly.

"Come back to the farm," he said, "and when your holiday's over we'll find some work for you. Willing hands are always wanted on a farm. I promise you I'll find you a job near Jerry."

Still she hesitated. There was a spot of color on each cheek, though a great excitement and hope shone in her eyes.

"You'll get new life, new vigor in the country. You'll never look back."

"I'd love to come," faltered Nan. "Do you really think you could find me a job afterwards?"

"I know I can," said William.

Going back in the train early next morning, with Jerry chattering away as usual, with Nan sitting opposite him, her dark eyes oddly satisfied, her small, delicate face eager, ecstatic, William Johnson thought he knew already of a very good post for her. Already he was convinced there was a job that he could offer her . . . quite soon.

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HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

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BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovations a Speciality. 8th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.
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LANCASHIRE POTATO CAKES
Serve Hot and Buttery!
Such a simple dish—so easy to make, so inexpensive—but how delicious served straight from the oven, golden-brown and steaming! You'll need lots of them, because people just go on eating them, and as they're made with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, you need have no fears for the well-being of delicate digestions.
COPHA LANCASHIRE POTATO CAKES
2 lbs. Potatoes.
4 ozs. Pure Copha.
1 heaped teaspoon Salt.
½ lb. Self-raising Flour.
Boil and strain potatoes. When thoroughly dry, mash well. Stir in Copha and salt, mixing thoroughly. Add flour to make a fairly firm dough. Roll on a well-floured board to about ¼-inch thickness. Cut with 3-inch cutter or teacup. Place on hot tray and bake in hot oven, turning the cakes over when half cooked. Serve hot and generously buttered. This recipe suggests a tasty way to use up left-over boiled potatoes, but if cold potatoes are used, melt the Copha before mixing.
Copha makes a wonderful difference to all your cooking—makes everything so much tastier, so much lighter and infinitely more digestible. When using it in your own recipes use only ¾ lb. of Copha, two tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt to 1 lb. of any other shortening. For the special Copha Recipe Book write to—
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the book will be sent free and post free. Then there's the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder, you should have a copy of that. It tells you a new method of cooking vegetables so that they lose none of their rich garden flavour and freshness. Copha is much more economical than other shortenings—for one thing it never goes rancid, you'll never have any waste with it.
Listen-in to the special Copha session every Monday night, at 8.15, from 2CH, and every Tuesday night, at 8.5, from 2GB.***

PROVED A SURE REMEDY
For Jaded Nerves and Anaemia
Blood tests before and after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave the surest proof of their value in the treatment of weak, run-down, nervous conditions that indicate anaemia. Recently a reputable physician blood-tested a group of under-par patients, prescribed these famous pills and, a month later, again tested their blood. The physician's records showed increases in haemoglobin and red corpuscles that were nothing short of marvellous.
As the haemoglobin and red corpuscles increased toward normal, the patients definitely experienced restored energy, greater nerve force, better appetite and digestion. They lost their headaches, languor and nervous symptoms. That was because their body cells received the amount of revitalising oxygen from the lungs, and of nutriment from the digestive organs needed for replenishing the system and clearing away poisons. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can point to scientific PROOF of their efficacy.
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AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 39

AUNT KATE, watching outside the door, came into the room, and Gilead twisted his lips into a smile at her. Christine, seeing them, felt the first tears of all those troubled days rise to her eyes. They had each other. She went to the telephone, her hands shaking, and her voice unsteady, and gave Philip Gilead's message.

"I'll come," said Philip. "Immediately."

Christine returned to the sickroom. Aunt Kate sat by the bed, Gilead's hand in hers. There was peace between them now, Christine thought, perhaps had always been peace. Aunt Kate's face shone; Gilead seemed sleeping. Christine went to stand at the window to watch for Philip's coming. She had thought she would be unable to see him; now he seemed unimportant to her, except for the fact that Gilead wanted him there.

A stillness grew in the room behind her, a quiet that held them all waiting in an embrace close, compassionate. She thought of what Gilead had said once to Philip, "'For to him that is joined to all the living, there is hope.'" Was this what Gilead wanted her to know now, of Philip? Gilead was joined to them, indissolubly part of their lives, whether he lived or died. So, too, was Simon. So were they all joined to the living, even those who had entered into another life.

Philip came in quietly and looked from Christine to Gilead.

"Philip is here, Gilead," said Christine softly, moving to stand by the bed.

Gilead opened his eyes, raised his hand to gesture them near. Philip took Christine's hand in his own as they went towards him.

"Well?" said Gilead, with something of the old abruptness in his tone.

Philip looked at Christine.

"I—I don't know," he said brokenly.

Gilead drew his brows together in a frown, Christine bent down to him.

"There's only you, Gilead, only you."

"No—Philip—and you——" He turned his gaze on Philip. "'The wife of thy bosom——'"

"Yes"—Philip's voice was deep and sure—"whenever she will have it so, sir."

CHRISTINE shrank back, her whole being concentrated in a denial of Philip's words.

"Christine"—Gilead raised himself a little in bed—"there is something I must say to you before I go." His eyes brightened with effort. Back into his storehouse of wisdom he searched, discarding all the wrathful sayings of old, asking for the words that would give to her a new life. He smiled and, resting his head against the pillow, he took her hand. "'By their fruits ye shall know them,' Christine," he said. "'Do men gather grapes of thorns—or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.' Good fruit—Christine——"

He was weary now, but his eyes still questioned hers; and as his meaning filled her heart her own eyes lighted in response. She instinctively took her hand from Gilead's and placed it in Philip's. "Yes, Gilead," she said. "Yes, I understand."

Gilead smiled contentedly and closed his eyes.

Philip clasped Christine's hand close, and Aunt Kate spoke:

"It's all right, Gilead. Come spring they'll have each other. Anything that starts when my garden is green with spring will flourish——"

"Like the green bay tree," said Gilead, with the ghost of a chuckle.

He opened his eyes again to look at Philip and Christine with a long, comprehending look. Under its compulsion, Christine turned her face to Philip, felt all the force of her love for him, released by Gilead's command, shine in her eyes.

Philip, looking back, saw the shadow leave her face and give place to a look of contentment that she could not hide, even had she wished. He knew then that she had cast out all fears from her mind and that at last, after all the waiting and the doubts, she was free to seize her happiness.

Gilead, satisfied, lapsed into stillness. They could hear the clock tick, were aware of all the earthy sounds of autumn rain and wind outside the room. Before their eyes he gathered strength, lifted himself in bed, and when Philip and Christine drew nearer laid one hand over their clasped ones. They knew then that, after the manner of his old belief, he was giving them his blessing, and they stood there close together watching as for a sign.

He took his hand away at last and relaxed with a long sigh. Aunt Kate sat upright, her face suddenly white, her eyes tearless. She bent over the bed and lifted Gilead's head to her breast while his eyes held Philip and Christine in the circle of his dimming vision. Once his eyes softened and his lips moved.

"I go the way of all the earth," said Gilead.

He turned his head then against his wife's bosom, resting it where it had not lain for many years. Peace closed his eyelids. Happiness lay on his face. All effort and striving were resolved into a great calm.

Philip and Christine, standing with bowed heads, felt the glory of his sacrifice, the fulfilment of his passing as a benediction on the life they were to face together. And without tears they went from the room, at peace, as Gilead had given his life to have them be.

The End.
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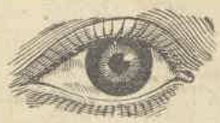
Ski-jumping.. By Electric Light

WITH modern electric lighting almost all sports can be played at night time.

In Germany, a recent installation was completed of suitable electric lighting for ski-jumping. It quickly became popular, and the winter sports championships were held on the illuminated area. The lights were erected on poles placed on each side of the runway and slope.

The familiar night sports in Sydney include tennis, football, track racing, swimming, cycle racing, motor car and cycle racing, greyhound racing, bowling, mimic golf and basket ball.

A number of golf links in America are illuminated by floodlights, and latterly consideration has been given to the lighting for night play of a golf links in the Eastern Suburbs.



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This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

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AN OLD FRIEND TELLS THE TRUTH

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GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 5

"WELL, if Lord Worth don't want to be at the trouble of ordering our lives, so much the better," said Peregrine. "You want to cut a dash in town, and I daresay I can find plenty of amusement if we haven't a crusty old guardian to spoil the fun."

"Yes," agreed Miss Taverner, a trifle doubtfully. "But in common civility we must ask his permission to set up house in London. I do hope we shall not find him set against us, regarding it as imposition, I mean; perhaps thinking that my uncle might rather have been appointed than himself. It must appear very singular to him. It is an awkward business, Perry."

A grunt being the only response to this, she said no more, but leaned back in her corner and perused the unsatisfactory communications she had received from Lord Worth.

IT was an awkward business. His lordship, who must, she reflected, be going on for fifty-five or six years of age, showed a marked disinclination to trouble himself with the affairs of his wards, and although this might in some circumstances be reckoned a good, in others it must be found to be a pronounced evil. Neither she nor Peregrine had ever been further from home than to Scarborough. They knew nothing of London, and had no acquaintances there to guide them. The only persons known to them in the whole town were their uncle, and a female cousin living respectably, but in a small way, in Kensington. This lady Miss Taverner must rely upon to present her into society, for her uncle, a retired Admiral of the Blue, had lived upon terms of such mutual dislike and mistrust with her father as must preclude her from seeking either his support or his acquaintance.

Sir John Taverner had never been heard to speak with the smallest degree of kindness of his brother, and when his gout was at its worst he had been used to refer to him as a damned scoundrelly fellow whom he would not trust the length of his own yard-arm. There were very few people whom Sir John had ever spoken of with much complaisance, but he had from time to time given his children such instances of their uncle's conduct as convinced them that he must indeed be a shabby creature, and no mere victim of Sir John's prejudice.

Lord Worth might think it singular that he who had not set eyes on his old friend once in the last ten years should have been appointed guardian to his children, but they, knowing Sir John, found it easily understandable. Sir John, always irascible, could never be brought, during the last years of his life, to live on terms of cordiality with his neighbors. There must always be quarrels. But, from having lived secluded on his estates ever since the death of his wife and not having met Lord Worth above three times in a dozen years, he had no quarrel with him, and had come by insensible degrees to consider him the very person to have the care of his children in the event of his own decease.

Worth was a capital fellow; Sir John could trust him to administer the very considerable fortune he would leave his children; there was no fear of Worth warming his own pockets. The thing was done, the will drawn up without the smallest reference to it being made either to Worth or to the children themselves—a circumstance, Miss Taverner could not but reflect, entirely in keeping with all Sir John's high-handed dealings.

She was aroused from these musings by the rattle and bump of the chaise-wheels striking cobblestones, and looked up to find that they had reached Grantham. As they drew into the town, the post-boys were obliged to slacken the pace considerably, so much traffic was there in the streets, and such a press of people thronging the pathways, and even the road itself.

All was bustle and animation, and when the chaise came at last within sight of the George, a huge Palladian structure on the main street, Miss Taverner was surprised to see any number of coaches, curricles, gigs, and phaetons drawn up before it.

"Well," she said, "I am glad I followed Mrs. Minceman's advice and wrote to bespeak our rooms. I had no notion we should find Grantham so crowded."

Sir Peregrine had roused himself, and was leaning forward to look out of the window. "The place seems to be in the devil of a pucker," he remarked. "There must be something out of the way going forward."

In another moment the chaise had turned in under the archway to the courtyard and come to a standstill. There an even greater bustle reigned, every ostler being so fully occupied that for some minutes no one approached the chaise or gave the least sign of having observed its arrival. A post-boy, already booted and spurred, with a white smock over his uniform, who was leaning against the wall with a straw between his teeth, did indeed survey the chaise in a disinterested manner, but since it was no part of his business to change the horses or inquire after the travellers' wants, he made no movement to come forward.

With an exclamation of impatience Sir Peregrine thrust open the door in the front of the chaise, and sprang down, briefly admonishing his sister to sit still and wait. He strode off towards the lounging post-boy, who straightened himself respectfully at his approach, and removed the straw from his mouth. After a short colloquy with the boy, Sir Peregrine came hurrying back to the chaise, his boredom quite vanished, and his eyes fairly sparkling with anticipation.

"Judith! The best of good fortune! A mill! Only think of it! Out of all the days in the year to have come to Grantham, and by the veriest chance!"

"A mill?" echoed Miss Taverner, drawing her brows together.

"Yes, am I not telling you? The champion—Tom Cribb, you know—is to fight Molyneux to-morrow at some place or another—I did not perfectly catch the name—close by here. Thank God for it you had the good sense to bespeak our rooms, for they say there is not a bed to be had for twenty miles round! Come, don't be dawdling any longer, Ju!"

The intelligence that she had come to Grantham on the eve of a prize-fight could scarcely afford Miss Taverner gratification, but from having spent the greater part of her life in the company of her father and brother, and from having been used to hear a great deal of talk about manly sports and to think them perfectly proper for gentlemen to take part in, she readily acquiesced in Peregrine's desire to be present at this fight. For herself she had rather have been otherwhere Prize-fighting could only disgust her,

AND although there would naturally be no question of her being a witness of the spectacle she must expect to hear of it all at second hand, and to find herself, in all probability, the only female in an inn full to overflowing with sporting gentlemen. She did attempt a slight remonstrance, without, however, much hope of being attended to. "But Perry, consider! If the fight is for to-morrow, that is Saturday, and we must stay here until Monday, for you would not care to travel on Sunday. You know we were counting on being in London to-morrow."

"Oh pooh, what in the world does that signify?" he replied. "I would not miss this mill for a hundred pounds! I tell you what; you may explore your Roman ruins as much as you choose. You know that is what you wanted. And only to think of it, Cribb and Molyneux! You must have heard me speak of the fight last year, and wish I might have ben there. Thirty-three rounds and the black resigned! But they say he is in better figure to-day. It will be a great mill: you would not wish me to miss it! Why, when they met before it lasted fifty-five minutes! They must be devilish even-matched. Do come down, Ju!"

No, Miss Taverner would not wish Peregrine to miss anything that could give him pleasure. She picked up the Traveller's Guide and her reticule, and, taking his hand, stepped down the steps of the chaise into the courtyard.

The landlord met them upon their entrance into the inn, but seemed to have very little time to bestow on them. The coffee-room was already crowded, and there were a dozen gentlemen of consequence demanding his attention. Rooms? There was not a corner of his house unbespoken. He would advise them to have a fresh team put to and to drive on to Greetham, or Stamford. He did not know—he believed there was not an inn with accommodation to offer this side of Norman's Cross.

Please turn to Page 43

Things I Love

THE things I love—
The darkening night,
The sound of the sea,
And a bird in flight.
The things I love—
Are blossoming trees,
Dew on the rosebuds,
And tawny bees.

—Ailsa Craig.

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New as to-morrow's dawn

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Veils your complexion in soft, vibrant loveliness. Even your dearest enemy could not detect the tiniest line or blemish. If ever you've seen your reflection in firelight's flattering glow, you've seen how adorable your skin will look when you're using Revelry Face Powder. "Shiny nose" goes and stays away at last now that Revelry Face Powder's here.

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All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 42

He was sorry, but they would understand that the occasion was extraordinary, and all his bedchamber had been engaged for days back.

This, however, would not do for Judith Taverner, accustomed her whole life to command. "There is some mistake," she said, in her cool, decided voice. "I am Miss Taverner. You will have had my letter a full week ago. I require two bedchambers, accommodation for my maid, and for my brother's valet, who will be here presently, and a private parlor."

The landlord threw up his hands in a gesture of despair, but he was impressed a little by her air of authority. He had been at first inclined to underrate a couple so modestly dressed, but the mention of a maid and a valet convinced him that he had to do with persons of quality whom he would not wish to offend. He embarked on a flood of explanation and apology. He was sure Miss Taverner would not care to stay under the circumstances.

Judith raised her brows. "Indeed! I fancy I am the best judge of that. I will forgo the private parlor, but be good enough to make some arrangement for our bedchambers at once."

"It is impossible, ma'am!" declared the landlord. "The house is as full as it can hold. Every room is engaged! I should have to turn some gentleman out to oblige you."

"Then do so," said Judith.

The landlord looked imploringly towards Peregrine. "You must see, sir, I can't help myself. I'm very sorry for the fault, but there's no help for it, and indeed the company is not what the lady would like."

"Judith, it does seem that we shall have to go elsewhere," said Peregrine reasonably. "Perhaps Stamford — I could see the fight from there, or even further."

"Certainly not," said Judith. "You heard what this man said, that he believed there is not a room to be had this side of Norman's Cross. I do not mean to go on such a wild goose chase. Our rooms were bespoken here, and if a mistake has been made it must be set right."

Her voice, which was very clear, seemed to have reached the ears of a group of persons standing over against the window. One or two curious glances were directed towards her, and after a moment's hesitation a man who had been watching Miss Taverner from the start came across the room, and made her a bow.

"I beg pardon—I do not wish to intrude, but there seems to be some muddle. I should be glad to place my rooms at your disposal, ma'am, if you would do me the honor of accepting them."

The man at her elbow looked to be between twenty-seven and thirty years of age. His manner proclaimed the gentleman; he had a decided air of fashion; and his countenance, without being handsome, was sufficiently pleasing. Judith sketched a curtsy. "You are very good, sir, but you are not to be giving up your rooms to two strangers."

He smiled. "No such thing, ma'am. We cannot tell but what my rooms should properly be yours. My friend and I—" he made a slight gesture as though to indicate someone in the group behind him—"have acquaintances in the neighborhood, and may readily command a lodging at Hungerton Lodge. I—rather, I should say we—are happy to be of service."

There was nothing to do but thank him and accept his offer. He bowed again, and withdrew to rejoin his friends. The landlord, relieved to be extricated from a difficult situation, led the way out of the coffee-room, and delivered his new guests into the care of a chambermaid. In a very little time they found themselves in possession of two very respectable apartments on the first floor, and had nothing further to do than to await the arrival of their trunks.

It was one of Miss Taverner's first concerns to discover the name of her unknown benefactor, but by the time she had seen her baggage bestowed, and arranged for a truckle-bed to be set up in the room for her maid, he had left the inn. The landlord did not know him; he had arrived only a few minutes before themselves; he was not an habitual traveller upon that road.

Judith was disappointed, but had to be satisfied. There was no finding out in the crowd flocking to Grantham who one individual might be. She owned herself pleased with him. He had a well-bred air; the delicacy with which he had managed the whole business, his withdrawing just when he ought, all impressed her in his favor. She would not be sorry to make his better acquaintance.

Peregrine agreed to his being a civil fellow, owned himself much beholden to him, would be glad to meet him again, thought it odds they must run across each other in the town, but was more immediately concerned with the means of getting to the scene of the fight next day. It was to be at Thistleton Gap, some eight or more miles to the south-west of Grantham. A conveyance must be found; he would not go in his chaise: that was unthinkable. A curricle must be hired, or a gig, and before he could sit down to his dinner he must be off to see whether he could come by one.

It was four o'clock, and Miss Taverner had not been used to fashionable hours. She would dine at once, and in her room. Sir Peregrine patted her shoulders, and said she would be more comfortable in her own room.

Judith curled her lip at him. "Well you like to think so, my dear."

"You couldn't dine in the coffee-room," he assured her. "It may do very well for me, but for you it won't answer."

"Go and find your curricle," said Judith, between amusement and exasperation.

He needed no further encouragement; he was gone in a trice, nor did he return until after five o'clock. He came in then, highly elated, full of his good fortune. There was no coming by a curricle—no gentleman's carriage to be had at all, but he had heard of a gig owned by some farmer, a shabby affair, scarce an inch of paint on it, but it would serve—and been off immediately to drive the bargain. The long and short of it was he had driven the gig back, and was ready now to do all that a brother could for his sister's entertainment in taking her out to see ruins, or whatever else she chose. Dinner? Oh, he had eaten a tight little beefsteak in the coffee-room, and was entirely at her disposal.

Miss Taverner could not but feel that with the town seething with sporting company it was hardly the moment for an expedition, but she was heartily sick of her own room, and agreed to the scheme.

The gig was found upon inspection to be not quite so bad as Peregrine described, but still, a shabby affair. Miss Taverner grimaced at it. "My dear Perry, I had rather walk!"

"Walk? Oh, lord, I have had enough of that, I can tell you! I must have tramped a good mile already. Don't be so nice, Ju! It ain't what I'd choose, but no one knows us here."

"You had better let me drive," she remarked.

But that, of course, would not do. If she thought she could drive better than he she much mistook the matter. The brute was hard-mouthed, not a sweet-goer by any means, no case for a lady.

They went down the main street at a sober pace, but once clear of the town Sir Peregrine let his hands drop, and they jolted away at a great rate, if not in the best style, bumping over every inequality in the road, and lurching round the corners.

Please turn to Page 44

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.

ACTUAL PHOTO. (Untouched.) Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, age 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934.

ACTUAL PHOTO. (Untouched.) Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

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Now it takes only 3 days to make Dull Teeth Bright
By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"

Unique Kolynos Technique that Removes Stain and the Dingy "Bacteria-Plaque"—Whitens Teeth Quickly.

Now all of you who have dull, stained, dingy-looking teeth can make them sparkling white and healthy by following this quick, simple, easy practice.

It is the scientific way to give your teeth new clearness, new lustre, new attractive whiteness impossible to obtain by ordinary methods.

To many of you the results will be surprising—especially to those who wrongly think that dull, stained, off-colour teeth are natural.

To-morrow morning brush your teeth with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a DRY brush. Use no water on your tooth brush. Then look in your mirror. See for yourself what it does. In a few brushings stain disappears and in just three days your teeth look whiter—shades whiter.

You will find Kolynos is different from any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It contains the finest cleansing and whitening properties, plus another ingredient which Dental Authorities agree should be added to remove the "bacteria-plaque" which makes teeth so dingy and yellow-looking.

In this way Kolynos removes ugly stain and whitens and brightens teeth—without the use of harsh or gritty abrasives.

If you want to get rid of stain and dullness, and want sparkling white teeth, give up ordinary ways of brushing and start using Kolynos. Try it for just three days and see what a remarkable improvement is made in the appearance of your teeth. You'll say it's wonderful!

Sold by all chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts *twice* the usual time because you use *half* as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

CONSTIPATION
makes Children weak and irritable

HOW often have you heard a mother say, "The child isn't exactly *sick*—but she's out of sorts and irritable?" Such a condition usually means that there are poisons in the kiddy's system—poisons which Nature is unable to eliminate without assistance. The child is constipated.

FIGSEN aids Nature in a natural way. It is gentle, yet insistent. It clears the system of waste poisonous matter, without purging or griping. FIGSEN has no unpleasant after-effects, and it does not form a habit. FIGSEN ends constipation **pleasantly**. Children take it readily because of its pleasant taste. FIGSEN costs 1/3 a tin from any good chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN 1/3 A TIN

FOR CONSTIPATION

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The NYAL Co., 181B Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me Free Sample of Nyal Figsen.
Name
Address
WW6/7/35

A Real Cricketer

WE have a local cricket team near here in which grandfather, over seventy, and his three sons and their sons play. In fact, G.P. is captain, he being the originator of the game and owner of the very nice ground. Naturally he is very keen on his game, and being so old can hardly see the ball when it's bowled to him. But nobody takes any notice of that, it being in the fun. Anyhow, one of his sons was bowled first ball, and G.P. brought the house down by saying, "You can't expect to go gallivanting to the pictures every night in the week and play good cricket, too."—M.G.

Four "VAREX" Applications . . . Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for varicose ulcers at any stage of development. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424B George Street, Sydney, and at 123N Collins Street, Melbourne.***

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Prestige Ltd.

We have recently added to this range the New Ringless Sheer—PARAMOUNT No. 444 at 6/11

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 43

"PERRY, this is insupportable!" Judith said at last. "Every tooth rattles in my head! You will run into something. Do, I beg of you, remember that you are to take me to see the Roman castle! I am persuaded you are on the wrong road."

"Oh, I had forgot that curst castle!" he said ruefully. "I was meaning to see which road I must take tomorrow—to Thistleton Gap, you know. Very well, very well, I'll turn and go back!" He reined in the horse as he spoke, and began at once to turn, quite heedless of the narrowness of the road at this point, and the close proximity of a particularly sharp bend in it.

"Good God, what will you do next?" exclaimed Judith. "If anything were to come round the corner! I wish you would give me the reins!"

She spoke too late. He had the gig all across the road, and seemed in danger of running into the ditch if his attention was distracted. She heard the sound of horses travelling fast and made a snatch at the reins.

Round the corner swept a curricle-and-four at a breakneck speed. It was upon them; it must crash into them; there could be no stopping it. Peregrine tried to wrench his horse round, cursing under his breath; Judith felt herself powerless to move. She had a nightmarish vision of four magnificent chestnuts thundering down on her, and of a straight figure in a caped overcoat driving them. It was over in a flash. The chestnuts were swung miraculously to the off; the curricle's mudguard caught only the wheels of the gig, and the chestnuts came to a plunging standstill.

The shock of the impact, though it was hardly more than a glancing scrape, startled the farmer's horse into an attempt to bolt, and in another moment one wheel of the gig was in the shallow ditch, and Miss Taverner was nearly thrown from her seat.

She righted herself, aware that her bonnet was crooked, and her temper in shreds, and found that the gentleman in the curricle was sitting perfectly unmoved, easily holding his horses. As she turned to look at him he spoke, not to her, but over his shoulder to a diminutive Tiger perched behind him. "Take it away, Henry, take it away," he said gently.

Wrath, reproach, even oaths Miss Taverner could have pardoned. The provocation was great; she herself longed to box Peregrine's ears. But this calm indifference was beyond everything. Her anger veered irrationally towards the stranger. His manner, his whole bearing, filled her with repugnance. From the first moment of setting eyes on him she knew that she disliked him. Now she had leisure to observe him more closely, and found that she disliked him no less.

HE was the epitome of a man of fashion. His beaver hat was set over black locks carefully brushed into a semblance of disorder; his cravat of starched muslin supported his chin in a series of beautiful folds; his driving coat of drab cloth bore no fewer than fifteen capes, and a double row of silver buttons. Miss Taverner had to own him a very handsome creature, but found no difficulty in detesting the whole cast of his countenance. He had a look of self-consequence; his eyes, ironically surveying her from under weary lids, were the hardest she had ever seen, and betrayed no emotion but boredom. His nose was too straight for her taste. His mouth was very well-formed, firm, but thin-lipped. She thought it sneered.

Worse than all was his languor. He was uninterested, both in having dexterously averted an accident, and in the gig's plight. His driving had been magnificent; there must be unsuspected strength in those elegantly-gloved hands holding the reins in such seeming carelessness, but in the name of God why must he put on an air of dandified affectation?

As the Tiger jumped nimbly down on to the road, Miss Taverner's annoyance found expression in abrupt speech: "We don't need your assistance! Be pleased to drive on, sir!"

The cold eyes swept over her. Their expression made her aware of the shabbiness of the gig, of her own country-made dress, of the appearance she and Peregrine must present. "I should be very pleased to drive on, my good girl," said the gentleman in the curricle, "but that apparently unmanageable steed of yours is—you may have noticed—making my progress impossible."

Miss Taverner was not used to such a form of address, and it did not improve her temper.

Please turn to Page 46

HORT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By . . . Evelyn

SKIN BEAUTY *versus* Drying Wind

Sometimes a trying game for the sports girl . . . but one she must win if she values skin loveliness!

WE know that the combination of exercise and fresh air in outdoor sports is one of the best beautifiers... Circulation is stimulated; lung-capacity is increased; muscles of the body are developed; digestive powers improved, and the skin enabled to perform its natural functions. But... the girl who wishes to keep her skin smooth and lovely has "weathering" to reckon with.

IT is so annoying to discover that when Nature gives lavishly with one hand, she seems inclined to snatch something back with the other. . . . Take our bitter, drying, winter winds, for instance. You come in from the game or the outing, bursting with health as it were, but with wind-burnt face, reddened eyes, roughened, frozen hands, dry, cracking lips, and, perhaps, a red nose!

And think what it means in the next few days to your looks—unless you take yourself in hand.

If you must cleanse your face with soap and water after exposure, use warm—not hot—water and the best soap you can buy. Some prefer, after a day in biting wind, to cleanse their skin with cream.

A soothing cream or lotion should be patted in after washing the face or, better still, almond oil. This all must be applied at bedtime and left on all night.

Barley water is said to be an excellent lotion for the face, for it improves both texture and tint.

Reasonable care must, too, be given the eyes. Not only for the sake of appearances, but for your sport's sake. Your eyes, after a day in biting wind, need bathing. In fact, they should be bathed as often as the body. A pinch of boracic acid powder dissolved in hot water and used cold is excellent. So is salt water. Use an eye bath. In this way you will keep your eyes bright and strengthen them.

If they are tired, apply a compress or pad to each. This pad may be dipped in rose-water, in boracic lotion, or in any other, as previously directed on this page.

WHETHER it be golf, tennis, skiing, hockey, or any other form of outdoor sport—or even recreation in the form of riding, hiking, or just plain walking—some form of beauty care must be regularly exercised when wintry winds do blow.

LIPS sometimes suffer in windy weather. Dry lips may lead to painful cracks, so keep them soft and smooth. Almond oil, lanoline, camphorated "ice," or a little cold cream should be gently massaged into the lips before going out into a cold wind.

Gloves can be used to protect the hands when riding or hiking, but for the sportsgirl it may be necessary to coax weather-roughened, coarsened, and reddened hands back to beauty.

Lanoline cream rubbed in nightly makes a wonderful difference. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, then rub in cream from the finger-tips to the wrist. Sleep in gloves.

Some have found that repeated applications of olive oil keep the hands smooth and free from any coarseness due to exposure. And soaking the finger-tips in warm olive oil most certainly keeps the cuticle from breaking.

Rose-water and glycerine is good, too. This may be rubbed well into the hands before going out, and after you wash them on your return home.

Almond and honey hand-lotion, which you can buy at most chemists, is most helpful. It should be massaged gently into the skin.

But, as I said before, a good application of cream to the hands nightly, and donning gloves, before slipping into bed, will make a world of difference to their appearance.

THOUGH you may not realise it, the hair suffers from dust and grime and excessive perspiration so, in order to keep it spotlessly clean and in perfect order, a weekly shampoo is almost a necessity.

An olive oil massage prior to your shampoo will prove an invaluable aid to shine and texture. Even those who have very greasy hair will derive as much benefit from an oil massage as those who suffer from the extreme, very dry hair.

For an oil massage, warm about two tablespoons or so of olive oil. Brush the hair free from dust. Then, parting it all over, gradually rub the oil into the scalp with your finger-tips. Rub until the skin glows. Follow by wringing a thick towel out of very hot water, and tie your whole head and hair up in this, until you are ready to wash your hair.

Renew the towel in more hot water as it gets cold, until you begin to shampoo. This helps to make the oil penetrate the scalp.

I have so often told you how to shampoo your hair, but I would mention here that pure castile soap shredded in a cup of very hot water makes a delightful shampoo mixture. The hair should be dampened and then the liquid applied and massaged well into the scalp. Rinse and repeat. Finally rinse in several waters, and, if you are fair, add the juice of the lemon to a cup of water and pour over the hair.

You risk Bloodpoisoning if you neglect those

CUTS

REXONA Soothes and Heals them

If you are living in the country, far from medical attention, never be without Rexona Ointment. It's the ideal "first aid." Remember the air around is just teeming with infectious germs and even the simplest scratch gives them a chance to penetrate the broken skin. Rexona's antiseptic and healing properties guard against the danger of infection.

Mr. Thomas Jones, a woodcutter in Maitock, writes:—

"For some time I suffered with sap poisoning from a small cut on one of my fingers. Nothing seemed to do it any good until I tried Rexona. It soon healed up then. Rexona is the stuff for poisoned hands."

Rexona OINTMENT the rapid healer

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Will you please give me some general information about malformations of the mouth in newly-born children, and if they can be cured or corrected. Does one consult a doctor or a dentist on such matters?

* * *

EVERY mother is anxious to discover whether or not her child is normal in every way. Particularly, in new-born babies, is she interested in the condition of the mouth, because certain abnormalities in this region may seriously interfere with feeding.

A striking condition of this kind is known as "cleft-palate." This may involve only the soft palate at the top and back of the mouth, or it may also include the hard palate in front. In the latter case, the roof of the mouth looks as though it were split in two.

Surgical help is the only remedy.

Another abnormality of the mouth more frequently met with is known as "hare-lip." In fact, it is not an altogether uncommon condition and frequently it is an accompaniment of a "cleft-palate."

In "hare-lip," the upper lip is indented or notched. Usually this notching is to one side of the middle line. In marked conditions, a real fissure extends up to the nostrils.

In this deformity, surgical aid is likewise indicated.

Occasionally children are born with the upper jaw definitely protruding, or the reverse condition may result, namely, where the lower jaw sticks out beyond the upper. When the teeth grow in, the abnormality may be noted for the first time.

Such disorders can often be corrected through proper orthodontic measures. The child is required to wear mechanical appliances which are intended to stimulate the bone growth of one part of the mouth while, at the same time, retarding the bone growth of another part. The movement of the teeth alone will not suffice to overcome the abnormality. The dental surgeon who is a specialist will help in these cases.

* * *

FREQUENTLY the "tongue-tied" condition is met with. This is caused by a shortening of the membrane under the tongue, which makes it impossible for the child to protrude the tongue as in the normal way.

In all such conditions the mother should not hesitate to have a simple operation performed, in which the hindering membrane is cut. If this is not done, speech handicaps are bound to develop. Of course, speech difficulties are usually associated with the other abnormalities mentioned above.

When mothers discover that their children suffer from a mouth or other physical abnormality at birth, they frequently worry, thinking there must be some hereditary defect on either the maternal or the paternal side to account for the abnormality. Usually, however, no such transmission of defective germ plasm is responsible.

Made in Australia

"I'M just as good in this Powder form!"

Yes, just as good as the well-known Bon Ami *Cake!* In fact, we have the same ingredients—different in form because some women like a handy Cake while others prefer a can of Powder.

Whichever form of Bon Ami you use, you're sure to like it. For it's the *finest, safest* cleanser you can buy. *Fine,* because it cleans so well. *Safe,* because it doesn't scratch the things it cleans.

Buy a package today and see for yourself how good Bon Ami really is.

BON AMI

pure . . white . . odourless . . . "hasn't scratched yet"

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Kill Kidney Acid New Way

Win Back Your Vigour

Famous Doctors Tell About Successful Prescription That is Ending Kidney and Bladder Troubles and Making Men and Women Feel 10 Years Younger Through New Health and Vigour Brought by Cleaning Out the Kidneys.

You need not suffer another day from Kidney troubles and Bladder weakness, thanks to a remarkably successful prescription prepared especially to end these troubles, and which now may be obtained at any chemist's.

Doctors and scientists say that there are nine million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys which must work every minute of the night and day, cleaning out Acids, Disease, Poisons, Germs, and Waste from your blood, or slowly but surely your body becomes poisoned and you can't possibly feel well. Your blood circulates through your kidneys 200 times an hour and if your Kidneys and Bladder do not do their work you are certain to feel old before your time, Tired, Run-Down, Nervous, and suffer from Getting Up Nights, Rheumatism, and many other troubles.

If Kidney troubles or Bladder weakness cause you to suffer from serious symptoms such as Loss of Vigour, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching, Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute and take chances with dangerous delay. You should start taking the Doctor's prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) and see for yourself how quickly it helps nature correct these troubles.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Cystex is not an experiment—it has been tested and proved in millions of cases throughout the world and thousands of Doctors recommend it daily. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, M.D., B.Sc., of Kensington, London, England, writes: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Any fair-minded physician will at once recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many common kidney and bladder disorders. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time. It flushes out the kidneys and bladder and is safe and harmless." Cystex is the prescription of a doctor with nearly 40 years of experience, and is prepared especially for Kidney and Bladder troubles. It starts work in 15 minutes to tone, soothe, and heal raw, sore Kidneys and Bladder, and brings a new feeling of health, youth, and vigour in 48 hours.

Dr. Van Straubenzee

Doctors throughout the world praise the merits of Cystex. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubenzee, noted specialist, of London, recently made the following written statement: "Poisons taken from the blood are deposited in the Kidneys. They must be removed promptly or irritations are set up which annoy the system. I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas of its kind and recommend it most highly when such a prescription is required."

Because of its amazing and world-wide success, the Doctor's discovery known as Cystex is offered to sufferers from Kidney troubles and Bladder weakness under the fair-play guarantee to end your troubles to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It costs only a few pence a day. Ask your Chemist for Cystex to-day and see for yourself how much younger, stronger, and healthier you will feel by using this special prescription for Kidneys and Bladder. Cystex must do the work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or cost you nothing under the money-back guarantee.

Get Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) to-day from any chemist. Beware of substitutes. Cystex is a Doctor's prescription specially prepared and guaranteed for Kidney troubles. In case your chemist can't supply, write Schaffer & Co., Sydney and Melbourne.

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 44

THE farmer's horse, in its frightened attempts to drag the gig out of the ditch, was certainly plunging rather wildly across the narrow road, but if only Peregrine would go to its head instead of jobbing at it, all would be well. The Tiger, a sharp-faced scrap of uncertain age, dressed in a smart blue and yellow livery, was preparing to take the guidance of matters into his own hands. Miss Taverner, unable to bear the indignity of it, said fiercely: "Sir, I have already informed you that we don't need your help! Get down, Perry! Give the reins to me!"

"I have not the slightest intention of offering you my help," said the exquisite gentleman, rather haughtily raising his brows. "You will find that Henry is quite able to clear the road for me."

And indeed, by this time the Tiger had grasped the horse's rein above the bit, and was engaged in soothing the poor creature. This was very soon done, and in another minute the gig was clear of the ditch, and drawn up at the very edge of the road.

"You see, it was quite easy," said that maddening voice.

Peregrine, who had till now been too much occupied in trying to control his horse to take part in the discussion, said angrily: "I'm aware the fault was mine, sir! Well aware of it!"

"We are all well aware of it," replied the stranger amicably. "Only a fool would have attempted to turn his carriage at this precise point. Do you mean to keep me waiting very much longer, Henry?"

"I've said I admit the fault," said Peregrine, coloring hotly, "and I'm sorry for it! But I shall take leave to tell you, sir, that you were driving at a shocking pace!"

He was interrupted somewhat unexpectedly by the Tiger, who lifted a face grown suddenly fierce, and said in shrill Cockney accents: "You shut your bone-box, imperence! He's the wery best whip in the country, ah, and I ain't forgetting Sir John Lade neither! There ain't none to beat him, and them's blood-chestnuts we've got in hand, and if them wheelers ain't sprained a tendon apiece it ain't nowise your fault!"

The gentleman in the curricle laughed. "Very true, Henry, but you will have observed that I am still waiting."

"Well, lord love yer, guvnor, ain't I coming?" protested the Tiger, scrambling back on to his perch.

Peregrine, recovering from his astonishment at the Tiger's outburst, said through his teeth: "We shall meet again, sir. I promise you!"

"Do you think so?" said the gentleman in the curricle. "I hope you may be found to be wrong."

The team seemed to leap forward; in another minute the curricle was gone.

"Insufferable!" Judith said passionately. "Insufferable!"

CHAPTER 2.

TO one used to the silence of a country night, sleep at the George Inn, Grantham, on the eve of the great fight was almost an impossibility. Sounds of loud revelry floated up from the coffee-room to Miss Taverner's bedchamber until an early hour of the morning; she dozed fitfully, time and again awakened by a burst of laughter below stairs, voices in the street below her window, or a hurrying footstep outside her door. After two o'clock the noise abated gradually, and she was able at last to fall into a sleep which lasted until three long blasts on a horn rudely interrupted it at twenty-three minutes past seven.

She started up in bed. "Good God, what now?"

Her maid, who had also been awakened by the sudden commotion, slipped out of the truckle-bed and ran to peep between the blinds of the window. She was able to report that it was only the Edinburgh mail, and stayed to giggle over the appearance presented by the night-capped passengers descending from it to partake of breakfast in the inn. Miss Taverner, quite uninterested, sunk back upon her pillows, but soon found that peace was at an end. The house was awake, and beginning to be in a bustle. In a very short time she was glad to give up all attempts to go to sleep again, and get up.

Peregrine was knocking on her door before nine o'clock. She must come down to breakfast; he was advised to start in good time for Thistleton Gap if he wanted to procure a good place, and could not be dawdling.

Please turn to Page 50

NEXT WEEK

Results of Big Dried Fruits Competition to Be Announced!

Are You Among This Week's Prize-winners?

Entries for our special dried fruits competition closed last week. So many splendid and cleverly original recipes have been entered that the task of judging is rather an exacting one.

BELOW we give the recipes chosen as prize-winners for this week. Ruth Furst has asked us to mention that she had picked out "Watermelon Cake" and "Parcel-post Cake," both delicious recipes, when she discovered that they had been duplicated for the very same week. It is not our rule to divide prize-money, so she had to pass these over.

SUNFLOWER SWEET (Novel and Dainty)

Seven sponge cakes, 2 bananas, a pint packet of lemon jelly, a small tin of cream, one lemon, a small tin of peaches, a little sugar and jam.

Peel and mash the bananas, split open the sponge cakes, spread with a little jam, and some with the banana. Then close them together again as a sandwich. Now place in glass dish in the form of a star, leaving a small circle in the centre for cream. Now dissolve the jelly in hot water to make 1½ pints, adding the syrup of peaches for the half-pint. If not enough add a little more water. Soak the sponge cakes with the jelly and pour the remainder round, but keep the cakes in the same position; do not break them; leave till almost set, then cut pieces out of the peaches to resemble the petals of a sunflower and put one on each cake. Leave till set. Just before serving, pour cream into the centre and grate lemon rind on top. Looks delicious and is very nice.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Corbett, Quay St., East Bundaberg, Qld.

FRESH FRUIT LAYER CAKE

Four and a half ounces butter, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, little water, 6 passionfruit, 3 tablespoons shredded pineapple, icing sugar, coconut.

Beat eggs and sugar to cream, add butter, beat well. Add flour, then about 1 tablespoon water, or enough to make proper consistency. Put mixture in a greased 7-inch cake-tin and bake about ½ hour. When cool, strain juice off passionfruit, spread fruit on top of cake (the juice can be used in making the icing). On top of passionfruit spread about 2 tablespoons pineapple (shredded). Ice on top of fruit and sprinkle with coconut.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss L. Southan, 77 Todman Avenue, Kensington, Sydney.

RAINBOW ROLLS.

Two tablespoons butter, ¾ cup sugar. Beat to a cream. Add 3 well-beaten eggs, gradually ¼ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Divide into 3 equal parts; color one part with cochineal, another with cocoa, leaving one plain. Put 1 dessertspoon of mixture alternately in three 1lb. tins, such as Cerebos salt or baking powder tins. Put lids on and bake 45 minutes. When cool ice each roll with chocolate icing, and roll in coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Graham, Taree, Manning River, N.S.W.

SPECIAL CHIFFON PIE

Rub 2 ripe bananas through a sieve, and add 2 tablespoons coconut, a pinch of salt, 2 unbeaten egg whites. Beat all together until stiff and frothy. Flavor with lemon juice, and bake in a dish lined with pastry until firm and lightly browned. Cool and place chopped jelly on top. Pile on sweetened cream and decorate with chopped, assorted nuts, and crystallised cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Kennedy, 16 Rodney St., Woodville, S.A.

HOME-MADE CAMP PIE.

One and a half pounds shin beef (free from fat and gristle), ½lb. bacon (remove rind), 1 egg, pinch ground mace, seasoning, thyme (leaves only), pepper to taste.

Mince finely beef and bacon, add seasonings, blend thoroughly with the egg, pack into a small billy or pudding mould with lid, and steam like a pudding for 2 hours. When cooked, remove lid, stand aside till perfectly cold, then turn out and garnish as desired. Delicious for sandwiches, cold luncheons, etc.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. G. Fraser, Berrybank, Mirboo North, Vic.

DEVILLED STEAK AND SAVORY BALLS

A pound and a half of steak cut into small pieces. Have mixed on a plate 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, salt and pepper as season. Cover the pieces of steak well with this mixture. Put in a casserole and sprinkle over 1 dessertspoon vinegar and five same of Worcestershire sauce. Cover with water and let stand 15 minutes before putting on the oven. Cook slowly 1½ hours, then add the savory balls made as follow:

One large cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 small onion chopped finely, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Make into a stiff dough with water. Form small balls and place on top of steak. Cook 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. C. Haley St. Helens, Tas.

ARE YOU BUYING NEW UNDIES?

Woollies, silk, or artificial silk undies will stay lovely as new, if you give them Lux care. With Lux there is no need to rub. There's no soda in Lux. It won't harm delicate colours or fragile fabrics.

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ORANGES bring *New Life* .... *to the* DAILY MENU

with their refreshing flavor and valuable health-giving properties . . . .

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

SOMETIMES described as Nature's "stored sunlight," oranges are considered a vital aid to perfect health. Rich in vitamins A, B, C—containing calcium, phosphorus, and iron—they supply all valuable minerals to build strong teeth and bones, rich blood, nerve tissue, and help to regulate the body. They stimulate the appetite; aid digestion. So, while the season is at its height, use them freely—on every possible occasion, and in every conceivable form.

AT YOUR next party serve orangeade as a refreshing change. You'll find a most attractive recipe on this page.

IT IS the season of oranges. They are hanging ripe from trees, piling up in the markets, brightening fruit stalls and shops—plentiful and cheap in most places—to make the most of them!

ORANGE CAKE is a general favorite with everybody. It may be iced and decorated or left plain, according to taste. See recipe on this page.

WHILE ripe golden oranges are plentiful and cheap now, no housewife should omit to add a dozen jars of home-made marmalade or jam to her store cupboard. But if you are wise you will not purchase the very cheapest. They will probably be small, with too great a proportion of pith and peel to the fruity part, with the result that there will be less of the jelly-like substance. Moreover, the syrup will be sticky instead of being jellified.

Now, for a series of tasty, appetising recipes for you to try:—

ORANGE TART

Puff pastry, 3 eggs, 3 oranges, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. butter.

Beat the yolks, add the sugar, rind, and juice of oranges, melted butter, and then the beaten whites. Make the pastry. Line a deep plate or sandwich tin. Pour in the orange mixture. Bake in a hot oven till set and brown. Serve cold with cream or custard.

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDING

Two oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, rind and juice of 1 orange, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the well-beaten eggs, then juice and rind, lastly the well-sifted flour. Pour into a well-greased mould. Cover with greased paper. Place in a steamer. Steam for 1½ hours. Turn on to hot dish. Serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Six tablespoons orange juice, 6 tablespoons water, rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 heaped dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon butter.

Boil the water, juice, rind, sugar, and butter; then pour on to blended arrowroot. Return to saucepan. Stir till it boils and thickens. Pour into hot sauceboat. Serve with steamed or boiled pudding.

ORANGE QUEEN PUDDING

Two cups milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, whites 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons sugar.

Boil milk, pour it on to the crumbs. Allow to stand for 15 minutes. Add the sugar, juice, rind, yolks, and butter, beating in well. Pour into greased pie dish. Bake in a slow oven till set. Make the meringue. Heap it roughly over the custard. Return to cool oven till set and a pale straw color. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE ROLY

Three oranges, 3 teaspoons breadcrumbs, 2oz. sugar, suet crust.

Make the suet crust. Turn on to a floured board, roll into oblong. Peel the oranges, removing all pith. Chop finely, mix with sugar and crumbs. Spread on the pastry. Wet round edge. Roll up. Tie firmly in floured pudding-cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 2½ hours. Remove from water and cloth. Serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SALAD

Oranges, vinegar, oil, little sugar, finely-chopped parsley.

Peel the oranges, remove all pith. Cut into thin slices, keeping them quite in shape. Place in a glass dish. Sprinkle with sugar, vinegar, and oil. Place in ice-chest. Just before serving, sprinkle with chopped parsley. To be served with roast duck or game.

ORANGE AND CELERY SALAD

One head celery, 4 oranges, mayonnaise or dressing, lettuce leaves.

Peel the oranges, remove all pith, and cut into cubes. Cut the celery into slices and mix with the oranges. Moisten with mayonnaise or dressing. Place a spoonful in lettuce leaves. Serve very cold.

ORANGE JAM

Two oranges, 2lbs. sugar, 2 pints water.

Cut the oranges into thin circles. Cover with cold water and allow to stand for 24 hours. Turn into preserving pan. Cook until soft. Add sugar and boil rapidly until liquid jells. Stand aside for 3 minutes before bottling.

ORANGE FRITTERS

Oranges, sugar, fritter batter, frying fat.

Peel the oranges, remove all the pith, cut into slices. Lay on a plate and sprinkle with sugar. Make the batter in the usual way. Dip the slices of orange in the batter, then into the boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown all over. Drain on white paper. Serve at once, sprinkled with sugar.

ORANGEADE

Four oranges, 1 quart water, 2oz. loaf sugar.

Wash the oranges and dry well. Rub the sugar on the outside of the oranges till all the oil is extracted, then peel very thinly. Put half the rind, juice, and sugar into a jug. Pour on the boiling water. Cover and leave till cold. Strain at once. Chill, and serve.

ORANGE ICING

Eight oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Sift the icing sugar into a basin, add the juice, mixing to a thick consistency. Warm over the flame till thin enough to pour, but it must not boil. Pour over the cake. Leave till cold before cutting.

ORANGE CHEESE

Two eggs, 8oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, rind and juice of 4 oranges.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, oranges, and butter. Cook over boiling water till thick, stirring occasionally. Bottle at once. Use as filling for tarts or cakes.

ORANGE CURLERS

Eight oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons water, jam, frying fat.

Sift the flour and baking powder, rub in the butter, add sugar. Make into a dry dough with water. Roll out ⅛in. thick, cut into rounds 2 inches in diameter. Place ½ teaspoon jam on a round, wet edge, cover with another round. Press edges well together, wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Sprinkle with sugar and serve very hot.

ORANGE CAKE

Quarter lb. butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, rind one orange.

Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs, flour, and cream of tartar, lastly milk, soda, and orange rind. Pour into a baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

ORANGE NUTCAKE

Two oz. butter, 4 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 oz. chopped walnuts, rind and juice 1 orange, 6 oz. ½ in flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the beaten eggs, rind, and juice of orange, sifted flour, and baking powder with chopped nuts. Pour into a small baking-dish. Place in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes, then on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing, and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

ORANGE JELLY MOULD

Three oranges, 3 gills stiff lemon jelly, ½ pt. cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ oz. gelatine, 1 gill milk.

Divide the fruit into quarters after peeling and removing all pith. Line the bottom and sides of a plain mould with jelly. Lay in the orange quarters. Cover with some jelly and allow to set well. Whip the cream, add the remainder of jelly and the milk in which the gelatine has been dissolved. When beginning to set, pour into the mould. Leave on ice till filling sets. Turn out on to glass dish. Garnish with whipped cream.

ORANGE SOUFFLES

Six oranges, 3 tablespoons sherry, 2 oz. butter, 1½ oz. plain flour, 2 oz. sugar, 3 eggs.

Cut a circular slice from the oranges. Scoop out the inside carefully so as not to break the skins. Chop the pulp finely. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the flour. Stir for 1 minute over the flame to cook the flour. Add orange pulp, any juice, and the wine. Cook till thick. Add the sugar and yolks. Then fold in the whisked whites. Fill the orange cases with the mixture. Stand on baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve at once.

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There is no quicker or more effective way to smash a Cold or 'Flu attack than the 'ASPRO' method, but take enough tablets to do the job. You can't expect one tablet to do the work of three. Follow the directions. Take three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and two tablets every three hours afterwards, until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research.

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ALL THE FAMILY BENEFIT BY USING 'ASPRO.'

63 Edward Street,
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21/2/35.

Dear Sirs,
I would like you to know of the benefit my family receives from 'ASPRO.' We always use it with perfect confidence for Colds and 'Flu, and during an attack of Quinsy, I received great relief by gargling at frequent intervals with a gargle mixture made from 3 'ASPRO' tablets dissolved in luke warm water. For Bronchitis my wife takes doses of two 'ASPRO' in a glass of warm water and she finds 'ASPRO' taken this way gives her real relief.

(Sgd.) R. G. ENGLAND.

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'ASPRO' ENDS HEADACHES COLDS AND 'FLU.

"Somerset," 12 John Street,
GOULBURN, N.S.W.,
7th May 1935.

Dear Sirs
Like many others I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds or 'Flu I never suffer from them at all now as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak or sniffly, I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take the second dose which speaks well for the beneficient properties of 'ASPRO.'

(Sgd.) Mrs. C. GIBBONS.

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Three Glorious Styles for the Young Girl

- Tunic Frock
- Blouse and Skirt
- Jumper and Skirt

Make them with the aid of our three-in-one concession pattern—price only 6d.!

So completely different are the outfits pictured above that only the initiated would suspect that the one pattern was used for all!

JUNE 22 has passed on a breeze of pure chill, and we're one big step nearer spring.

And because spring is the time of youth—tradition insists on it—we here introduce a frock for the young girl, excellent to wear now, in July, August, and then right into sunny spring days.

The one pattern provides for the three dainty modes—and how we do it isn't a secret, because we're proud of it. Our pattern provides for a tunic, which may then be cut across (as marked very clearly) for the blouse and the jumper styles, while the skirt in the main remains the same. Different neck trimming, and each frock is quite a stranger to the other.

In the above illustration the first model is the ever-popular tunic style, here showing light tunic and dark skirt, charmingly youthful. Slight fullness at the neck is caught up with a brilliant clasp. Tunic is slit at the front, and the sash tied round the waist has ends to hang very loosely at the side-front.

A snip with the scissors, and the tunic if tucked in to form a blouse, worn under a tweed skirt. Here the neckline has soft bows—excellent as a front to a coat. Note the suggested initials. The tweed skirt is slit at the side and has square, sporty pockets.

By wearing the blouse outside, and belted in, you have this adorable jumper suit with contrast jumper. Tartan is a vivid suggestion.

Pattern is for a 32-inch bust.

Material required: Skirt, 2 yards, 36 inches wide; jumper or blouse, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide; collar, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide.

Pattern, obtainable at our offices, costs only 6d. Use the coupon below.

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CLASSICALLY SMART

and Quickly Knitted is this Cosy Jumper

Specially designed to wear with a two-piece suit or topcoat...

Make it in the new chamois shade, or in a color to emphasise coat or suit smartness as suggested hereunder.

Sketch by PETROV

ONE COULD SAY that this delightful garment, which has been sketched for your appraising eyes by Petrov, was specially designed to wear with a two-piece suit or topcoat. The jabot—a change from the usual lacy type—would give a touch of distinction to either for outdoor wear. Then, when the coat is thrown off indoors the better to display your handiwork, you'll flaunt smart simplicity without freezing in the act!

THE little pleated jabot can play a very important part in the success of this cosy garment. If a neutral shade is chosen for the jumper the jabot could be worked in a contrasting shade to accent a tone or a dominating color in a tweed suit. Again, it would look rather chic worked in angora wool in a matching or contrasting color.

MADE in 2-ply wool in a simple yet effective stitch, which gives the appearance of a diagonal rib. The pleated jabot is a square about 8 inches big in a quick-to-knit lace stitch, very easy to do. This neat jabot provides a chic finish to the front of the jumper. The original was made in a chamois colored wool, but it would look just as effective in flame, Marina-green, burnt-orange, or Jubilee-blue.

Materials: 6 skeins of 2-ply chamois-color wool, pair each of Nos. 9, 10, and 12 needles.

Measurements: Length, 18 inches; bust, 38 inches; sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: About 8 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; m., make; s., slip; st. or sts., stitches; tog., together.

Pattern: A number divisible by 10 and 9 over.

1st Row: * k. 4, s. 1. Repeat from * to last 4 sts., k. 4. **2nd** and **all even Rows:** Purl. **3rd Row:** k. 3, s. 1, * k. 4, s. 1 *. Repeat from * to * to centre stitch, k. 1 (in the exact centre, mark this with a thread as a guide, s. 1, then repeat from * to * to last 3 sts., k. 3. **5th Row:** K. 2, s. 1, * k. 4, s. 1. Repeat from * to * to within 1 st. of centre, k. 3 (the middle of the 3 is the centre stitch), s. 1, then repeat from * to * to within 2 sts. of end, k. 2. **7th Row:** K. 1, s. 1, * k. 4, s. 1 *. Repeat from * to * to within 2 sts. of centre, k. 3 (the 3rd of these is the centre), s. 1, then repeat from * to * to 1 st. from end, k. 1. **9th Row:** S. 1, * k. 4, s. 1 *. Repeat from * to * to within 3 sts. of centre, k. 7, s. 1. Repeat from * to * to end of row.

10th Row: Purl. This completes pattern.

Back

With No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. Rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3 inches. Change to No. 10 needles, work a purl row, increasing to 129 sts. by knitting twice into every 13th stitch.

Start pattern, increase at each end of every 8th row until there are 149 sts. Continue in pattern until work is 12 inches from start.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. at each end of the next 10 rows (18 decreased each side). Continue until work is 17½ inches from start.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off remainder.

Front

As back, until after armhole shapings are done. When work measures 13 inches from start, divide for V neck. Work 56 sts., cast off the centre stitch, leave the first 56 sts. and, with a spare needle, continue to side and back to centre, k. 2 tog. Then k. 2 tog. at centre edge in every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Continue until work is 17½ inches from start.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. at arm edge in every other row 4 times. Do the other side to match.

Sleeves

With No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. K. 2, p. 2 for 3 inches. Work a purl row, increasing to 69 sts. by knitting twice into every 6th stitch except the last time. Change to No. 10 needles and pattern, increasing at each end of every 10th row until there are 89 sts. Continue until 18½ inches from start.

Shape Top: K. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 33 sts. remain. Cast off.

Neckband

With No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing at one edge only in every row until there are 12 sts. Continue until strip fits all round neck (slightly stretching it at bottom edge at the back of neck), then decrease to match the increased stitches until none remain. Sew the two ends in a point and sew the neck band to neck of jumper, but leave the point unsewn to neck, as the jabot must be sewn in place under the V.

Jabot

With No. 9 needles, cast on 46 sts. Work a square in the following lace pattern:—**1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** K. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1 *. Repeat from * to * to last stitch, k. 1. **3rd Row:** Knit. **4th Row:** K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog. *. Repeat from * to * to last stitch, m. 1, k. 1. The square is about 8 inches.

To Make Up

Press under a damp cloth, fold as in picture, and press the pleats well. Sew one point under the V of neck band. Press lightly after the jumper is complete.

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

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GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 46

SHE went down with him to the coffee-room. There were only a few persons there, the passengers on the Edinburgh mail having been whisked off again on their journey south, and the sporting gentlemen who had made so much uproar the evening before apparently preferring to breakfast in the privacy of their own apartments.

As she had guessed, Peregrine had been of the company overnight. He had made the acquaintance of a set of very good fellows, though he could not recall their names at the moment, and had cracked a bottle with them. The talk had been all of the fight; his talk was still of it. He would back the champion: Judith must know he had been trained by Captain Barclay of—of—he thought it was Ury, or some such queer name, but he would not be sure. At all events, he was the man who went on walking matches—she might have heard of him. It was said he had reduced Cribb to thirteen stone six pounds. Cribb was in fine fettle; he did not know about the black, though there was no denying he could give Cribb four years. Cribb must be going on for thirty now. So it went on, while Judith ate her breakfast and interpolated a "Yes" or a "No" where it was required.

Peregrine had no qualms about leaving her to her own devices for the morning: the town would be empty, and she might walk abroad with perfect propriety; need not even take her maid.

Soon after he had finished his breakfast he was off, with a packet of sandwiches in one pocket and a bottle in the other. He had no difficulty in finding out the way; he had only to follow the stream of traffic a distance of eight miles. Everyone was bound for Thistleton Gap, in every conceivable kind of conveyance, from unwieldy coaches to farm carts, and a great number, those who could not beg or buy a place in a waggon, afoot.

PROGRESS was necessarily slow, but at last the scene of the fight was reached, a stubble-field not far from Crown Point. It seemed already thick with people. In the middle men were busily engaged in erecting a twenty-five foot stage.

Peregrine was directed to a quarter of the ground where the carriages of the gentry were to be ranged, and took up a position there, as close to the ring as he might. He had some time to wait before the fight was due to begin, but he was in a mood to be pleased, and found plenty to interest him in watching the gradually thickening crowd. The company was for the most part a rough one, but as midday approached the carriages began to outnumber the waggons. The only circumstances to mar Peregrine's enjoyment were the facts of his having not one acquaintance among the Corinthians surrounding him, of his gig being out-of-the-common shabby, and of his coat boasting no more than three modest capes. These were evils, but he forgot them when someone close to him said: "Here's Jackson arrived!"

Loneliness, coat, and gig were at once nothing; here was Gentleman Jackson, one-time champion, now the most famous teacher of boxing in England.

He was walking towards the ring with another man. As soon as he jumped up on to the stage the crowd set up a cheer for him, which he acknowledged with a smile and a good-humored wave of his hand.

His countenance was by no means prepossessing, his brow being too low, his nose and mouth rather coarse, and his ears projecting from his head, but he had a fine pair of eyes, full and piercing, and his figure, though he was over forty years of age, was still remarkable for its grace and perfect proportions. He had very small hands, and models had been made of his ankles, which were said to be most beautifully turned. He was dressed in good style, but without display, and he had a quiet, unassuming manner.

He left the ring presently, and came over to speak with a red-headed man in a tilbury near to Peregrine's gig. A couple of young Corinthians hailed him, and there was a great deal of joking and laughter, in which Peregrine very much wished that he could have joined. However, it would not be very long now, he hoped, before he, too, would be offering odds that he would pop in a hit over Jackson's guard at their next sparring. And no doubt John Jackson would refuse to bet, just as he was refusing now, with that humorous smile, and pleasant jest, that it would be no better than robbery, because everyone, even Sir Peregrine Taverner, who had never been nearer to London than this in his life, knew that none of his pupils had ever managed to put in a hit on Jackson when he chose to deny them that privilege.

Jackson went back to join a group of gentlemen beside the ring in a few minutes, for he was to act as referee presently, and, as usual, had been put in charge of most of the arrangements. Peregrine was so busy watching him, and thinking about his famous sparring school at No. 13 Old Bond St., and how he himself would be taking lessons there in a very short while, that he failed to notice the approach of a curricle-and-four which edged its way in neatly to a place immediately alongside his own gig and there drew up.

A voice said: "Starch is an excellent thing, but in moderation, Worcester, for heaven's sake, in moderation! I thought George had dropped a hint in your ear?"

The voice was a perfectly soft one, but it brought Peregrine's head round with a jerk, and made him jump. It belonged to a gentleman who drove a team of blood-chestnuts, and wore a greatcoat with fifteen capes. He was addressing an exquisite in an enormously high collar and neckcloth, who colored and said: "Oh, be damned to you, Julian!"

As ill luck would have it, Peregrine's start had made him tighten the reins involuntarily, and the farmer's horse began to back. Peregrine stopped him in a moment, but not in time to prevent his right mudguard just grazing the curricle's left one. He could have sworn aloud from annoyance.

The gentleman in the curricle turned, brows lifted in pained astonishment. "My very good sir," he began, and then stopped. The astonishment gave place to an expression of resignation. "I might have known," he said. "After all, you did promise yourself this meeting, did you not?"

It was said quite quietly, but Peregrine, hot with chagrin, felt that it must have drawn all eyes upon himself. Certainly the gentleman in the high collar was leaning forward to look at him across the intervening curricle. He blurted out: "I hardly touched your carriage! I could not help it if I did!"

"No, that is what I complain of," sighed his tormentor. "I'm sure you could not."

Very red in the face, Peregrine said: "You needn't be afraid, sir! This place will no longer do for me, I assure you!"

"But what is the matter? What are you saying, Julian?" demanded Lord Worcester curiously. "Who is it?"

"An acquaintance of mine," replied the gentleman in the curricle. "Unsought, but damnably recurrent."

Peregrine gathered up his reins in hands that were by no means steady; he might not find another place, but stay where he was he would not. He said: "I shall relieve you of my presence, sir!"

"Thank you," murmured the other, faintly smiling.

The gig drew out of the line without mishap and was driven off with unusual care through the press of people. There was by this time no gap in the first row of carriages into which a gig might squeeze its way, and after driving down the length of the long line Peregrine began to regret his hastiness. But just as he was about to turn up an avenue left in the ranks to get to the rear, a young gentleman in a smart-looking whisky hailed him good-naturedly, and offered to pull in a little closer to the coach on his right, and so contrive a space for the gig.

Peregrine accepted this offer thankfully, and after a little manoeuvring, and some protests from a party of men seated on the roof of the coach, room was made, and Peregrine could be comfortable again.

THE owner of the whisky seemed to be a friendly young man. He had a chubby, smiling countenance, with a somewhat roguish pair of eyes. He was dressed in a blue single-breasted coat, with a long waist, a blue waistcoat with inch-wide yellow stripes, plus breeches tied at the knee with strings and rosettes, short boots with very long tops, and an amazing cravat of white muslin spotted with black. Over all this he wore a driving coat of white drab, hanging negligently open, with two tiers of pockets, a Belcher handkerchief, innumerable capes, and a large nosegay.

Having satisfied himself that Peregrine, in spite of his gig and his old-fashioned dress, was not a mere Johnny Raw, he soon plunged into conversation; and in a very little while Peregrine learned that his name was Henry Fitzjohn, that he lived in Cork Street, was not long down from Oxford, and had come to Thistleton Gap in the expectation of joining a party of friends there. However, either because they had not yet arrived, or because the crowd was too dense to allow him to discover their position, he had missed them and had been forced to take up a place without them or lose his chance of seeing the fight. His dress was the insignia of the Four Horse Club, to which, as he naively informed Peregrine, he had been elected a member that very year.

He had backed the champion to win the day's fight, and as soon as he discovered that Peregrine had never laid eyes on him—or indeed, on any other of the notables present—he took it upon himself to point out everyone of interest.

Please turn to Page 53

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

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You don't know how lovely your lips can be, until you use Michel! It gives beauty, lure, fresh enchantment . . . it softens, it makes lips luscious and tempting! Michel is truly indelible . . . one application lasts for hours. Use it once, and you'll never use any other.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt-in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo . . . it polishes also. A 6d. packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

STEELO

The TOOTHBRUSH TEST

TELLS WHY GIBBS DENTIFRICE IS *better than toothpastes!*

TOOTHPASTE COLLECTS IN THE BRISTLES HERE!

and is *wasted.* It collects germs and dust and becomes a menace to the health of your mouth.

GIBBS DENTIFRICE LEAVES THE BRISTLES CLEAN!

No waste, no fear of germs with Gibbs! Every particle you put on the brush does its job of cleansing and polishing your teeth and purifying your mouth!

YOUR TEETH ARE *Ivory* CASTLES DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

BETTER FOR YOUR TEETH BETTER FOR YOUR POCKET

At all chemists and stores. Small size 1/-, large size 1/6, large refills 1/3.

GIBBS DENTURE TABLET, 2/-

HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favour of Other Men

Unless two pints of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movements get hard and constipated. You get yellow tongue, yellow skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad taste, flatulence, dizziness, headache. You have become a bad-tempered, unpleasant-looking person who suffers from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Everybody wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, oils, laxative pills, laxative candies, or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of this poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only move out the tail end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Cosmetics won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. The one mild vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No calomel (mercury) in Carter's. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions to-day. Sold in two sizes, 1/3 and 3/-.

Refuse "something just as good," for it may gripe, loosen teeth or scald rectum. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for.

Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE:
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

FOR TEN TO TWELVE YEARS

WW390A.—Here is a frock specially designed for wool crepe or other winter fabric. Pleats extend from the points of the yoke. Pattern for 10 to 12 years. Material for 12 years: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CAPE AND COSTUME

WW391A.—Make yourself a smart ensemble, comprising a costume and cape. Coat is single-breasted, and skirt has a short split each side. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHARMING SOPHISTICATION

WW392A.—This model illustrates one of the latest tunic frocks. It has a two-piece tailored skirt; the tunic has the much-favored raglan sleeves, with the front material gathered. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW NECKLINE

WW393A.—One of fashion's latest models, with a new neckline. Yoke and sleeves are cut in one with a seam on the shoulder. Skirt has a shaped yoke over the hips. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NOTE QUAINT FRONT TRIMMING

WW394A.—Frock for daytime wear. Note the quaint front trimming where the contrast is threaded under the tabs. Skirt has a seam front and back featuring an inverted pleat. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SWEET FOR THE TODDLER

WW397A.—A dear little frock for the toddler. Material is cut with a panel back and front, where it joins the shaped yoke. Contrast is used for the scalloped collar and cuffs. Pattern for 1 to 2 years. Material: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SVELTE EVENING MODE

WW398A.—Let this be your choice for your new season's evening frock. The deep V-back is adorned with flared trimming. Skirt has two low flares round the base. Material for 36-inch bust: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GRACEFUL MATRON'S MODE

WW395A. — A becoming frock for a matron. It is a straight down model with a belt at the back continuing from the side fastening. Skirt has a pleated panel inserted front and back. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR WINTER FABRIC

WW396A.—A smart frock for winter fabric, designed for the young schoolgirl. The low pleats are cut in one with the panels. A belt is worn at the natural waistline. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR FREE PATTERN

LADY'S FROCK

THIS week's free pattern is a perfect street frock — smart and simple.

The skirt introduces two narrow panels front and back.

There are two ideas for neck trimming.

Pattern is for 34-inch bust.

Material: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Ltd., 109/113, Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 6/7/35.

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT — MADE IN AUSTRALIA

OUT-SHINING the sunshine — smiling in the firelight — things of copper and brass are always merry and bright! Just a touch of Brasso now and again and they're winking in a twinkling!

BRASSO

LIQUID METAL POLISH *makes light work*

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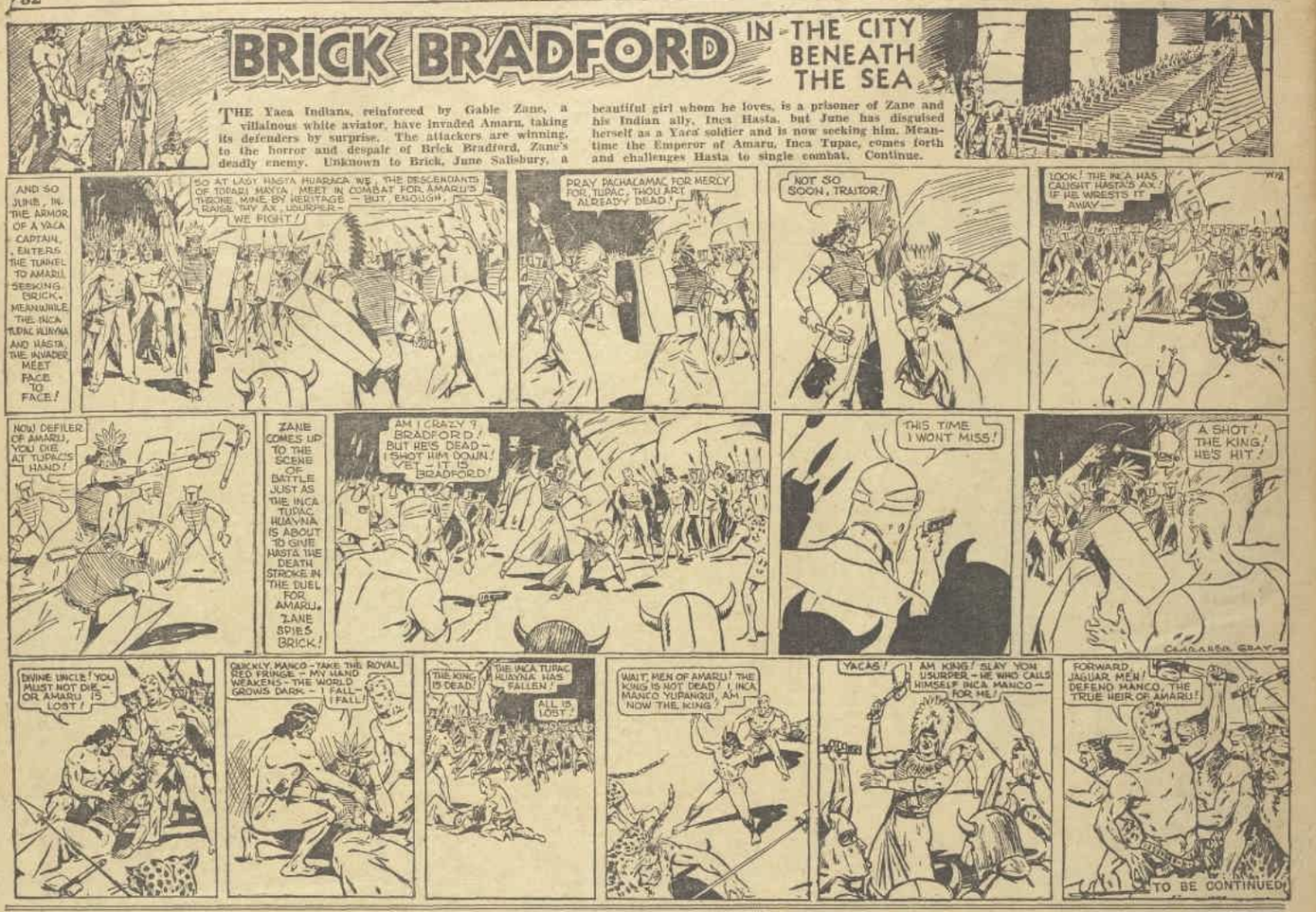
BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

THE Yaca Indians, reinforced by Gable Zane, a villainous white aviator, have invaded Amaru, taking its defenders by surprise. The attackers are winning, to the horror and despair of Brick Bradford, Zane's deadly enemy. Unknown to Brick, June Salisbury, a beautiful girl whom he loves, is a prisoner of Zane and his Indian ally, Inca Hasta, but June has disguised herself as a Yaca soldier and is now seeking him. Meantime the Emperor of Amaru, Inca Tupac, comes forth and challenges Hasta to single combat. Continue.



Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

I know you all pull one another's legs. Not really, of course, but you know what I mean. If Bob has a black smut on his nose you perhaps ask him if he has had a bath this year, or something to that effect. Bob laughs, removes the smut, and the incident is forgotten. But sometimes you pull Bob's leg in another way. Say, for instance, he may be wearing a rather shabby hat one day: "Just robbed a pawnshop, Bob?" you ask jokingly. Bob smiles, perhaps, but that incident is not forgotten. It stays in his mind and he broods over it. Maybe his father cannot afford to buy a better hat for him.

Introducing JUNE MITCHELL, of Gladesville. —Palk.

"I didn't mean anything," you say. Of course you didn't. Nevertheless, Bob feels very sore about it.

So Pals, if we want to spread happiness—as every good Pal should—we must always remember to THINK BEFORE WE SPEAK.

CECILIA HARRISON (31 Maranoa St., Cairns, Qld.) sent along a delightful letter this week, and wins the prize of 5/-.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

Crying Cats

By M. JEFFERIES

From our back fence at twelve o'clock
There comes a fearful sound.
Shrill caterwaul, mixed with sobbing wails—
In short, a cat's around.

Yes! Surely that's the cause of it.
The yells and screams ensuing
Soon make the blissful sleeper know
A cat is out a-wooing.

Cold fingers feel for rolling pins
Or other weapons near,
And hurl them, one by one! but no!
They all have missed, I fear.

A Communist would love to reuse
The people, if he could;
But here, a simple household cat
Has roused a neighborhood.

Prize of 5/- to M. JEFFERIES (15 years), Clarence Rd., Indooroopilly, Brisbane, for this original verse.

FUN FOR ALL

JONES (at seaside hotel): Hallo, old chap. Where are you going?

Smith: I'm going home—right now.

Jones: But I thought you came here for a change and a rest.

Smith: So I did. The waiter got the change and the boarding-house keeper got the rest.

Prize Card to BETTY WILLIAMS, 382 Pt. Nepean Rd., Parkdale 812, Melbourne.

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sinness," the Chinese replied proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No; English name," the Oriental said blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo," said the Chinese.

Prize Card to DARYL TREMAINE, James St., Kapunda, S.A.

"Do you know the cheapest way to make a wireless?" asked Don.

"No," said Fred. "Tell me."

"Well," replied Don, "take three pieces of wire and place them across the lawn, remove the middle wire, and you have a wire less."

OFF TO SCHOOL. Two Prize Cards to JEAN M. SCHLEIGER, Carabella, McCrae St., Bendigo, Vic.

Prize Card to SHIRLEY SAVAGE, P.O., Mona Vale, via Manly, N.S.W.

Teacher: What was Napoleon famous for?

Jimmy: His memory, sir.

Teacher: Why?

Jimmy: Cos they erected a column to his memory, sir.

Prize Card to RONALD DANE, 16 Highcliffe Rd., Undercliffe, N.S.W.

Race for the Page

By BETH RAFFERTY

NELL swung round the school-gate into the street, and scampered swiftly for home.

This was very unusual, for on other afternoons Nell would stroll along laughing and joking with her pals, but to-day was Thursday, and any little country reader of the popular page of The Australian Women's Weekly knows what an important day Thursday is.

Nell's elder sister, Gwen, liked reading the page, so she, too, ran quickly home. They were always arguing over the paper, so Mother had promised that the first home should have it.

Gwen was panting and gasping for breath when they neared the front gate, and her chances of the page grew distant. A naughty devil began whispering in her ear, and she forgetting everything but the page, thrust out a fat, burning arm and sent poor Nell to the ground.

When that little tear awoke, Mother was bathing her aching forehead and a very tearful sister was offering her the beloved prize—and a letter from Connie, who had awarded her a whole five shillings for her poem—which that kind-hearted little girl insisted on sharing with Gwen. And now they read the page together, which I think is far the better plan.

Prize of 5/- to BETH RAFFERTY, Box 63, Maree, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

WENDY MOREISON, of Chelsea, Garah (N.S.W.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at the seaside. —Palk.

ILA LEE, of Langhornes Creek, is fond of writing verse; NANCY CHRISTIE, of Yea, has a little fox-terrier dog and a pony for her pets; JEAN LEWIEN, of Burwood (Vic.), does clever sketches; MOIRA COLE, of Jamberoo, paints pictures very nicely.

ZOLA POOLE, of Ten Mile, via Mansfield (Vic.), will be thirteen years of age this November; LOLA MATTHEWS, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is very fond of reading, swimming, drawing, and sewing.

GERTRUDE LORKIN, of Willoughby (N.S.W.), since had a very exciting time when a cow chased her; JEAN POLLARD, of Yass (N.S.W.), has two white rabbits for her pets; AUDREY ROYALS, Tullamarra (S.A.), is eleven years of age and in fifth grade at school.

PEGGY BYRNES, of Tighe's Hill (N.S.W.), paints very well; MYRTLE KELLY, of Port Melbourne SOT (Vic.), has three dogs, a black-and-white fox terrier, a pointer, a silky-haired terrier, and a cockatoo for her pets.

MARIE FOSTER, of Hampton (Vic.), often goes out in her father's big canoe; WILMA CLAUSEN, of Shepparton (Vic.), is eleven years of age and is welcomed into our happy band as a new Pal; MARGARET RYAN, of Temora (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; JILL DERENHAM, of Macleay River (N.S.W.), is fond of riddles and jokes.

EDNA PAINE, of Mudgee (N.S.W.), is fond of reading jokes; PATTY FORD, of Wollongong (N.S.W.), writes clever stories; LOMA BRETT, of Geelong (Vic.), is very fond of sketching; MARGARET CALADINE, of Glentaugh (N.S.W.), is a member of the Gould League of Bird Lovers; DIANA READ, of Rose Bay (N.S.W.), does very good sketches.

MARGARET JEFFERIES, of Indooroopilly (Qld.), writes clever verse; NORMAN NAYLOR, of French's Forest, via Chatswood (N.S.W.), is a great lover of birds and often listens to the merry laughter of the friendly kookaburra.

MONA BURNETT, of Leyburn, via Clifton (Qld.), likes fancy dress balls; RITA WALLACE, of Balmain (N.S.W.), always reads "Mandrake the Magician"; PEGGIE MORRIS, of Hill St., Sherwood, would like to correspond with a Pal (15-16 years).

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

IT rained very heavily all one Saturday morning, and Fred felt very miserable. Why did it always rain on just the days he chose to go picnicking?"

"Wunderlust," he cried, "why is it you never say anything nasty when it rains? I know you wanted to go to the picnic to-day just as much as I did."

"It doesn't do much good if you do complain," answered Wunderlust, "and it is only selfish to complain because some people might want it to rain."

"Yes," answered Fred, "but I'm sure more people want it to be fine on Saturdays than want it to rain."

Wunderlust had no reply to Fred's last remark, for he couldn't help admitting to himself that there was a certain amount of truth in it.

"The morning's only young yet," said Wunderlust hopefully.

"It's eight o'clock," answered Fred, "and there doesn't seem to be a cloud in the sky that's not black, and even if it did fine up we couldn't go out, for all the ground is wet and muddy."

As Fred was preparing to say something more about the awful weather a heavy knock was heard on the front door.

Wunderlust immediately opened the door, and an astonished cry escaped his lips. "Oh, it isn't George—George Mack, from Bogglevile."

"This young fellow is Fred," he said, waving his hand in Fred's direction. "Fred, this is an old pal of mine from Bogglevile — a place where I once lived."

Fred smiled at the newcomer.

At Wunderlust's suggestion Mr. Mack took off his heavy boots and coat, and sat before the fire.

"Rather wet day," he said gruffly. "I was just a mile from here when my car got bogged. Luckily I was near a tobacconist's shop, so he was able to phone a mechanic for me. As he was much like most tobacconists he talked a great deal, and so I soon learnt who lived in Mushroom Grove, and he mentioned your name. So straightway, as soon as the old car was fixed, I came to you."

"Good," said Wunderlust, "but I'm afraid you chose a pretty miserable day for your trip."

"Miserable day?" said Mr. Mack in an astonished voice. "Have you forgotten the way we used to play football at Bogglevile on much worse days than this?"

Wunderlust laughed.

"Do you remember the day we pulled old Billie Colman out of the river the day the bridge got flooded?"

"No, I don't," answered Wunderlust. "Tell me about it."

Mr. Mack soon told the story, and he told it so well that Fred asked him to tell him more about his experiences.

And Fred found Mr. Mack so interesting that after he left that night Fred said to Wunderlust, "What a good thing it rained, or we wouldn't have heard all those lovely stories of Mr. Mack's."

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and games must be original. Pals must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded.

SWEEPING.—Prize of 5/- to JOAN HANCOCK (15), 74 Greenacre Rd., Bankstown, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

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"Am I losing his love?"

If you were frankly told that nerves—caused by over-work, sleeplessness, under-nourishment—were widening the gap between your husband and you, would you not do everything in your power to get better and thus safeguard his love?

Yes, nerves *can* be banished, pleasantly and effectively. Wincarnis, the fine old tonic-wine, can do just this for you.

From the very first glass it will give you renewed energy, vivacity and vitality and thus ensure for you a cheery disposition which will attract all people to you.

Get a bottle from your chemist today—prices: 4/3 pints, 7/3 quarts.

Over 20,000 Recommendations from Medical men.

WINCARNIS

must do you good!

"They say I'm the best dressed girl in the Office"

"But they don't know that I dye my own frocks! That's the best of NADCO—it doesn't give one away as inferior dyes do. Use any one of the 30 NADCO colours and you never need worry about the results. The shades are *fast*, they are *even*, they are *beautiful*. You can save yourself a whole lot of money by transforming frocks, lingerie or stockings with NADCO Dyes. They're very easy to use—and remember—NADCO cleans as it dyes."

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

NADCO

30 MODERN SHADES

HOME FAST DYES

Lose 10 to 30 lbs.

Ugly Fat

And Look 10 Years Younger!

Slimming can be the hardest thing in the world to do. But, by taking Enjola, it can be the simplest! Saddened sufferers, who had tried this and that, and look up Enjola without hope or faith, in view of past disappointments, have suddenly found themselves losing weight fast, pleasingly and beneficially! No wonder users of Enjola are pleased! Enjola has no Thyroid. It is not only safe—it acts as a tonic. Fat goes where it shows, leaving you attractively slim and well-proportioned. Nothing like it. Money back on the first bottle of Enjola if it fails to act! Now take those ugly unwanted inches off Waist, Hips, Thighs, Bust—get the slenderness you need to make you more attractive—at least guard your health from the dangers fatness brings. Enjola costs 6/6d. at good Chemists—get a bottle to-day, and make sure it is Enjola if you want worth-while results. If preferred, send P.N. to Enjola Co., Suite 19C, Australia House, Sydney, and parcel will come plainly wrapped. Delay may add more weight!

REDUCE Waist, Bust, Hips 3 ins. IN 12 Days

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 50

THAT was Berkeley Craven, one of the stake-holders, standing by the ring now with Colonel Hervey Aston. Aston was one of the Duke of York's closest friends, and a great patron of the ring. Did Peregrine see that stout'ish man, with the crooked shoulder, approaching Jackson? That was Lord Sefton, a capital fellow! And there, over to the right, was Captain Barclay, talking to Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who was always to be seen at every fight. Mr. Fitzjohn fancied that none of the Royal Dukes was present; he could not see them, though he had heard that Old Terry Breeks—Clarence, of course—was expected to be there.

Peregrine drank it all in, feeling very humble and ignorant. In Yorkshire he had been used to know everyone and be known everywhere, but it was evident that in London circles it was different. Beverley Hall and the Taverner fortune counted for nothing; he was only an unknown provincial here.

Mr. Fitzjohn produced an enormous turnip watch from his pocket and consulted it. "It's after twelve," he announced. "If I've magistrates have got wind of this and mean to stop it, it will be a damned hum!"

But just at that moment some cheering, not unmixed with cat-calls and a few derisive shouts, was set up, and Tom Molyneux, accompanied by his seconds, Bill Richmond, the black, and Bill Gibbons, arbiter of sport, came up to the ring.

"He looks a strong fellow," said Peregrine, anxiously scrutinising as much as he could see of the negro for the enveloping folds of his greatcoat.

"Weighs something between thirteen and fourteen stone," said Mr. Fitzjohn knowledgeably. "They say he loses his temper. You weren't at the fight last year? No, of course you weren't; I was forgetting. Well y'know it was bad, very bad. The crowd booed him. Don't know why, for they don't boo at Richmond and he's a black too. I daresay it was just from everyone's wanting Cribb to win. But it was not at all the thing, and made the black think he had not been fairly treated, though that was all my eye and Betty Martin, of course. Cribb is the better man, best fighter I ever saw in my life."

"Did you ever see Belcher?" asked Peregrine.

"Well no," admitted Mr. Fitzjohn regretfully. "Before my time, you know, though I did have the chance of being at his last fight, a couple of years ago, when he was beaten by Cribb. But I don't know that I'm sorry I missed it. They say he was past it, and then, of course, there was his eye—he only had one then, you know. My father says there was never a boxer to come near him in his day. Always remember my father telling me how he was at Wimbledon when Belcher knocked Gamble out in five rounds. Fight only lasted seven minutes. There was twenty thousand people there to see it. My father told me how the ring was within sight of the gibbet, and all the while they could hear Jerry Abershaw, who was hanging there in chains, creaking every time the wind caught him.

"Hollo, this looks like business! There's old Gibbons tying his man's colors to the ropes. Crimson and orange, you see. Cribb sports the old blue bird's eye. Ha, there's John Gully! Cribb must have arrived! Who is his bottle-holder, I wonder? They'll be throwing their castors in the ring any moment now. Cribb was lying at the Blue Bull on Witham Common last night, and I believe Molyneux was at the Ram Jam. Can't make out why they're behind time. Lord, listen to them cheering! That must be Cribb sure enough! Yes, there he goes! He has Joe Ward with him. He must be his bottle-holder. Looks to be in fine feather, don't he? I've had a monkey on him, and another he gives the first knock-down. The only thing is that he is slow. No denying it."

THE champion's hat had been tossed into the ring by now, and he had followed it, and was acknowledging, with a broad smile and a wave of his hand, the cheers and yells of encouragement that greeted him. He was an inch and a half taller than the black, a heavy-looking fighter, but neat on his feet. He did indeed look to be in fine feather, but so too did Molyneux, emerging from his greatcoat. The black had an enormous reach, and huge muscular development. He looked a formidable customer, but the betting was steady at three to one on Cribb.

In another few moments, the seconds and bottle-holders left the ring, and at eighteen minutes past twelve precisely (as Mr. Fitzjohn verified by a glance at his watch) the fight began.

For about a minute, both men sparred cautiously, then Cribb made play right and left, and Molyneux returning slightly to the head, a brisk rally followed. The champion put in a blow to the throat, and Molyneux fell.

"Nothing to choose between 'em, so far," said Mr. Fitzjohn wisely. "Merg flourishing. But Cribb always starts slow. Stands well up, don't he?"

At setting-to again the champion showed first blood, at the mouth, and immediately a brisk rally commenced. Cribb put in a good hit with his right; Molyneux returned like lightning on the head with the left flush, and some quick fighting followed at half-arm. They closed, and after a fierce struggle the black threw Cribb a cross-buttock.

Mr. Fitzjohn, who had risen from his seat in his excitement, sat down again, and said there was nothing in it. Peregrine, observing the champion's right eye to be nearly closed from the last rally, could not out feel that Molyneux was getting the best of it. He had a tremendous punch, fought with marked ferocity, and seemed quicker than Cribb.

The third round opened with some sparring for wind; then Cribb put in a doubler to the body which pushed Molyneux away. A roar went up from the crowd, but the black kept his legs, and rushed in again. For one and a half minutes there was some quick, fierce fighting; then they closed once more, and again Molyneux threw Cribb.

"The black will win!" Peregrine exclaimed. "He fights like a tiger! I'll lay you two to one in ponies the black wins!"

"Done!" said Mr. Fitzjohn promptly, though he looked a trifle anxious.

In the fourth round Molyneux continued fighting at the head, and putting in some flush hits, drew blood. Mr. Fitzjohn began to fidget, for it was seen that both Cribb's eyes were damaged. Molyneux, however, seemed to be in considerable distress, his great chest heaving, and the sweat pouring off him. The champion was smiling, but the round ended in his falling again.

Peregrine was quite sure the black must win, and could not understand how seven to four in favor of Cribb could still be offered.

"Pooh, Cribb hasn't begun yet," said Mr. Fitzjohn stoutly. "The black's looking as queer as Dick's hatband already."

"Look at Cribb's face," retorted Peregrine.

"Lord, there's nothing in the black having drawn his cork. He's fighting at the head all the time. But watch Cribb going for the mark, that's what I say. He'll mill his man down yet, though I don't deny the black shows game."

Both men rattled in well up to time in the next round, but Molyneux had decidedly the best of the rally. Cribb fell, and a roar of angry disapproval went up from the crowd. There were some shouts of "Foul!" and for a few moments it seemed as though the ring was to be stormed.

"I think the black must have hit him as he fell," said Mr. Fitzjohn. "I think that must have been it. Jackson makes no sign, you see; it can't have been a foul blow, or he would."

THE disturbance died down as both fighters came up to the mark for the sixth round. It was now obvious that Molyneux was greatly distressed for wind. Cribb was still full of gaiety. He avoided a rather wild lunge to left and right, and threw in a blow to the body. Molyneux managed to stop it, but was doubled up immediately by a terrific blow at the neck. He got away, but was dreadfully cut up.

"What did I tell you," cried Mr. Fitzjohn. "Good God, the black's as sick as a horse! He's all abroad! Cribb has him on the run!"

The blow seemed indeed to have shaken the black up badly. He was hitting short, dancing about the ring in a way that provoked the rougher part of the crowd to jeers and yells of laughter. Cribb followed him round the ring, and floored him by a hit at full arm's length.

The odds being offered rose to five to one, and Mr. Fitzjohn could scarcely keep his seat for excitement. "The next round ends it!" he said. "The black's lost in rage!"

He was wrong, however. Molyneux came up to time, and charged in, planting one or two blows. Cribb put in some straight hits at the throat, stepping back after each. The black bored in, fell, but whether from a hit or from exhaustion neither Peregrine nor Mr. Fitzjohn could see.

Richmond got Molyneux up to time again. He rallied gamely, but his distance was ill-judged. Cribb did much as he liked with him, got his head into chancery, and fibbed till he fell.

"Lombard Street to a China Orange!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzjohn. "Ay, you can see how Richmond and Bill Gibbons are working on him, but it's my belief he's done. . . . No, by God, he's coming up to the mark again! Damme, the fellow's got excellent courage, say what you will! But he's dead-beat, Taverner. Wonder Richmond don't throw the towel in. . . . Hey, that's finished him! What a left! Enough to break his jaw."

Please turn to Page 54

FOUR QUESTIONS

to ask yourself before you treat a child's cold . . .

It is dangerous to *experiment* with children's colds. A cold, improperly treated, may lead to mastoid trouble, flu, pneumonia. Take no chances, Mother. Before you use any cold-remedy, ask yourself these questions:

1. Is it safe? Vicks VapoRub is simply rubbed on the child's throat and chest at bedtime. There is nothing to swallow—no risk of upsetting the most delicate digestion.

2. Is it quick? Vicks VapoRub starts to work the *instant* it is rubbed on. There's a warm tingle in the chest as this powerful ointment begins to "draw out" tightness and pain. At the same time, VapoRub's medicated vapours are breathed in direct to inflamed air-passages of the nose, throat, and lungs. They clear the head, ease the breathing.

3. Is it effective? Vicks VapoRub continues its powerful two-way attack all night long, while the patient sleeps in comfort. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

4. Is it dependable? Vicks VapoRub has been *proved* dependable by the best test of all . . . actual use by millions of mothers . . . for over 30 years . . . in 70 countries.

• • •

VapoRub is also the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds—which has been amply proved in thousands of clinical tests under medical supervision. The Plan can help you to have fewer colds and shorter colds in your family than ever before. You will find complete information about the Vicks Plan in each package of Vicks VapoRub and of Vicks Va-tro-nol, the unique aid in *preventing* colds.

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Just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime

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A Steaming Hot Plum Pudding

TRY THIS RECIPE WHICH IS TAKEN FROM THE NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK

Sago Plum Pudding.

1 cup breadcrumbs
½ cup sugar
½ cup of sago (soaked overnight in enough milk to cover)
1 tablespoon butter (melted)
1 cup seeded raisins or mixed fruit
1 level teaspoon carbonate soda dissolved in boiling water

Mix all ingredients except soda well together; if not moist enough, add a little more milk. Add soda last, put in a greased mould and steam for three hours.

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The Victorian Dried Fruits Board, State Savings Bank Buildings, 623 Collins Street, Melbourne C.1. Phone C. 9216.

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KRAFT AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

K 63/12/35

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 53

THE black had gone down like a log. He was dragged to his corner, apparently insensible, and it seemed impossible that he could recover in the half-minute. But Cribb, who in spite of his disfigured countenance seemed as full of gaiety as ever, gave away his chance, and hugely delighted the crowd by dancing a hornpipe round the stage.

Molyneux got off his second's knee, but it was obvious that he could do no more. He made a game attempt to rally, but fell almost at once.

"I believe Cribb did break his jaw," said Mr. Fitzjohn, who was watching the black closely. "Damn it, the man's done! Richmond ought to throw in the towel. No sport in this! Lord, he's up again, full of pluck! No, he's done for! There'll be no getting on his feet again. Ah, you see—Richmond knows it! He's going to throw in his towel." Here Mr. Fitzjohn broke off to join in the cheering.

On the stage the champion, and Gully, his second, were engaged in dancing a Scotch reel to announce the victory. Peregrine joined Mr. Fitzjohn in waving his hat in the air, and cheering, and sat down again feeling that he had seen a great fight. The knowledge that he had lost quite a large sum of money on it did not weigh with him in the least. He exchanged cards with Mr. Fitzjohn, accepted some advice from that knowledgeable young gentleman on the best hotel to put up at in London, promised to call on him in Cork Street to pay his debts at the first opportunity, and parted with him with the agreeable conviction that he now had at least one acquaintance in London.

CHAPTER 3.

MISS TAVERNER spent a pleasant morning exploring the town. There was scarcely anyone about, and that circumstance, coupled with the fineness of the weather, tempted her to take another stroll after her luncheon of cakes and wine. There was nothing to do at the George beyond sit at her bedroom window and wait for Peregrine's return, and this prospect did not commend itself to her. Walking about the town had not tired her, and she understood from the chambermaid that Great Ponton Church, only three miles from Grantham, was generally held to be worth a visit. Miss Taverner decided to walk there, and set out a little before midday, declining the escort of her maid.

The walk was a pretty one, and a steep climb up the high road into the tiny village of Great Ponton quite rewarded Miss Taverner for her energy. A fine burst of country met her eyes, and a few steps down a by-road brought her to the church, a very handsome example of later perpendicular work, with a battlemented tower, and a curious weather-vane in the form of a fiddle upon one of its pinnacles. There was no one of whom she could inquire the history of this odd vane, so, after exploring the church, and resting a little while on a bench outside, she set out to walk back to Grantham.

At the bottom of the hill leading out of the village a pebble became lodged in her right sandal, and after a very little way began to make walking an uncomfortable business. Miss Taverner wriggled her toes in an effort to shift the stone, but it would not answer. Unless she wished to limp all the way to Grantham she must take off her shoe and shake the pebble out. She hesitated, for she was upon the high road and had no wish to be discovered in her stockings by any chance wayfarer. One or two carriages had passed her already; she supposed them to be returning from Thistleton Gap; but at the moment there was nothing in sight. She sat down on the bank at the side of the road, and pulled up her frilled skirt an inch or two to come at the strings of her sandal. As ill-luck would have it these had worked themselves into a knot which took her some minutes to untie. She had just succeeded in doing this, and was shaking out the pebble, when a curricle-and-four came into sight, travelling at a brisk pace towards Grantham.

Miss Taverner thrust the sandal behind her and hurriedly let down her skirts, but not, she felt uneasily, before the owner of the curricle must have caught a glimpse of her shapely ankle. She picked up her parasol, which she had allowed to fall at the foot of the bank, and pretended to be interested in the contemplating of the opposite side of the road.

The curricle drew alongside, and checked. Miss Taverner cast a fleeting glance upwards at it, and stiffened. The curricle stopped. "Beauty in distress again?" inquired a familiar voice.

Miss Taverner would have given all she possessed in the world to have been able to rise up and walk away in the opposite direction. It was not in her power, however. She could only tuck her foot out of sight and affect to be quite deaf.

The curricle drew right in to the side of the road, and at a sign from its driver the Tiger perched up behind jumped down and ran to the wheel-horses' heads. Miss Taverner raged inwardly, and turned her head away.

The curricle's owner descended in a leisurely fashion, and came up to her. "Why so diffident?" he asked. "You had plenty of say when I met you yesterday."

Miss Taverner turned to look at him. Her cheeks had reddened, but she replied without the least sign of shyness: "Be pleased to drive on, sir. I have nothing to say to you, and my affairs are not your concern."

"That—or something very like it—is what you said to me before," he remarked. "Tell me, are you even prettier when you smile? I've no complaint to make, none at all: the whole effect is charming—and found at Grantham, too, of all unlikely places! —but I should like to see you without the scowl."

Miss Taverner's eyes flashed.

"Magnificent!" said the gentleman. "Of course, blondes are not precisely the fashion, but you are something quite out of the way, you know."

"You are insolent, sir!" said Miss Taverner through her teeth.

He laughed. "On the contrary, I am being excessively polite."

She looked him full in the eyes. "If my brother had been with me you would not have accosted me in this fashion," she said.

"Certainly not," he agreed, quite imperturbable. "He would have been very much in the way. What is your name?"

"Again, sir, that is no concern of yours."

"A mystery," he said. "I shall have to call you Clorinda. May I put on your shoe for you?"

She gave a start; her cheeks flamed. "No!" she said chokingly. "You may do nothing for me except drive on!"

"Why, that is easily done!" he replied, and bent and, before she had time to realise his purpose, lifted her up in his arms and walked off with her to his curricle.

Miss Taverner ought to have screamed or fainted. She was too much surprised to do either, but as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment at being picked up in that easy way (as though she had been a featherweight, which she knew she was not) she dealt her captor one resounding slap, with the full force of her arm behind it.

He winced a little, but his arms did not slacken their hold; rather they tightened slightly. "Never hit with an open palm, Clorinda," he told her. "I will show you how in a minute. Up with you!"

Miss Taverner was tossed up into the curricle, and collapsed on to the seat in some disorder. The gentleman in the caped greatcoat picked up her parasol and gave it to her, took the sandal from her resistless grasp, and calmly held it ready to fit on to her foot.

To struggle for possession of it would be an undignified business; to climb down from the curricle was impossible. Miss Taverner, quivering with temper, put out her stockinged foot.

He slipped the sandal on, and tied the string.

"Thank you," said Miss Taverner with awful civility. "Now if you will give me your hand out of your carriage I may resume my walk."

"But I am not going to give you my hand," he said. "I am going to drive you back to Grantham."

His tone provoked her to reply disdainfully: "You may think that a great honor, sir, but——"

"It is a great honor," he said gently. "I never drive females."

"No," said his Tiger suddenly. "Else I wouldn't be here. Not a minute I wouldn't."

"Henry, you see, is a misogynist," explained the gentleman, apparently not in the least annoyed by this unceremonious interruption.

"I am not interested in you or in your servant!" snapped Miss Taverner.

"That is what I like in you," he agreed, and sprang lightly up into the curricle, and stepped across her to the box-seat. "Now let me show you how to hit me."

Miss Taverner resisted, but he possessed himself of her gloved hand and doubled it into a fist. "Keep your thumb down so, and hit like that. Not at my chin, I think. Aim for the eye, or the nose, if you prefer."

Miss Taverner sat rigid.

"I won't retaliate," he promised. Then, as she still made no movement, he said: "I see I shall have to offer you provocation," and swiftly kissed her.

To be continued

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When a MAN tells you:

that he is thankful to Calvert's Tooth Powder for a life-time free from dental trouble and for white teeth in his old age—

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Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet-scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

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JOAN'S TIP *for the* WIMBLEDON *Women's* TITLE

From JOAN HARTIGAN — by Beam Wireless

Wimbledon's first week finished with three of the Australian team still in the singles. Jack Crawford beat Hughes, but he has not yet shown anything like his real form.

ON the contrary, Vivian McGrath is playing magnificently and beat Sharpe easily. Jack and Vivian are thus in the last eight, while I am in the last sixteen, meeting Mrs. Lowe. If I win, then I will meet Dorothy Round.

Dorothy Round is playing splendidly My pick for the women's final is Dorothy Round and Madame Sperling, and I think Madame Sperling will just about win.

Mrs. Hopman was beaten by Mrs. Whittingstall, who is playing very well. Mrs. Hopman and I will enter the third round of the doubles. Mrs. Hopman is finding her form particularly well, especially at the net.

The Chilean girl, Lizana, was beaten by Kathleen Stammers. She had a bad back, but nevertheless played gamely.

I think this girl will be well worth watching, and, unless I miss my guess, she will be champion in a couple of years.

WIMBLEDON is simply wonderful. The weather is glorious now, and the courts are playing fast. The crowds are excellent sportsmen, and the English Association does everything possible to make playing a pleasure.

Helen Wills-Moody is not playing very impressively, but whenever she encounters a difficulty she always produces winners

She is charming, but aloof. She never talks to anyone, dresses separately, and is never seen in the dressing-rooms.

Hopman and his wife won their first doubles in fine style, beating the French pair, Lesueur and Mme. Mathieu.

MRS. EILEEN WHITTINGSTALL, who, Joan Hartigan says, "is playing very well this year at Wimbledon."

Hockey Plans

PLANS for The Australian women's hockey matches are now well in hand. The New Zealand team is expected to arrive in Sydney about July 17.

Mrs. Davy, secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, has made arrangements for the New Zealand, Queensland, New South Wales, and the touring team to leave Sydney on July 20 by special train for Victoria.

This will be the first time a special train has been engaged to carry sportswomen from one State to another.

The Food With The Most Vitamins

There is 9 carat gold, 14 carat and 18 carat gold. There is skimmed milk, high grade and cream.

There are "Vitamin" foods that contain very few Vitamins and some that contain a lot.

You must have a *sufficiency* of Vitamins.

Here is a table that will guide you in choosing the right Vitamin food to keep you and your family in vigorous health this winter.

VITAMIN B. CONTENT OF VARIOUS FOODS

Food	Units per ounce
White Bread	Negligible
Wholemeal Bread	10
"Malt" Food	16
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BEMAX	400

Bemax is outstandingly rich in Vitamins. That is why Doctors are continually recommending Bemax both for children and adults for "building up" against infection.

Keep free from colds: keep free from 'Flu—keep fit on Bemax.

You're bound to benefit from Bemax, the richest natural Vitamin tonic food. The 3/6 tin contains a month's supply for an adult, with scale of quantities for children of all ages. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores. Write for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. B.B.), G.P.O. Box 3679 S.S. Sydney, N.S.W. (Sole Consignees for Australia).

A Penalty for Forfeits: Teams Should Keep Faith

By RUTH PREDDEY.

ALTHOUGH there are several international and interstate matches to take place within the next month or two, sports players are inclined to slacken their interest in their associations and clubs as soon as the Australian or interstate teams are selected.

However, this is not the right spirit to introduce into the sporting arena, and the mere fact that you have paid your subscription does not lessen your obligation to your team.

On the other hand, teams must recognise allegiance to their association, and they cannot honorably cancel their engagements.

MATCHES won by a forfeit are never complimentary to either side. The players that play games for the game's sake always want matches, and in all probability that is the reason they join an association. Therefore, it is incumbent on all teams to keep their engagements, and to endeavor to make the match interesting from a point of play.

Recently one State association demanded a small fee from each team at the commencement of the season, and, providing a team did not forfeit a match, this amount was refunded.

So far this method has proved very satisfactory, and teams might be induced to apply this same method to their members.

There is not the slightest doubt that many teams have been affected by the lethargic manner of a clubmate, and it would probably be better if such a player did not indulge in sport.

Even if the season for winter sports is nearing the end, the game should be just as important in the last week of the competition as it is on the opening day, at least it would be to those players who play sport for the love of the game.

No cancellations, no withdrawals, and no forfeits should be the motto of every player, in every team, in every association.

"Can we have more Hypol"

WHAT uncanny judges children are—truly they know the goodness of HYPOL.

The inborn passion of a mother for perfection in her baby's food is admirably met with HYPOL. To give this body-building—disease resisting preparation to growing children means that development goes on with perfect adjustment between bodily weight, muscle power and bone structure.

A small size is now available at 1/6 per bottle. Large size 2/6. Remember that the cheap substitutes offered are not HYPOL.

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Breathe this for CATARRH

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced formula of a noted Specialist, it is sold by all Chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a consistently true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment today, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—4/9, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your Chemist for Clysmac, or write to Santex Chemical Co., Box 3038H, G.P.O., Sydney.

Clysmac

Here is taken No. 10 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Silver Jubilee Book" and "Illustrated Family Doctor" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN 10

See important announcement below.

Here is Token No. 81 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN 81

OUR BOOK OFFER

IMPORTANT Announcement

Of vital interest to all readers qualifying for the two valuable books offered by The Australian Women's Weekly

TO-DAY appears the tenth token in The Australian Women's Weekly's great book offer, and with it thousands of readers will complete qualification for either or both of these two now-famous books, the "Illustrated Family Doctor" and "The Silver Jubilee Book."

When this supreme offer was first announced, we naturally planned for a splendid success, expected a triumph, but the overwhelming response from all sides surpassed even the most optimistic anticipations.

Applications in their thousands were received daily and cables were flashed to Great Britain increasing the original print order. So huge was the increase that it taxed machines to the utmost of their capacity, and a serious delay appeared inevitable. But urgent instructions to spare no expense, to speed up production at all costs, to work machines and men day and night, altered the prospect of delay from a matter of weeks to one of days.

The Australian Women's Weekly would have liked to be able to meet the demands of readers on the day they completed qualification, but they are nevertheless proud to announce that despite the enormous demand, and due to an absolute disregard of production cost, both "The Silver Jubilee Book" and the "Illustrated Family Doctor" will be available for distribution on and after Wednesday, July 17—a delay of days only from the moment qualification is completed.

Readers who intend to call for their volumes at The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, are asked to wait until or after Wednesday, July 17, before bringing in their money, voucher, and tokens.

Readers, however, who wish their volumes to be despatched to them are urged to apply at once so that their volume or volumes will be ready for instant despatch on the first distribution day — Wednesday, July 17.

Remember These Points:

1. *If you wish your volume to be despatched, fill in in ink in block letters the appropriate label or labels for the volume or volumes you apply for.*
2. *Please ignore the line on your labels asking for the nearest railway station. This is no longer necessary—indeed it may lead to confusion among the post office sorters if you fill it in. Instead, be sure that your complete postal address is plainly written in block letters.*
3. *Distribution will commence on Wednesday, July 17, and daily thereafter.*

Apply now if you wish your volumes despatched, or call in person on or after Wednesday, JULY 17

Table Tennis Popular

THE N.S.W. Table Tennis Association will hold their championship semi-finals and finals at the Y.M.C.A., Pitt St., on July 8 and 10, at 7.30 p.m. Over 300 players took part in this popular indoor game. The Misses A. Jacobs, A. Leader, J. Hopwood, and J. Britton are expected to be among the semi-finalists.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

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Made from Tailoring Remnants

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Fawns and blues in stripes or checks. Sizes 12 to 14 in. neck, and each has separate collar.

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AT HALF!

Oddments in flannelette, flannel, fuji silk, tobralco or poplin. Sizes for boys and youths. Colourful stripe designs. Usl. 7/6 up to 19/6; now half priced for the Sale at, pair, 3/9, up to 9/9.

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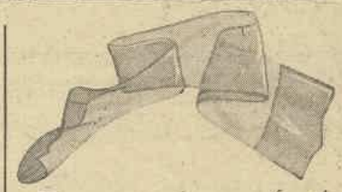

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CHAPTER 1.

THERE came a gallop of hoofs; jingle of chain and spur and equipment.

From an upstairs bedroom window in Blanton's house two young girls looked out and down, and giggled.

Three troopers with an officer of Col. Dick Rush's regiment of lancers had ridden up under the apple trees in front of Secret Service headquarters. The Pennsylvanians, carrying long lances garnished with scarlet pennons, were pleasing to the feminine eye. The two girls regarded them with interest.

But their stern young captain dismounted and strode into the house, his sabre banging at his heels; and the girls continued their interrupted occupation before a bedroom mirror, the faded and wavy glass of which distorted their faces and sent them in fits of laughter.

Under the apple tree one admiring lancer said to another: "That's a elegant gal up there at the winder."

"Yeah," said the other, "and that's a pretty little nigger with her. Pretty as a white gal."

At Secret Service headquarters, momentarily now at Blanton's—and whence Marmaduke Blanton had fled in disgust at Yankee approach—were gathered in conference several solemn civilians and officers. Their tobacco smoke drifted across the room, through open windows into breezy September sunshine.

Outside under deep-fruited apple trees lounged a dozen or fifteen shabby-looking men, some gaunt and bearded, others mere boys with smooth, weather-browned features. In the eyes of all was the same indefinable look; around each sunburned neck was coiled, invisible, the hangman's rope.

For these men were spies, scouts, and couriers of the Union Army, awaiting duty. And he who was called might return with information, or might remain in Dixie to dance the dreary gallows jig.

IN the sunny smoke-mist of the room in Blanton's house there was no sound except an intermittent creak from Colonel Sharpe's rocking-chair, and the syncopated rattle of a military telegraph instrument in an adjoining "best parlor." A Federal detective slowly paced the hallway, guarding the closed door of the tobacco-reeking room.

Then abruptly a man came out of the parlor where the telegraphing was going on, and entered the room. He was a square-hewn, bearded man. Two small eyes glimmered in ambush behind high cheek bones.

"All right, gentlemen," he said harshly.

Captain Cadwallader, of the Sixth Pennsylvania Lancers, got up out of a rocking-chair; the chief of the Federal Secret Service sat down in it, crossed one knee over the other, and took a dry suck at his curved pipe which had gone cold.

"Just a moment more, gentlemen," said Major Allen grimly. "They are enciphering my report for the President."

Then the hallway door was flung open, and Stanton's "shadow" entered cloaked, slouch-hatted, darkly handsome, and as gracefully sinister as an opera villain about to betray a simpering soprano. His name was William Moore—like Captain Kidd's gunner. The shadowy private secretary to the Secretary of War shook hands with those he knew, bowed to others, flung aside his cloak, with a superb gesture.

"All right!" rasped Major Allen.

Silence in the smoky room; then Alan Pinkerton—known in the army as Major Allen—spoke again in a voice so dry it seemed to crackle:

"There's dissatisfaction in Washington with my department, gentlemen. You all know it. Know this, too! I'm not apologising for my department, or for myself." He looked at Moore as though to say: "Tell that to Stanton and be damned to you both!"

"I'm no politician," he continued, "whatever else I may be. Here's the situation: My General has to know what is going on out yonder behind the river and the rebel cavalry screen. Mr. Moore, you are here to tell Mr. Stanton what measures I am taking to find out."

He was stuffing his crooked pipe with shag; he lighted it now.

"All right; tell him that the rebels have just hanged two spies I sent to watch Stuart. That makes three of my men gone—three of my best spies hanged this week! Well, I'm sending two more. My very best." He scowled at Moore, and his voice became so dry that it grew squeaky like an ungreased axle.

"My compliments to Mr. Stanton! Yes. Maybe you might respectfully remind the honorable Secretary of War that his Secret Service operators have done no better than mine."

Mr. Moore folded his arms and nodded, slowly, dramatically.

PINKERTON gave him a sour look. "And that's all," he said.

There ensued a brief, uncomfortable pause, then all but Colonel Sharpe rose to take leave. When they had gone Pinkerton looked defiantly at Sharpe.

"George," said he, "I know that if I quit this job you'll succeed me."

"I don't know that," said Colonel Sharpe. He was in full uniform—tall, well-built, full-lipped, slightly heavy of features, wearing a cavalry moustache and sideburns.

"Is it to be straight talk?" demanded Pinkerton harshly.

"Yes, straight, Major."

"Then if I resign you'll be head of the Bureau of Military Information, and Deputy Provost-Marshal-General.

"Yes. My General is going to be superseded. I know it, if you don't. But I guess you do know it. When little Mac goes, I won't remain. He's not only my friend, but he's the best general officer in the United States—whatever others think. And the army, God bless it, agrees with me."

Sharpe remained politely silent.

"George," rasped Pinkerton, "I'm no cur in the manger. I'll make it as easy and agreeable for you as possible. That is why I asked you prematurely to come here. Something has to be done about Jeb Stuart. I think I've found someone they can't catch and hang, and who is going to find out for us what is happening over yonder. I want you to see her."

"Her?"

"Yes, her," retorted Pinkerton. "All women are not fools."

"Is she here?"

"Upstairs."

He stepped to the door and bade the Federal detective on guard to bring in Number 11.

"Alone!" he added, calling after the man. "Tell her I'll see her little friend later." To Sharpe he continued. "She's Miss Cushman—to you and me. Ever heard of her?"

"You mean the popular actress, Pauline Cushman?"

"I do. She's Number Eleven. She's already been inside the rebel lines for me several times. I have no surer, cleverer spy. If they ever catch her—and they never can!—I'll give 'em leave to hang her. That's what I think of her."

THERE came a rustle of fashionable silk skirts at the door. Alan Pinkerton rose and moved forward.

"How are you, Miss Cushman?" he said, dryly. "You're a bonny picture now—you are, indeed, ma'am. Let me present you to my"—he coughed—"my intimate friend, Col. George Sharpe. You and he may become closer friends even than are he and I."

Pauline Cushman looked at Sharpe and held out her hand with a winning smile. She said, in her beautifully modulated voice: "We all become devoted to one another in the Secret Service."

Pinkerton offered the rocking-chair, and she settled herself in it gracefully and looked at the two men.

She had fine eyes and typical footlight features, large enough and symmetrical enough for paint and wig to enhance. Every movement and gesture and expression seemed unstudied, so natural her manner. And her art.

"It's Jeb Stuart—and suicide—isn't it, Major Allen?" she asked Pinkerton with another smile.

"It's Stuart, ma'am."

"I guessed so."

"I don't order you to go," croaked Pinkerton, "if you feel that way."

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She shrugged. "Oh, I'll go to Martinsburg, Major."

"I'll not let you go if you feel that it's suicide," returned the Chief of Secret Service, irritably. "Not that I'm inhuman, ma'am, but a hanged spy is no use to the United States."

Miss Cushman laughed a full, rich laugh, calculated to entrance any audience. "Oh, Major," said she, "you're too Scotch to take a jest. I'm not the least afraid."

"Maybe I am Scotch and dull, ma'am, but I want no more corpses scaring the poor nags on Jeb Stuart's picket lines."

"Jeb Stuart isn't going to catch me," said Miss Cushman, carelessly. "What scouts are you sending me for couriers?"

"Jack Babcock and Gus Littlefield. I give you my best, ma'am."

She seemed pleased.

"Now, lassie," said he, "what have you to tell me? There's a question in your bonny eyes."

"I'd rather not go alone this time," she said, quietly.

"You wish to take along your little friend upstairs? Is that it, ma'am?"

"Yes; I shall need her. Shall I call her in?"

"Let us hear a word of her first," said Pinkerton, warily.

"She's a young actress in my stock company," explained Miss Cushman. "When she makes up as a negro girl you'd never know she wasn't one. She's been a nurse for two years at base hospitals. She's anxious to do Secret Service work."

"Maybe. But is she fitted?"

"The best fitted of any operator I know, man or woman, Major."

"What may be her name, ma'am?"

"Her stage name is Lucille Lyndon; her real name is Loveless. Old man Loveless—you know, sir—was her father."

"Simon Cameron's horse broker—God rest his bones!—I forgot he's dead, ma'am. Well, then, is this girl as shrewd as was old Sam Loveless?"

"Yes. Except for one thing. She has a demoralising effect upon men, and hers is a tender heart. I scold her."

"You mean the girl is light?"

"No," said Miss Cushman, "but she is one of those women to whom all men are immediately attracted. And as I say, she has a youthful heart."

Pinkerton gave her a dour look. "And you recommend her to me, ma'am?"

"I do, Major. She's a gay, young thing, but gaiety is no sin, and I know of nothing to her discredit. And she is an accomplished actress. She can seem to be anybody; deceive anybody."

"Maybe, ma'am. But can I trust so giddy a lass?" demanded Pinkerton.

"I am placing my whole life at her mercy," remarked Miss Cushman. "She is wise, faithful, brave and true. Try her."

"You left her upstairs?" inquired Colonel Sharpe.

"Yes, Colonel. Shall I call her?" She looked at Pinkerton.

HE nodded.

Pauline Cushman sprang up in her silk and crinoline, opened the door and lifted her celebrated silvery voice: "Gail! Come down!" Then she returned to her rocking-chair.

A moment later a young mulatto girl stole noiselessly into the room. She wore a single ragged cotton garment. Her bare brown feet were delicately formed. She took her skirt between forefinger and thumb and curtsied.

"Mawnin', marsters," she said, softly. "Is yuh washin' ready fo' de laun'ress?"

Pinkerton, red with surprise and anger, was on the point of telling her to get out, but checked himself, his dour features relaxing into a sheepish grin.

Pauline Cushman laughed her delight. "I thought," she said to Colonel Sharpe, "that he'd understand better if he saw her in character. So she made up while we were waiting upstairs."

The two men looked hard at the girl—at her close-clipped, tightly-curled dark hair; at her velvet eyes; at the full, laughing lips; at the slim body fairly aquiver with suppressed mischief.

"Sit you down, lassie," grunted Alan Pinkerton.

Miss Loveless seated herself confidently.

"Loveless is your name, ma'am?" he demanded.

"Gail Loveless."

"Hae ye father or mither?" Pinkerton was sometimes deliberately Scotch.

"None, sir."

"A pity. And what is your age, miss?"

"Twenty, sir."

"A play actress, I'm told."

"Characters and dancing—yes, sir."

"You were hospital nurse lately?"

"Two years." She named several base hospitals. He coolly named another and the girl nodded, surprised.

"You were nurse at Frederick Hospital, and Dwight Dudley was your orderly. I know all about you, Miss Loveless." Pinkerton fished out some papers and displayed them. "Here you are. I've had you looked up"—turning to Pauline Cushman—"since you first asked leave to bring the young lady here, ma'am. Well, we have to know. The north is full of rebel female spies, scouts and what-nots. So you want to be an agent of the Secret Service, do you, Miss Loveless?"

"Yes, very much."

Pinkerton favored her with a hearty scowl. "Hae ye courage, lassie?" he demanded, becoming Scotch again.

"Yes, sir."

"Never afraid?"

"Oh, yes—sometimes."

"And what do you do when you're afraid? Run?"

"Oh, no, sir. But I can't help being afraid sometimes. Still there is something almost pleasant about being scared, you know. A kind of charming thrill."

"Nonsense!"

PAULINE CUSHMAN intervened. "There really is, Major Allen. Every spy and scout feels it, even when badly scared."

"Is—that—so?" growled Pinkerton. After a frowning silence he peered at Colonel Sharpe. "It's true, George. They all say so. All my spies experience a charm in personal danger." And, to Miss Loveless: "So you like to play peekaboo with that auld carlin, Sawny McDeath?"

"I don't know. I never tried it," said the girl.

"If you're caught they'll hang you," he said brutally.

"Yes, sir—if I'm caught." She looked at the other girl and they almost giggled.

There was a silence. Miss Loveless still smiled; but there was no bravado in her smile, nothing more than gay self-confidence.

"Well, then," said Alan Pinkerton, "listen, now, the two of you, to what I have to say. If you have a real aptitude for this work, you must possess also enough fearlessness and daring to overcome the sense of danger and find a strange pleasure in situations involving great peril. From what you tell me, ma'am, I guess you have that aptitude. But to be successful and keep your neck out of the noose, you must also be clever, quick-witted, observant. You should not be foolhardy; you must feel enough afraid to realise the consequence of detection. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Because, lassie, what good is a swinging corpse to me—or a dangling dead girl to your distracted country?"

"No good, sir," admitted the girl.

After a pause: "You still desire to go?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

Pinkerton turned to Miss Cushman. "She'll take poor Madden's number, thirteen." He wrote it down under her name: "S.S. Operator No. 13, passes as Lucille Lyndon, negro laundress." Then he rose and the girls stood up.

"There are four in the Rebel Secret Service ye'll beware of," he said coldly. "There's Rose O'Neil, Beauregard's chief scout; there's Belle Boyd—eighteen years old, and Jeb Stuart is God to her. There's Vespasian Chancellor, Stuart's chief scout; and there's Jack Gailliard, who does devil's work for Stuart." He offered a dry hand to Miss Cushman and then to Miss Loveless. "You go to-night. In two days I send you John Babcock."

"Good-bye," said Miss Cushman brightly to Colonel Sharpe, who bowed in silence.

Miss Loveless nodded to him mischievously, and, seeing him redden a little, kissed her finger tips to him.

NORTH and South stretched the range of cobalt-blue mountains. A few trees had turned flame color. In the valley of Virginia the air had a fragrance like new cider, and everywhere apple trees sagged to the grass, loaded with ripe fruit. In the sunshine Stuart's idle cavalrymen, strolling from camp on the hill to the river fords below, noticed a young colored girl washing clothes above the ford.

"Pretty lil nigger," they said, nudging each other.

She was so slender and dainty they would have taken her for a grand lady's maid had she not been washing clothes.

"Who's yuh quality folks, Mandy?" they called out; and the girl always answered scornfully:

"Major-General Jeb Stuart, if yuh all has got to know. And my name is Lucille, not Amanda."

They didn't believe it, and were inclined to cluster around her—she being excessively pretty; but when Bob, Jeb Stuart's mulatto body servant, came down to the water with a basket of headquarters table linen, their audacity cooled.

"Yuh c'lar outen hyah," said Bob majestically, "an' quit pesterin' the General's oniest laundress!"

"Oh, Bob," said the girl, "they ain't bother me none." She gave the soldiers a coquettish glance, adding that she liked to hear folks talk and carry on while she soaped the linen.

"Pears lak yuh is too fon' ob white trash," grumbled the mulatto, dumping the table linen on the grass. "Yuh look out fo' yuh s'f, lil black girl!"

"What yuh doin' to-night, Lucille?" inquired a sergeant of cavalry, boldly approaching.

"I got a beau," said the girl, wringing out a man's shirt. "Look at that shirt," she added. "Ain't it pretty? That's Gin'ral Jeb Stuart's best shirt."

A clever-looking young man in civilian clothing, who happened along, overheard her. "Howdy, Lucille," he called out in gay salute.

"Howdy, Cap'n Gailliard, suh," replied the girl, dimpling at him.

At that moment cavalry trumpets sounded, and the idlers at the ford got up from the grass unwillingly and moved off toward the tented hill.

Capt. Jack Gailliard sat down, plucked a green blade of grass and chewed it leisurely. "How you comin', Lucille?" he drawled.

"What for yuh want to know how I'm a-comin'?" she retorted. "I reckon yuh better quit botherin' yuh haid about colored girls, Cap'n Gailliard."

"You're pretty enough for a white girl," he said. "Give me that soap and I'll wash the brown off you."

He reached for the soap. She snatched it.

"Yuh leave me alone," she said sweetly. "You look like a pale gold rose," he said. "Some day I'll catch you and kiss you, too."

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CHAPTER 2

"I'LL kick and scratch," said she. "Maybe I'll bite."

He looked around. Nobody was near. "I think I'll do it now," he threatened.

"Yuh go 'long," she said, "and let me be. I gotta do the Gin'ral's wash. Pears lak Bob's in a awful hurry. I reckon the cavalry is ridin' somewhere right soon."

"So it is," said Jack Gailliard. "Will you give me a kiss, Lucille?"

"Where yuh reckon they goin'?" she inquired, scrubbing away.

"Oh, somewhere to chase Yankees," he said carelessly.

"I heard talk they is gwine off to catch Abe Lincoln in Washington. Yuh hear that talk, cap'n?"

He laughed.

"Some," she persisted, "say as how they is ridin' a raid into Pennsylvania."

"Where did you hear that nonsense?" he demanded sharply.

"Niggers talk."

"Too damn much," he muttered.

"Is we-all sure gwine to Pennsylvania?" she asked wonderingly.

"You listen to me," he growled, "and mind your own business or somebody will give you a spanking!"

"Not yuh," she retorted defiantly. But her pretty eyes dared him; then she turned again to her soapsuds.

When at last she rose with her basket of wet clothes he got up, too, and passed one arm around her slender body.

"Yuh quit pesterin'," she said. "Ain't yuh shamed o' yuhse'f, Cap'n Jack?"

But she had been taken at a disadvantage and was helpless, holding tightly to the basket of clothes in front of her; and the young fellow laid one hand flat on her pale brown cheek, turned her shapely head and kissed her.

They felt the shock of it, both of them; unprepared for such sensation.

Neither of them spoke. Presently she moved on lightly, gracefully, with her basket of wet clothes. A little way along the path she looked back at him.

THE boy stood unquietly, looking out over the valley—or clusters of valleys—to the eastward. Across that shining river lay a huge Yankee army, perplexed, undecided, still shocked from the crash of the great battle where ten thousand grey jackets lay dead among twelve thousand dead blue jackets in the lovely and fatal valley of Virginia.

As he stood there Vespasian Chancellor, Jeb Stuart's chief scout, came loping along on his scrawny horse. "Nice view, ain't it?" he said politely, drawing bridle.

"Yes. I want to ask you something, Vespy; you know a mulatto or a quadroon when you see one?"

"I reckon."

"You can always tell, no matter how white they seem?"

"Yaas, suh."

"How much white blood does a quadroon show? Enough to take the blue out of the half-moon on the finger-nails?"

"I reckon not, suh."

"It's always bluish and never white?"

"I don't guess it's ever white like ours."

They turned and proceeded toward the tents and shanties of the Confederate Secret Service, Gailliard walking with one hand on the cantle.

"Mr. Gaston sent for me," remarked Chancellor. "Reckon they's a Yankee spy in the Valley."

"He sent for me, too," said Gailliard.

They found General Lee's chief cipher operator talking in his tent to Col. Stoddard Johnson, Forrest's chief of spies.

"Chancellor," said Mr. Gaston, "did you get through to Frederick?"

"Yaas, suh. I jes' rid in."

"Any record of a Mary Vail there?"

"Thar wuz a Mary Vail thar, suh. She left when the Yankees arrived."

"Did you get her description?"

"Yaas, suh. I reckon she's the same lady that's bo'din' over to Claybourn's in Martinsburg."

"Are all her papers in order?"

"Yaas, suh."

"Then you are satisfied that she is all right?"

"No, suh," drawled the spy.

"Why not?" asked Gaston sharply.

"I can't say, Mr. Gaston. I jes' don't reckon she's all right."

"Well, then, watch her closely. There's too much talk going on in this camp. The very niggers are discussing secret orders from Richmond. Anybody can pick up enough to damage this army and damn the Confederacy." And, to Gailliard: "Captain, did you learn anything about the mulatto laundress that General Stuart's Bob picked up in Martinsburg last week?"

"She gossips like all—niggers. That's all, sir," said the boy. He had reddened and choked a little at the word "nigger."

"What did she gossip about?" demanded Mr. Gaston.

"She said she'd heard that the cavalry were going to raid Pennsylvania. Wanted to know if 'we-all' were going."

Gaston said angrily to Colonel Johnson: "I told you how it is in this damn camp. How do you keep your own camp clean of gabblers?"

"Lock 'em up," replied Johnson tersely. "Bragg's orders."

"He's damned right! Vespasian, if you hear a word out of this Vail woman, lock her up! And you, Jack, find that yellow girl and tell her to shut her mouth or go to the calaboose! I want you to watch her, anyway. She has been seen talking to the Vail woman. I've sent for Rose O'Neil. I'm turning her loose on Mary Vail. She's in Martinsburg now. Any least sign, any loose talk about the cavalry and Pennsylvania, and you fetch both these women to me—the mulatto Lyndon and Mary Vail, I mean."

STARLIGHT drenched the Valley of Virginia with a thin, silvery lustre. From the great mansion, with its lighted windows, came the sound of dance music at intervals, or the solo clang of Joe Sweeny's banjo ripping out "Ben Cotton's Walk-Around" or "Oh, Lord, Ladies!"

Jeb Stuart, in his gayest uniform, yellow sash, patent leather boots and gold spurs, was dancing every dance; and his boyish gaiety swept every laughing girl into a scented vortex around him. Here all hearts loyal to the scarlet battle flag with its blue saltier and stars beat wildly, defiantly, as the grey-uniformed youngsters whirled beauty in the dance. Here also was a wonderful source of information to those reckless enough to seek it.

And here Quality and village maid danced and laughed and pirouetted and footed it to banjo and cavalry band. And here, lovely, flushed and sparkling, was Pauline Cushman, known as Mrs. Vail in Martinsburg, dancing with von Borcke, who never before had held so enchanting an armful of floating grace to his gold-laced breast.

Bob, in full African elegance, was there to help out the Dandridge servants. And by his side, in snowy kerchief and starched white, tripped Lucille, headquarters laundress to Major-General J. E. B. Stuart—to fetch and carry and wait upon the gay and great; and to listen with all her small ears for a word that might ruin the flower of the Confederacy cavalry some golden October day—God willing.

Once she caught a whispered word from a staff lieutenant—Channing Price—to another boy, John Pelham; something about taking two guns of his own and two from Hart's battery . . . Once she heard something about a Colonel Imboden in West Virginia—something relative to getting the enemy away from the Potomac fords. Twice she caught phrases relative to cutting railroads; and the name of a town, Chambersburg.

Mrs. Vail, dancing with a very young officer, was suddenly thirsty. Oh, no; no toddy; merely a glass of Madeira.

IN all the engaging glory of her billowy crinolines she stepped out to the verandah—and farther out, among the Cherokee roses in the thin, silvery starlight where great phantom oaks stood lacing the dewy lawn with intricate shadows.

Close to her glided a slim shape in starched white. "Pauline?"

"Quick, then!"

"John Pelham takes four guns somewhere. Imboden draws our cavalry away from the fords. Railroad to be cut somewhere. Chambersburg, I think."

"When?"

"I don't know. To-night, I believe. Is John Babcock here?"

"Yes. Go back and listen."

The little laundress slipped away among the massed roses as white as her starched dress and kerchief. The young staff officer was already looking along the verandah for Mrs. Vail, two slim, brimming glasses in his hands. She came slowly out of the starlight to meet him. She kissed his lifted glass solemnly. She said: "To the cause, captain. God go with horse and guns, to-night!"

The lad looked at her, pale and startled. Then his stiff, scared face relaxed and cleared. Because it was impossible that this pretty Maryland woman could know about a flying battery of horse artillery and fifteen hundred reckless horsemen destined to terrify half a continent.

"To God and the guns, and loveliest eyes on earth," he said. Then he bowed and drank to the trinity.

Then the silvery finale of the bugles ending the evening; and the ball at the Bower House was history.

Mary Vail curtsied to host and hostess and took her graceful leave. The little laundress carried her cloak out to the buggy, where her homespun driver sat waiting to take her back to the boarding-house in Martinsburg.

The driver was John Babcock. The little laundress could have clapped her hands—and herself into the guardhouse.

Then, as Pauline Cushman set a silver-slippered foot upon the buggy step, she felt a touch on her gaily-shawled shoulder; and turned slowly to meet the sombre gaze of Vespasian Chancellor.

"One moment, ma'am," he said.

There was a ghostly silence.

"What is it you wish?" she managed to ask him.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the provost-marshal wishes a word with you. Pray step this way, ma'am."

Pauline Cushman paled, but she lifted her head calmly. "Will you lend me your arm, sir?" she murmured.

John Babcock, slouched in the buggy seat, looked after her dumbly as she moved away on the arm of the Confederate chief of scouts. The little laundress, also, was looking after her.

Officers and ladies gathered on steps were watching the scene gravely. Somebody said to Babcock: "There are other carriages behind you. Drive on and pull up under the trees over there."

He sat up stupidly, shook his reins, and the buggy creaked ahead and drew up among the oak trees. Here he slumped motionless. And to him in a little while crept a slim shape through the gloom and mist—the little laundress, barefoot once more, and in her single, faded garment.

"Evenin', suh," she said softly. "Hit's a night of stars, suh."

He recognised one of the night pass-phrases of Pinkerton's operators and replied. "Yes, it's a night of stars and bars. How many stars do you count?"

"Thirteen," she whispered.

"Add thirteen to a hundred and six."

"Done. And the answer is?"

"The Union forever. What has happened to No. 11?"

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"She has been arrested. They have her in the provost tent. Stuart, Boreke and Pelham have been there to question her. Vespasian Chancellor and Captain Gailliard have discovered evidence against her in her room in Martinsburg. I don't know what the evidence may be, but there is a military court sitting drum-head, now. You had better try to get away."

"If I go it will look bad for her," said Babcock quietly.

"If you stay they will hang you, too; and that won't help her. Have you a horse hidden?"

"Yes."

"Then get back to Major Allen and tell him that Stuart's cavalry and Pelham's artillery leave to-night and cross the river. The talk is of Pennsylvania and Chambersburg. Imboden is to draw our cavalry from the fords. Leave your buggy there. For God's sake, hurry!"

"Are you involved in any suspicion?"

"Not that I know of."

"You remain to take your chances?"

"Yes."

He got out of the buggy, tied the horse. "I'll see you through with me if you say so," he whispered.

"No."

CHAPTER 3.

SHE turned her back on him and walked away through the dew-wet grass, hurrying as soon as the trees concealed her; and came, breathless and anxious, to the cook-tent and shanty where the headquarters black servants were established.

"Whar yuh been a-traipsin'?" demanded Bob suspiciously.

The girl giggled.

"Huh! Co'tin' 'long o' some no'count nigger!" sniffed Bob. "Mars Gailliard he done been askin'."

Her heart stood still. "What does he want, Bob!" she managed to ask lightly.

"Mo' co'tin'," said Bob ominously; "but not de kin' of co'tin youh been a-doin'. Yuh gotta go to Mrs. Dandridge—ober dar to de big house. Dar's a co't-martial ho-den ober dar. Das de kin' ob co't gwine teach yuh sumfin' yuh don't know, gal!"

"Who, me?" she asked saucily, but with death in her heart.

"Yaas, yuh! 'Long ob all de debbils' an' de gwines-on in dis hyah camp.

"Das what Ah mean. De debbil's in ev'ybody. Debbil in yuh, too, Ah reckon. Dey done catch a Yankee spy, an' dey gwine hang her. An' dar's de co't yuh gwine git. An' Mars Gailliard, he see—"

"All right," said Gailliard's voice from the darkness. He came up, took the little laundress by her delicate arm, very gently. "Clear the cook tent, Bob. Clear out everybody. I want to talk to Lucille."

He led the girl into the tent, dropped the flap, lifted a lantern and took her slender hand, turning it over so that he could examine the fingernails.

They were palely bluish. Well, then, she was black. "Where have you been since the dance ended?" he demanded.

"Down by the river," she giggled.

"Oh, that's what you've been up to, is it?" growled Gailliard. "Well, you're a saucy wench, and too fond of kissing."

"I like it," she admitted, looking up at him demurely. Death lay cold in her frightened heart.

"Listen to me, Lucille," he said. "They've caught a Yankee spy in Bower House. There's no mistake about it. She's that Mary Vail, of Martinsburg. She really is Pauline Cushman, of the Yankee Secret Service. Do you know her?"

A silence.

"Do you or don't you?" he demanded.

"Yaas, suh, I does."

"I know you do. You were seen speaking to her several days ago. Besides, she admits it. Now, Lucille, where did you know Pauline Cushman?"

"I was her maid in the theatre."

"So she says. When did you leave her?"

"When I heard she'all was a Yankee."

"Well, you seem to tell the truth. That is what she says, also. Besides, I'm certain that you really are a black girl. I reckon you're what you say you are." He took her arm again. "The gentlemen of the military court desire to see you. Come with me and don't be frightened."

THEY walked together over the grassy hill in the misty radiance of the stars. The girl was faint with grief and fear, but she wriggled coquettishly against him.

The clustered candle lights in the great hall dazzled the little laundress as they entered Bower House. Sentries on guard held them; then they went into a lamplit library where several officers sat at a table; and Pauline Cushman lay apparently asleep in a huge upholstered chair.

She opened her eyes and sat up when the laundress came into the room.

"W-ll, sir," demanded a major of cavalry very quietly.

Captain Gailliard, at attention, said: "The girl is a genuine negro, and is perfectly truthful, sir."

The officers decided to examine her, and she was formally called and sworn.

"Oh, gentlemen," said Pauline Cushman quietly, "there is no need for all this, is there?" And she looked at Gail Loveless with a pallid smile and said: "Poor little Lucille Lyndon. You were a good maid."

A captain of cavalry said to the laundress: "You recognize this—lady?"

"Yaas, suh."

"She is the actress, Pauline Cushman?"

"Yaas, suh."

He turned to an officer of horse artillery, who shook his head and said: "I have no question to ask this colored girl."

To Lucille this captain of cavalry said: "That is all. You may go."

Gailliard followed the girl to the verandah; and here she seemed to grow giddy, swaying backward—into his arms.

She was a light burden. He lifted and carried her out to a garden seat under the great oaks, returned to the house and came again, bringing a glass of cold water.

A noise of spurs and sabres on the verandah aroused her. The gentlemen of the drumhead court were returning to the cavalry camp on the hill. Gailliard, who went hastily to join them, stood aside at salute as Pauline Cushman appeared between two troopers with drawn sabres. She moved with all the dreamy acquiescence of one prepared for death.

The little laundress rose on legs that trembled. "Are they goin' to hang her?" she whispered to Captain Gailliard.

"Yes."

"Now?"

"To-morrow at sunset. They are taking her to the provost. You'd better go back to your tent. Shall I walk with you?"

"If yuh—would be so kind, suh."

They moved slowly and in silence across the grass. The cavalry camp, as yet, showed no sign of midnight departure; sentries walked their posts, lights were extinguished except at headquarters and in the provost guard tent.

"Is she in there?" asked the laundress.

BEFORE Captain Gailliard could reply, a hissing rush and a glare of light dazzled them as a rocket soared skyward from the river below.

An officer, riding up, called out to Gailliard: "Yankee cavalry attacking at White's Ford!"

In the frightful racket and confusion that followed, amid darkness and fitful torchlight, the laundress ran crouching towards the provost tent. Under her single garment, strapped to her naked body, was a long, razor-edged knife in a velvet sheath. She threw herself flat on the wet grass, felt for it and, reaching out, slit the tent wall swiftly without a sound.

So keen her knife's edge, so silently she accomplished it, that the woman lying on a blanket within never heard or saw her; nor did the armed sentry, craning his neck out of the open flap to stare at the rifle flashes along the river below.

It was only when a soft hand touched her cheek that Pauline Cushman sat up swiftly and looked fearfully behind her.

The next instant she was out of the tent and off in starry darkness down the hill.

The little laundress, trembling at the door of the cook tent, saw Jeb Stuart gallop up in the torchlight, followed by a staff officer from Hampton; and she heard him say angrily to Rooney Lee:

"Pleasanton has broken into Martinsburg with a thousand cavalry and six guns! Sir, I give you twenty minutes to throw him out and across the Opequon!"

At that instant a frantic sergeant of the provost guard rode up to report the provost tent wall split and the Yankee spy vanished.

Stuart glared at him, blue eyes ablaze. Suddenly he shouted with laughter. "I'm glad of it!" he cried gaily; "we're off for Pennsylvania, and I don't care whether the whole world knows it! May God speed her pretty feet! Stand to horse!"

In the darkened quarters of the cook tent the little laundress lay on her blanket amid her baskets and hampers and scattered laundry. Sometimes she shivered, and sometimes she quivered with sheer joy in the dreadful game so safely ended where she had faced and defied and euchred Old Man Death.

GAILLIARD'S clever brain was busy with dangerous designs because a cipher dispatch from Mr. Gaston, General Lee's chief cipher operator in Richmond, had just come in, warning Confederate secret service operators at Jeb Stuart's headquarters that somewhere another Yankee spy had penetrated the Confederate lines on the Potomac. Which information made it grimly necessary to identify, catch, and hang that spy, lest Jeb Stuart start on his reckless raid into Pennsylvania and ride to utter ruin with two thousand laughing horsemen.

"It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in th' eternal past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena."

He warbled it in a melting baritone as he came in sight of the Boyd place—a two-storied house guarded by silver maples and almost smothered in roses and honeysuckle in late bloom.

Just beyond the house ran a broad, clear, rapid stream—the Opequon—where a young colored girl knelt on a sandy crescent, washing clothes. Then suddenly—and as always heretofore, and always to his surprise and chagrin—he experienced the same odd, breathless excitement at sight of the girl, felt the same throbbing trouble in his heart and a swift heat in his boyish cheeks, at the mere nearness of this lithe, brown-skinned, half-naked young girl.

He had seen her at intervals, now, for about three weeks; and this had happened to him from the very first sight of her, had even increased in violence, this sudden, passionate awareness of her—and her lovely pale brown features, her velvet-fringed eyes and the slender grace of her warm, breathing body.

That such a girl could have any emotional effect upon a Gailliard, of Bayou Princesse, seemed incredible. Annoyed, perplexed, ashamed, he would not even admit it to himself, and yet here it was happening again—the swift flush painfully warm on his face, and the same sudden trouble with heart and pulses.

"Mawnin', Cap'n Gailliard, suh," she drawled in her sweet, childish treble.

"Good morning, Lucille," he replied with forced carelessness. "Are Mr. and Mrs. Boyd at home?"

"No, suh; but I reckon Miss Belle is. Look at all these hyar pretty clothes! Miss

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Belle done buy 'em when she wuz visitin' in de Washington prison."

"Who told you that?" he inquired, stopping beside her.

"Miss Belle she done tell me, suh. Axed me wuz I keerful, an' if I knowed how to wash fine linen."

He glanced down unwillingly into her upturned face. The girl was so delicately brown—scarce darker than a brunette—so daintily made and so pretty that always when he saw her his first suspicion revived that here was a girl of his own color in disguise; and he could scarcely force himself to believe she really was a negro.

But the pale bluish half-moon at the base of her finger-nails had proved her dusky skin to be no disguise. She certainly had African blood in her.

"How are your flaming love affairs coming on, Lucille?" he inquired, with dry humor, yet oddly unquiet.

The girl giggled and turned to her washing, with a provocative twist in her slim lips.

"You better keep away from white soldiers," he added sharply.

"They's always pesterin'," she laughed, soaping a chemise of frail, sheer stuff. "Yuh done kiss me once yuhself, suh," she added with shy audacity.

CHAPTER 4

"I DID kiss you," Gaillard said, reddening, "but I had a reason."

"What reason, suh?" Lucille kept on busily scrubbing and rinsing.

"Well, I wanted to look at your finger-nails—for one thing. And it's damned lucky for you they passed inspection."

She lifted her slim, wet fingers and looked at the exquisitely-formed nails. "If I, wuz white," she said, "maybe youh'd come a-co'tin me, Cap'n Gaillard, suh?"

"Certainly," he said dryly; "I always court every pretty girl I see."

"Sorry I ain't white," she said with an enchanting smile over one bare shoulder, "but that's how things is in this hyar world o' sin, Cap'n Gaillard, suh."

"I was pretty sure you were one of their actress spies. That's what Mr. Chancellor thought, too."

"If I wuz a Yankee spy, would yuh-all hang me, Cap'n Gaillard, suh?" she giggled.

"I don't do any hanging. But they meant to hang Pauline Cushman."

"Hang a white lady!"

"Why not? She attempted to send General Jeb Stuart and two thousand poor boys to death. Do you suppose the Confederate Government can afford to take a chance with such a woman?"

"No, suh." She sighed. "I reckon," she added sadly, "that the gin'ral ain't a-ridin' to Pennsylvania no mo'. Oh, lawsy me! I wuz a hopin' an' prayin' how he fix up to ketch old Lincoln in Washington. An' that's whut I wuz a-wishin' an' a-prayin' 'long o' washin' this hyar chemise fo' Miss Belle when yuh come a-whistlin', suh."

"Don't worry, Lucille," he said, smiling.

"No, suh. But I wuz a-wonderin' how come Gin'ral Jeb Stuart send me down hyar a-washin' fo' lil Miss Boyd? He say how he like how I wash an' iron. So I wuz a-puzzlin' an' a wonderin', an' I kind o' figgered out he done send me away kaze he gwine ride to Chambersburg——"

"Lucille," interrupted the young man sharply, "if you don't learn to mind your own business and to hold your tongue, your career as a laundress in this army will end!"

"But ev'body's talkin' about de ridin' raid to Chambersburg, suh."

"If that's so, then there won't be any. And listen to me, Lucille. If you hear any such gossip you come to my tent and tell me and I'll turn any blabbing negro or soldier over to the provost-marshal! And if you hear of, or happen to see, any man or woman you don't know prowling around the cook tent or laundry tent, come instantly and let me know. Or tell Mr. Chancellor. Do you understand?"

"Yes, suh."

"Very well, then. Be a good girl; do your washing and mind your own affairs. And don't go traipsing around with young men white or black."

"Lawsy me," said the girl, "I does love to laugh an' carry on, suh."

"I know you do. And you'd better not. You said once that you liked to be kissed too."

She laughed.

"Do you?"

"Yes, suh. Don't yuh?"

"No," said he; "it's damn foolishness." He walked on abruptly towards the Boyd house. He was no longer whistling and there had come into his flushed features a strange, strained look. He knew this little colored girl was all right. Chancellor was still suspicious, and there was her talk about Stuart riding to Chambersburg; but then, everybody knew that Jeb Stuart was going to ride.

He walked on, frowning.

CHAPTER 5

ABOUT sunset without bugle or trumpet, the grey-jacketed cavalry began to pass towards the rendezvous at Darkesville, squadron trampling after squadron. John Pelham's guns were on the way, too, followed by a section from Hart's horse battery—all moving towards McCoy's Ford and destiny.

The fine mansion on the hill, known as Bower House, or the Bower, was ablaze with candles. They were dancing there as usual; colonels, majors, staff officers, even Gen. J. E. B. Stuart himself, gaily, with Belle Boyd.

Jack Gaillard prowled the verandah, peering in on all the brilliancy and listening to the voices and laughter. But Lucille Lyndon was not among the black servants. Whether she was strolling by the river with a dark-skinned beau or—alas!—with some white soldier, pre-occupied him; and he meant to find out.

He had a horse at headquarters—a fine, nine-tenths thoroughbred. An orderly saddled and bridled the nag; Captain Gaillard mounted and rode slowly down to the Opequon through the clustered starlight set with a new moon.

A white-clad figure stood on the Boyds' lawn. To his rage his heart suddenly beat quickly; and he felt the blood stinging the tanned skin on his cheeks.

"Damnation!" he muttered to himself. "Am I crazy?" He bungled his stirrup as he dismounted, nearly fell; then tethered his horse to the gatepost with shaky fingers.

She was all in white. A white rose was pinned to her kerchief. She was the loveliest thing he had ever looked upon.

"Good Lord!" he said to himself. But to the little laundress he said "Evening, Lucille. What are you doing down here all alone with so many dusky beaux waiting for you down by the river?"

"Evenin', Cap'n Gaillard," she replied, in her soft voice. "I ain't bother my head 'long of any camp nigger."

"You demand quality in a beau, don't you?" he asked, walking towards her.

"Yes, suh; quality." She added, impertinently: "Colored or white, suh, but it's bout' to be quality."

She was very near him; her starched skirt touched his leg. His heart began to bound. The little laundress looked at him, faintly smiling.

SUDDENLY something blazed darkly in his brain. And then she was in his arms, warm and yielding. A moment—not brief—before he released her. Neither spoke.

He drew a long breath of unconscious relief. It would be terrible to discover in this young, dark, pretty thing anything evil enough to hang. He looked at her lovely throat and neck and a slight shiver passed through him.

Then, abruptly, he bade her good night, mounted his horse, and was off in darkness at a gallop.

The girl stood unstirring as long as she could hear his horse's hoofs on the road.

When the distant sound had died away she went into the house. Joe, one of the negroes of the establishment, was snoring in the hallway. Others seemed to be in the kitchen across the yard.

The little laundress went up the stairs to the landing and paused before a closed door. Here Miss Boyd's little sister slept.

Very cautiously Lucille Lyndon opened the door. The child was sound asleep. Now, gently closing the door, she stole across to the room which, in her quality of personal maid and laundress, had been allotted her. In the room also slept Miss Belle's own maid, but she was at Bower House now.

When the girl had entered her room and lighted a candle, she noiselessly locked and bolted the door. The first thing she did was to lift her white starched skirt and cotton chemise. Under it, belted around her naked body, was a big knife in a velvet sheath.

This she slid out and pressed a spring in the buckthorn hilt, which proved to be hollow. Out of it she drew some small bits of tissue paper, a tiny magnifying-glass, a crow-quill pen scarcely thicker than a hairpin; a fine sponge; a small camel's-hair brush and three glass phials.

First of all, she dipped the brush into one of the phials and with it carefully stained the half-moon at the base of her finger-nails a bluish color. Then she touched the base of each pretty toe.

Then, completely disrobing and removing her leather belt, she filled a tin washbowl with water and let fall into it a few drops of black liquid from another phial. She went over her entire body, face, and limbs with the little sponge—the liquid drying in a pale amber tint.

Now she replaced the two phials and the sponge and brush in the knife hilt, and dressed herself.

The big Cherokee rose lay on the table. From it she detached a broad, heart-shaped petal, laid it over a little square of tissue paper and, with a pair of sewing scissors, cut the tissue into the shape of the rose petal. Then she sat down at a pine table, dipped her crow quill into the third phial, and wrote on the tissue paper—though her wet pen showed no stain of ink and left no trace of writing:

"Major Allen:

"Stuart crosses McCoy's Ford to-night, October 10th, riding north towards the mountains, Mercersburg, and Chambersburg.

"Two thousand cavalry, four guns.

"Operator 13."

THIS bit of tissue she pinned to the white rose in place of the petal detached; and the lovely flower appeared to be perfect again. Now she deliberately rolled together the single detached rose petal and the shred of tissue, swallowed the pellet, extinguished the tallow candle, and went lightly to her window.

No light, now, in the quarters; all was still. Not a sound save the hushed tinkle of the silvery Opequon.

She opened her door, stole downstairs. Hanging in the hall closet was an old slouch hat of Mr. Boyd's. There was a pair of spurred boots there also. She pulled the hat over her curls, drew on the boots over her slippers, stole to the verandah and on to the dew-wet lawn.

She went up the road, then through an orchard to the open meadow. Not a glimmer of light in Darkesville. Nobody could guess that two thousand grey-jackets were standing to horse down there, or that galloping mounted artillery awaited only a whispered

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command to the gunners astride their horses.

It seemed a century—it was less than 20 minutes—before she heard a horse coming, not fast. In a few moments the hoof-beats ceased, and she saw ghostly shapes of horse and rider approaching.

When the horseman saw her he dismounted and led his mount towards her.

"Evenin' suh," said the little laundress softly. "Hit's a night of stars."

The pass-phrase of the United States secret service.

The horseman replied with the prescribed answer: "Yes, it's a night of stars and bars. How many stars do you count?"

"Thirteen."

"Add thirteen to ninety."

"Done. And the answer is?"

"The Union forever."

He wore the uniform of a Confederate cavalryman. She unpinned the white rose from her kerchief, handed it to him. "It's this petal," she whispered, touching it with her finger-tip. "It's pinned fast."

He drew the pale blossom through a buttonhole and mounted his horse.

"You are Augustus Littlefield?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You have your pass and furlough?"

"No, ma'm. I ride over with Hampton's Horse. My contact is operator seventeen in Mercersburg."

"Mrs. Edmonds?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell her to hurry."

"I will, ma'am."

That was all.

Operator 13 watched horse and rider continuing their soundless course across the grass. When they had disappeared, she turned back towards the house. After a little way she came again into the orchard and stopped there, frightened.

For there was a light in her bedroom window. Across it, now and then, passed the phantom figure of a man.

THEN, in the deadly danger of the moment, she felt that strange, warm charm of peril flow in her veins.

She crept nearer. A saddled horse stood tied to the gatepost.

She looked up at her lighted window. Two wavering shadows moved on wall and ceiling—a man's and a woman's. Once the man's face was illumined by the candle. He was Vespasian Chancellor! Then the woman moved into the light for a moment. It was Belle Boyd.

Chancellor came to the open window presently and called down to somebody she could not see: "She's skedaddled, suh. But there's enough skin dye in this hyar washbowl to tell the story!"

Oh, God! She had forgotten to empty the washbowl! She had taken every possible precaution except this!

"Why do you think it's skin dye?" came Gaillard's voice from the darkness.

"My hands is fast brown already," said Chancellor, "an dry's a bleached bone! She ain't no nigger, suh. She's Operator Thirteen. I reckon my instinct was right, suh. This hyar wash-bowl is more'n enough to damn an' hang her!"

For a moment her limbs, body, brain, and blood turned to ice; then that strange warmth stole through her again.

She stooped low and crept along the fence under the honeysuckle until she came to the tied horse. Strapped to the cantle was a long grey military overcoat.

With trembling fingers she unbuckled the straps, unrolled it, got into it, pulled her slouch hat low over her face, untied the horse, climbed into the saddle, and freed the pistol from its holster.

In the act of drawing it out she suddenly saw Captain Gaillard beside her, white as death in the starlight. He caught the horse's head; she swung the heavy pistol by the barrel and struck him full in the face with all her might.

He crumpled without a sound, his convulsive fingers dragging the horse's head down with him to the wet grass.

She stared down at him. His face wore a scarlet mask of blood. Then, with a sob, she jerked the snaffle rein out of his nerveless fingers, touched the horse with knee and heel, guiding him out into the fog, where lay her only hope of life.

THE river was invisible but its flowing could be heard under darkly drifting mist. Scarcely a sound from the waiting regiments; muffled tinkle of spurs; now and then a soft clash of sabres on stirrup irons; metallic stirrings of hoofs on stones.

Fog blotted out the stars—or was it already dawn dissolving them above the mist at McCoy's Ford?

A phantom regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry, sitting their horses in column of fours, became dimly visible. Wraith-like shapes detached themselves from the riverside vapors. Some Confederate scouts and dismounted men of the Tenth Virginia came creeping through wet bushes.

A mounted officer, muffled in his scarlet-lined riding cloak, spoke in a quiet voice: "Is that you, Phillips?"

"Yes, General?"

"What time have you?"

"It is a quarter to five o'clock, sir."

"Wait till five."

Lieutenant Phillips silently extended his arms, keeping his men back. Now, through intense silence, came the scrape and jarring of slowly-moving artillery. Two guns of Hart's battery jolted down through the mist, mounted cannoneers ghostly and gigantic above the bushes. The first gun and its caisson halted at the water's edge.

A tall, bony trooper of the Second South Carolina, who wore a white Cherokee rose in his buttonhole, was directed to dismount and show the shallowest part of the ford to the gunners. As he dismounted and led his horse down through the stunted willows, another and smaller figure rode out of the bushes, dismounted, and stumbled along beside him in clumsy boots.

"It's a night of stars," whispered the little newcomer breathlessly.

The tall trooper did not answer.

Down among the wet willows they continued to the water's edge, the little figure stumbling along beside the tall one, the two guns crushing a slow way through squashy swale and scrub.

"Hyar, suh," said the tall trooper to the officer commanding Hart's section, "lays the onliest shallows in this hyar ford. Your drivers should hold to the right of that dead oak."

The battery commander walked his horse out on to the sandy shore. The two who had piloted him—the tall figure and the short one—turned back into the willows together, dragging their drenched horses.

When the bushes hid them the tall trooper turned swiftly on the other. "God help you, ma'am; I sensed it was you before you gave me them passwords!"

"I knew you by the white rose," she whispered. "Is the paper petal with my cipher message safely pinned to it?"

"I reckon. Are you in trouble, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am."

"How do you figure to get out, ma'am?"

"Ride through the ford when the Rebel cavalry rush it. I've got to."

"Who ketched you peekin', ma'am?"

"Belle Boyd, Chancellor, and Captain Gaillard. They found hanging evidence in my bedroom. Gaillard got—hurt. Chancellor is after me. I wish somebody would give the signal to cross the river," she added with a sudden sob of fear.

"Steady, ma'am," he cautioned her. "A skeered spy is a hanged one."

Operator 13, in her slouch hat, boots, and Confederate overcoat, gave a desperate glance around her at the foggy bushes. "Oh, God," she whispered, "why don't they hurry!"

Operator 90, who was Federal Spy Augustus Littlefield, wearing a white rose on a Confederate uniform of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, laid a kindly hand on the frightened girl's shoulder. "Ma'am, we'll both hang if we're caught. We know that. So we better try to forget it and do our duty calm and quiet."

"Yes," whimpered the girl, "but I can't wash off this dark stain on my skin; and if they see a nigger in Confederate uniform it will be the end of me."

"Ma'am," said Littlefield, "when the scouts start out across the ford ther'll be firing. You start, too, leading your hoss. And jest as soon as you git to the shore, mount and ride like hell." He added, "If you're shot in the back it's better than dancin' the sunset jig, ma'am."

"Yes, it is. I'll try to get through somehow," she murmured. She straightened her shoulder and lifted her head defiantly, but it was an effort. She said: "And you'll try to make contact with Operator 17 in Mercersburg, won't you?"

"I will, ma'am, if God lets me."

A moment's strained silence, then he climbed slowly into his saddle and started off towards the road where the cavalry were waiting in close column. As he rode he pulled the white rose from his buttonhole, stuffed it into his breeches pocket, and took his place in the ranks, leaving Federal Secret Service Operator 13 alone in the middle of a Confederate division where, disguised as a negro laundress, she had been known to almost every man in camp.

VESPASIAN CHANCELLOR, the cleverest of Confederate operators and chief of scouts, was now searching for her high and low. He knew, too, that she had ridden off on Gaillard's own horse.

She did not know what to do to escape him. She dared not try to join a cavalry regiment and edge into column on the ford road back there among the oaks. She dared not attempt to join Phillips' scouts, even in the river fog.

From where she stood at her horse's head, among the willows, she could see a camp sergeant and two led horses waiting; and she recognised the horses as Lady Margrave and Skylark, two favorite mounts of General Jeb Stuart. In that case, she realised with a pang of fright, the mounted camp servant must be Yellow Bob, Stuart's body servant, who so often had hectored and bullied her and bragged about his own importance.

Here was a new and deadly danger a few paces away; if Yellow Bob recognised her he would give the alarm—that is, if he had heard what she had done.

That biggity mulatto, Yaller Bob! She had fooled him a dozen times a day! She would do it again. She would do more—she could make a fool of him and steal his horses—General J. E. B. Stuart's two favorite horses, Lady Margrave and Skylark!

At the mere idea all the clever, reckless sense of humor in the girl deliciously suffused her. Death grinned at her. She giggled.

Now all the actress in the girl was in confident and controlled ascendancy. If she revealed herself to the mulatto, he might not have heard that she had been unmasked as a spy.

It was a risk—a longer chance than her momentary safety seemed to warrant. The next instant she made up her mind; took her horse by the head and moved through the willows towards the spot where Yellow Bob sat his horse, holding the halters of Lady Margrave and pretty Skylark.

"Oh, Bob," she called softly.

"Who dat?" asked the mulatto fiercely.

"Hit's on'y lil Lucille, Bob. Hit's on'y de gin'ral's onliest lil laun'ress."

"Whar yuh come f'om?" he whispered in a passion. "Yuh git outen hyah! De gin'ral ain't takin' no laun'ress when he-all ride a raid! Is yuh crazy, chile?"

"Oh, Bob, I'se jes a-hopin' to go."

"Yuh is crazy," he muttered. "Ain't no-

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body tell you dat Marse Jeb an' me is a-ridin' to fight de Yankees?"

"Oh, Bob, yes' lemme follow yuh an' de gin'ral's hosses an' I'll be yuh onliest gal all de time, lak yuh asked me."

"Yuh stuck yuh lil pink tongue out at me when I ast yuh to be mah gal."

"I was that skeered, Bob."

"What de gin'ral gwine say when he'all see yuh?"

"Ain't de gin'ral gotta wear a clean shirt, Bob?"

"Who de debbil gwine change he shirt when he fightin' ever' minute ob de day? 'Splain me dat, yaller gal!"

"Bob, I'se yuh onliest lil gal, an' I'se a-gwine along o' yuh, honey!"

YELLOW BOB was enormously flattered. That the dusky belle of the camp, sought by every negro—and, alas! by almost every white soldier in the division—should at the eleventh hour succumb to his personal charms filled him with immeasurable pride.

"Gor a-mighty!" he breathed, rolling his eyes at her and her horse. "Whar yuh git dese clothes, Lucille?" he asked.

"Yuh ain't seen dem boots nowhar befo'?" she began, when suddenly the first splash sounded from the water's edge and, far in the fog, a pistol flashed.

The next instant she was in the saddle, sidling close up beside Yellow Bob. She could see Lieut. Phillips run out into the water, followed by two dozen dismounted men, all splashing towards the unseen shore beyond, which now was belted with flashes like floating fireflies in the mist.

The crackle of pistol fire merged into a ragged, rattling volley from Federal rifles.

The fog was full of shouting; yells from galloping riders; sharp cries from directing officers; musketry rising to roaring crescendo—then a dropping shot or two—then, suddenly, all sound extinguished. The Union pickets and vedettes had all been killed, taken, or scattered.

Yellow Bob spurred his lank hunter out into the stream, leading Lady Margrave and Skylark.

Close at heel through watery obscurity rode "lil Lucille," hard put to manage Gailliard's horse, which was part thoroughbred. The poor beast and its rider, half-blinded by driving spray and the turmoil of plunging horses, reared and shied, endangering Yellow Bob and the led horses and causing confusion among the mounted gunners.

In midford Major Pelham sat his horse, bringing order out of confusion. "Oh, Bob," he called out pleasantly, "take the down-river edge with the general's horses and follow the Ninth Virginia on the other side."

"Yaas, suh, Major!" bawled Yellow Bob, enchanted at being personally addressed by the most popular man in the army; and he spurred out through shoaling water, Lady Margrave and Skylark galloping gallantly at lead, and little Lucille, still fighting Gailliard's horse, plunging along beside him and up the bank to the Yankee shore.

CHAPTER 6.

"WHAT I gwine do, Bob?" she gasped, as they rode out into a ploughed field. "I done los' mah lef' boot in de water!"

Bob turned in his saddle, exasperated, and looked down at her slim, little foot in its soaked white cotton stocking. "Debbil in ebryting dis hyah mawnin'!" he cried. "Debbil in de hosses, debbil in de gunners, debbil in yuh, too. Wha' for yuh done come wif dis hyah army, yuh lil debbil? 'Splain me dat!"

"Kaze I loves yuh, honey; I done tole yuh dat. Oh, Bob, is yuh gwine len' me a lef' boot?"

They were riding forward across a field, now, in the rear of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, pouring through a gap in a snake fence.

"Ain't got no extry boot," grunted Yellow Bob, glowering at her.

"Kick off dat boot," he advised, "an' ride barefoot lak yuh is mah hoss boy."

The girl promptly kicked off her remaining boot, stripped off the white, wet stockings, and rested her bare brown toes in the stirrups.

Here was a far safer aid to disguise than a single spurred boot, which, in her suddenly extemporised role of horse-boy, might have been noticed—boots being a rarity in the Confederacy and quite beyond a negro stable-lad's reach.

Far ahead several sabres shot up high in the watery light of daybreak, waved in circles, slanted forward; the grey column moved on; so did Yellow Bob, Lady Margrave, Skylark, and little Lucille on Captain Gailliard's horse.

All the morning Yellow Bob had been bending every effort to overtake General Jeb Stuart and headquarters, but regiments and brigades and batteries obstructed him and apparently nobody had instructions to forward a dark gentleman of importance, followed by a barefoot stableboy and two led horses.

All knew him, of course; many teased him and laughed at him. However, they wouldn't let him through—or maybe couldn't; and he and his led horses and little Lucille, whom the troopers took for some stray stable-lad, found themselves at noon outside Mercersburg, amid swarms of cavalry driving in herd after herd of frightened Pennsylvania horses from the outlying country.

Here, on a hill, Yellow Bob left the girl to hold the halters of Lady Margrave and pretty Skylark, in the shade of some maple trees near a deserted barn, and galloped off to make his way into the village below, which was full of Confederate cavalry.

Now, in bright, pitiless daylight, Operator 13 was becoming frightened again. It seemed certain that some trooper would recognise her presently. Certainly, too, by this time Chancellor or Miss Boyd must have informed headquarters of her detection in Martinsburg and of her escape.

Where was Vespasian Chancellor? Where was Operator 90 with his white rose? Had Gus Littlefield managed to carry the news of the raid to Mrs. Edmonds? To Averell? To Washington?

The girl shivered in her grey overcoat, where she stood barefooted in the grass, holding the three halters.

If Chancellor had joined the raiders, and if he encountered her, he would know her. She could not hope to escape those keen eyes. That meant a drumhead hanging without any doubt at all.

In imagination she could see Vespasian Chancellor's narrow gaze fastened upon her, and hear his drawling, gentle voice bidding her unbutton her overcoat.

SHE looked around desperately with a sudden wild desire to fling herself into the saddle and ride for life. And saw in the fields on every side grey-jackets riding. Then her scared eyes fell upon a ragged, tow-headed boy, sitting on the doorless sill of a barn, staring at the grey riders in the village. Instantly she led the three horses towards the gaping barn.

The blond Dutch boy rose as though alarmed when she came close to him. She spoke smilingly, but the scared lad was ready to bolt as she collared him.

"Listen to me," she said breathlessly, "I am not going to hurt you."

He struggled wildly in her clutches; but she shoved him into the dim barn, dragging her three horses after her.

"Now," she panted, "give me your clothes!"

He was too terrified to obey. She flung three bridles around an upright staple, seized the boy and calmly stripped him.

"If you yell," she said, "I'll do terrible things to you. Go up into that haymow and lie down flat on your Dutch back!"

He went up the ladder like a panic-stricken monkey. Operator 13 flung off her overcoat, tore her white, starched dress from her, pulled on his ragged shirt, pants, and jacket, and gathered together her overcoat, dress, and stockings, shoved them into the trough of an empty stall. Then she fastened the halters of Lady Margrave and Skylark and led Captain Gailliard's nervous horse out into the rear yard, which was thick grown with weeds, grown taller than her head. Here, under the sagging wreck of an ancient shed, she fastened the horse, confident that no grey-jacket would come foraging into so obviously abandoned a spot. Certain, also, that when the grey cavalry had gone on towards Chambersburg, Gailliard's horse would make noise enough when hungry, and would be discovered.

Now she went to the horses, untied them, mounted Skylark bareback, rode slowly out on to the grass, halted under the maples and looked down into the turmoil of the captured town of Mercersburg. The old-time Pennsylvania town swarmed with Confederate cavalry whose officers spoke courteously to the astonished villagers, paying for everything they took from the shops.

Operator 13, from her little hill, could see the general and his headquarters staff a little way below her in a small meadow.

Down there, too, was Yellow Bob, bustling about with camp plates and a sizzling frying-pan. The brigadiers and staff officers were eating in their saddles, but Stuart ate nothing, standing apart from the others, deep in consultation with a shabby fellow on a gangling racker.

And suddenly the girl recognized Vespasian Chancellor. A pang of purest fright pierced her. There was nothing to do about it. Skylark's topmost speed could not carry her through that outer ring of flanking horsemen.

JEB STUART looked over his gold-embroidered shoulder and, catching his major's eye, nodded laughingly. The next moment Major von Borcke called out something to Yellow Bob and made a jerky gesture northward.

Up the hill galloped Yellow Bob, but when he saw "lil Lucille," sitting his general's "onliest bes' hoss," the shock staggered him.

"Gor a-mighty, woman!" he squealed. "Wha' foh is yuh a-settin' onto dis hyah Skylark hoss? Is yuh went plum crazy?"

"No, suh, Bob," said the girl tranquilly. "I isn't crazy no mo'n yuh is! I gota ride somefin', isn't I?"

"Where yuh hoss, chile?"

"Das whut I gwine axe yuh!" she said. "Someone done hook de overcoat an' de horse. Does I look lak lil Lucille in dis yar pants an' cotton shirt, Bob?" she asked, giggling.

"Yuh look lak yuh wuz a nas'y lil saucy yaller nigger, das whut yuh look lak," he replied, exasperated. "Debbil, debbil! De debbil's in yuh; de debbil's in me; de debbil's in ev'body."

"Ef yuh tell anybody dat de lil laun'ress what soaps de gin'ral's onlies' bes' shirt is a-ridin' wif yuh, de provost gwine hang yuh!" said the girl, still giggling.

"Ain't fixin' to tell nobody nuff'n," retorted Yellow Bob sullenly. "How yuh gwine ride wif nuff'n 'scusin' de halter onto dis hyah Skylark hoss? I ain't never knowed yuh kin ride, Lucille."

"Ride better'n yuh-all," she jeered.

"War yuh git so hoss-wise an' biggity?", he growled. "'Pears lak you know a big lot too dam' much 'bout ev'thin'."

Sweeny rode up the hill. "Bob," he shouted, "follow headquarters guidon!"—and trotted off towards the general and the staff, whose horses were now moving off at the head of Hampton's cavalry.

Beside General Jeb Stuart rode Vespasian Chancellor on his racker; and as Yellow Bob, leading Lady Margrave, followed by Operator 13 on Skylark, fell in

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just behind Joe Sweeny, the girl heard Chancellor's quiet voice continuing:

"Hyar's what I reckon is our situation, General: Yankee infantry marchin' west of us at five this mornin'! the Yankee cavalry general, Kenley, sent couriers to Hagerstown, whar thar's a hell's mint o' Yankees——"

"I'm not going to Hagerstown," said Stuart. "But continue, Chancellor."

"Tha's all, suh. Only I mistrust all these hyar Yankee scouts an' spies an' fugitives that is skedaddlin north to spread the news of this hyar raid, suh."

"You think that laundress of mine got clean away north?" inquired Stuart.

"Miss Belle an' I couldn't find hide or hair of her, suh."

"Well," said Stuart, "we can't help it now. Is that all the news you have?"

"No, suh. A trooper of the Second South Carolina cavalry deserted us when we rushed the signal station. I mistrust he was a Yankee spy in our uniform, an' that he is gone north."

After a grim silence Stuart's tanned face cleared, his blue eyes sparkled. "No use worrying," he said; "we're going to Chambersburg, God willing." He turned. "Oh, Joe," he called to Sweeny, "give us a little music, if you please!"

Vespasian Chancellor, too, looked around, and his gaze swept Yellow Bob and the ragged negro boy in charge of Lady Margrave and Skylark.

CHAPTER 7.

YELLOW BOB'S saffron features were familiar to the chief of spies; his keen eyes lingered on Operator 13, glanced at the horses, reverted to the girl with the unconscious instinct of a suspicious, watchful hound. Then Joe Sweeny unslung his banjo, tuned it deftly, raised his voice in a song which the general took up, and the entire staff began to sing to the enchanting staccato of the banjo:

"I'se got a pretty lil gal,
Down Mobile;
Front name's Honey, hind name's Sal,
Down Mobile,
Down Mobile."

Thus rode the laughing general and his staff into Yankeeland to the twang of a banjo and an old Louisiana melody.

Eastward and westward the bird-o'-prey wings of the northward-marching grey brigades swept the Pennsylvania countryside clean of horses and saw no hostile horsemen. The column proceeded by brigades. In the centre of each brigade travelled prisoners and captured led horses.

Towards dark it began to rain as the column bore to the east. But it was a little after 9 o'clock when the grey-jacketed horsemen entered defenceless Chambersburg, where a scared group of prominent citizens, already warned by a Federal scout, sent flying by Gus Littlefield, awaited in deepest perturbation the advent of Rebel raiders.

Stuart spoke to them courteously, suggesting that all good citizens should remain quiet and obey martial law as administered by their new provost marshal, Colonel Hairston. Officers politely requested shelter and food from the townspeople; regiments camped in the Diamond and along the streets.

Yellow Bob, his horses, and Operator 13 found a rickety barn to shelter them from the rain. The girl sat in the dark doorway eating cold cornbread and bacon and watching cavalry details riding out to scour the region for horses. A ring of alert horsemen surrounded Chambersburg. There was no possible chance for her to get out.

When the horses were watered, fed, rubbed down and bedded, Yellow Bob lay down in the straw beside his own mount.

OPERATOR 13 walked to the doorway and looked out at the rain. "Lawzee me," she said, "all the ridgements is got new clothes, Bob. Marse Butler's men is all rigged up in sky-blue overcoats. Whar dey git dem pretty clothes, huh?"

"Yankee clothes," growled Bob.

"Honey, would yuh go out an' git me a new blue overcoat?" she wheedled.

"Git it yuhse'f," he muttered.

She tried it, but was stopped in the street. She had no pass; dared ask for none.

There was no way to get out of this dark, rain-drenched Pennsylvania town. No way to get news to Averell or to Colonel Rush's lancers. Yet somehow she had to escape. Death certainly awaited discovery, and discovery was inevitable if she were obliged to continue with the cavalry on their return march.

Gus Littlefield had said: "Better a bullet in the back, ma'am, than dancin' a sunset jig in Dixie." The "Sunset Dance" was at a rope's end. Bullets were kinder.

She brooded over this until she was seared cold; then resolutely forced the horror from her mind.

On her way back to the barn she noticed a candle burning in an outhouse behind it, and saw a fat citizen in his shirtsleeves lowering corked jugs into a well for purposes of concealment from thirsty Confederate cavalrymen. She could smell applejack, too.

A clatter of a cavalry patrol in the street sent the Dutchman scurrying so fast that he forgot to blow out his candle. Operator 13 crept into the latticed well-house, picked up two jugs, and crept out again on noiseless feet.

"Bob?" she called softly. "Does yuh love toddy?"

"Debbil in yuh, yaller gal! Whar am de toddy?"

"Bob, I done fotch yuh a jug of applejack."

Bob sat up quickly. "Is yuh lyin'?"

"No, suh."

He made his way to her in the dark, felt the cool jugs in her hands, clutched at them. "Gor a-mighty," he chuckled. "Whar yuh steal dis applejack, honey?"

She told him, giggling; and the swift gurgle of the jug blended with her musical giggle.

"Yuh tas'e hit?" he inquired.

"One lil swaller, Bob."

It was quite enough for her, too, bringing heat to her cheeks and body and chilled feet. She climbed up into the loft and, curling up deep in the hay, lay silent, trying to see her way to some clear, safe end before a military court ended her and saved her all trouble of further thinking.

In a little while it became plain to her that Yellow Bob was getting drunk.

"Lucille," he shouted, "come hyah an' play ring-around-a-rosie wif me!"

He yelled for her awhile, but couldn't find her. He was neither very drunk nor beastly yet; he was playful, boastful.

Operator 13, now thoroughly afraid of him, peered down through a crack in the planks where she lay flat on her stomach in the hay, listening to his singing and shuffling capers, but unable to see him in the darkness.

SUDDENLY a lantern gleamed at the doorway, and she saw Yellow Bob dancing "Ring-Around-a-Rosie," jug in hand.

Also, she saw a more terrifying sight—two men, one holding the lantern. He was Vespasian Chancellor. And with him, his head and face bandaged and only his eyes visible, was Jack Gailliard.

When Yellow Bob recognised his visitors he sobered a little and tried to conceal his jug.

"Bob," drawled the tall chief of spies, "whar's that blackboy you fotched along, ridin' Skylark?"

A sudden pang of fear sobered the mulatto to comprehension of his own danger, and he knew the general's punishment would be severe if it transpired that he, Yellow Bob, had aided in this escapade of the pretty laundress.

"Who yuh mean, suh?" Dat no-'count nigger boy outen de stables?"

"I mean him," said Chancellor. "Whar is he? I want to take a look at him."

"Yas, suh," said Yellow Bob promptly. "Dat ornery nigger boy, he tuk an' run down to de town. 'Pears lak he a-honin' to find him a new blue overcoat."

"When did he go?"

"Been gone jes' a minute, suh."

"He's comin' back, of course?"

"Dunno, suh. He done act biggity, an' I kick an' cuff him. 'Low I done give dat black debbil plenty Jimmy Crackcorn on de hald an' shins. Yaas, suh."

"Who is he?" demanded Chancellor.

"He-all jes' a jockey, suh, hangin' roun' de hosses."

"How long? I don't recollect seein' him."

"All de black hoss boys looks alike, suh."

"Come on, Chancellor," said Gailliard, "there's nothing in your suspicions."

"Hit's mah instinc' a-workin'."

"All right. Find my horse and you'll find the person you're after. She never came this way. She's in the mountains."

"Yaas, suh." But Chancellor lifted his lantern and looked around—at Yellow Bob and his jugs, at Lady Margrave and at Skylark in their bedded stalls, then upward at the haymow above. "I think I'll step up thar."

"Oh, come on," said Gailliard, detaining him by one arm.

Chancellor hesitated, his instinct working. Then it grew feebler—or seemed to—for Gailliard drew him to the door; and presently they went away together.

Operator 13 lay like one dead. For the shifting light of the lantern had sent one chance ray through the crack in the planks to which her eyes were glued. Chancellor was looking at the ladder; but Jack Gailliard had seen the light sparkle on her eyeballs; she knew he had seen her by his manner.

And she knew also that he had let her go; let her live to take the desperate chance—if any—that remained to her. Now, stiff and chilled with terror, she could not know how long—but the hours of sickening fear seemed to stretch into years.

Below in darkness Yellow Bob was getting very, very drunk, but he retained sense enough to let her alone. And towards dawn retained no sense at all; for she could see him lying prone in the pale light, beside a pair of empty jugs.

AND now, in the thick mist and drizzle of earliest daybreak, the old barn began to shake and tremble with explosions where Confederate cavalry were blowing up storehouses, arsenals and depots of supplies of the Union Army and trying to blow up the iron bridge.

Everywhere Jeb Stuart's bugles were blowing, troopers saddling, mounting, clattering away out of town, bearing to the eastward. Guidons danced by; caissons, limbers, guns jolted briskly through the streets in the dawn.

Operator 13 rose from the hay and crept down the ladder to where Yellow Bob lay dead drunk on applejack. First she saddled Bob's horse, then led out Lady Margrave and Skylark into the rank bushes behind the well-house, where the same man she had seen before was still fussing with his jugs.

"Come here!" she called softly.

He was too fat to run; he came, slinking, fear-stricken.

"Are you a Union man?" she asked.

He seemed incapable of speech, but finally nodded.

"Listen," she said. "I am a Union spy, disguised as a negro boy. Is there any way I can ride out of here with these horses and escape to Harrisburg?"

"That wood road." He pointed with fat and trembling finger.

Without another word Operator 13 clutched the two halters and kicked Bob's nag into motion; and Lady Margrave and

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Skylark followed at a canter into the dusky woodland road.

She had been gone ten minutes, perhaps, and the fat man had returned to his apple-jack, when Chancellor rode up.

"Yuh!" he called out. "Who made that nigger in the barn dald drunk?"

The fat man, jellified by fear, stammered out that he didn't know there was a nigger in the barn.

"Whar's the blackboy an' the hosses?" asked Chancellor, gently, and produced a heavy revolver and cocked it. "An' don't yuh lie to me, either," he added.

"Th-they went that way!" stammered the fellow, and lifted a shaky arm towards the wood road.

"Yuh lie" said Chancellor, softly. "I reckon I better kill yuh."

"They did go that way," screamed the man. "A nigger boy and three horses."

"Yuh dirty coward!" said Chancellor, slashing him with a rawhide quirt. "It's yuh that ought to hang an' not that poor little Yankee gal ridin' gallant for her life and country!" Nevertheless he turned his gangling racker and spurred after her at full gallop.

CHAPTER 8.

IT was still deep dusk in the woods. Spectral trees streamed away on either side like speeding phantoms in a dream; a wet wind drove fog into Gail Loveless' face, blurring vision and soaking her to her stained brown skin. Now, ahead, a pale watery light flickered through the forest; the road led into a clearing, where it forked; and the girl pulled in her panting horse and looked around, bewildered in the sickly light of daybreak.

One branch of the rough trail curved out southward towards Stonehenge and Fayetteville; and she knew it must be crowded with grey-jacketed horsemen whose wide-winged flankers were sweeping the whole region to the very base of the mountains ahead. She must not ride through Black Gap; she realised that. Must not turn south at all. A gallows death lay that way.

The left-hand trail was rocky and bushy and led upwards along a small stream—the headwaters of the Conewago—towards abandoned lumber camps and scattered shacks of mountaineers near Wolf Hill. Here lay her road to safety—by the grace of God—if, indeed, there were any way out of this valley of death for her.

For another instant she sat on her hard-breathing hunter, listening fearfully in the forest silence; and heard, very far away to the southward, a vast and muffled trampling noise of trotting hoofs, where through the drizzling dawn two thousand grey-jacketed riders and their captured horses were passing through Black Gap. She gave one last desperate glance behind her; heard nothing; then swung her horse up the rocky road along the brook, leading the other two horses knee-deep through wet laurel and rhododendron and out between cliffs, and came at last into a wide wood-road once more, where freshly-felled trees lay fragrant in the ferns.

Two shoulders of rock almost closed this lumber road, and she was obliged to dismount and lead the three horses through single file. As she stood, a moment, to let them drink briefly at the brook, she caught the faint click of a horseshoe on rock, and turning around, saw Vespasian Chancellor ride up to the forks of the road below, rein in, bend low in his saddle, and peer right and left for further trace of her horses' hoof marks.

With the chill of death itself in her veins she tremblingly unbuckled the holster flap on Yellow Bob's saddle, pulled from it his heavy cavalry revolver, recapped and reloaded it, tied the three horses, and, stooping, crept back to where the hill's massive shoulders narrowed the pass and made of it a rocky getaway thick with ferns and laurel. Into this green, wet ambush she crawled.

SHE never had killed anybody or any living creature; never had seen anybody die except on the stage. She remembered that Pauline Cushman had showed her how to expire gracefully and effectively in the last act. She recollected that the leading man had instructed her once how to load, cap, cock, and fire a revolver, and she cautiously cocked the heavy weapon in her hand and levelled it through the laurel.

The chief of Confederate spies had walked his panting horse a little way along the southern branch of the wood road, still leaning low in his saddle and scanning the soft, moist soil. Evidently discovering no imprint of horses' hoofs, he straightened up, turned his horse, and looked up at the rocky trail above. And saw the girl close to him, aiming her pistol.

At the same instant there came a loud explosion; his horse reeled and fell, shot dead through the head, carrying his rider crashing down among the bushes into the brook below. And here, where the big, bony horse had rolled and lay stone-dead, sprawled grotesquely, damming the bloody waters, the girl found Vespasian Chancellor, one leg pinned under his horse, groping about to free himself, and all covered with blood and mud.

When he had managed to disengage his legs and rise to his knees:

"Sit down on that dead horse," she said harshly, "and don't move a finger or I'll have to kill you, too!"

He seemed dazed and shaken, but presently he sat down on his dead horse, closing both eyes. Then, after a moment, looked up at her in silence.

"Mr. Chancellor," she said, "I don't want to shoot you. But I don't wish to die, either. I'll go away if you'll tell me how to keep clear of the Rebel cavalry."

"No, ma'am, I won't tell you."

"Do you hope they will catch me and hang me?" she demanded angrily.

"I do, ma'am."

"Me, a woman?" she asked, infuriated.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but you are a danger to my Government, and you may yet ruin General Stuart and a whole division of our very best cavalry. . . . I have no personal animosity against you, ma'am. You are young, and fair to the eye"—he smiled faintly at her dark-stained skin—"and it's natural for any man to admire you—even when you are in negro disguise. But with all that, ma'am, you surely ought to die because the safety of my Government is in danger as long as you remain alive. . . . Now, ma'am, you may shoot if it's got to be that way with you and me."

She knew it was not to be that way.

At the point of her pistol she made him get up, drove him a little way into the laurel, and bade him stand there. Then she removed the bridle from his dead horse, and with this, pistol in hand and her long knife clutched between her teeth, she secured his elbows and wrists behind his back.

Now she forced him to precede her up through the rock-guarded portal to where the three horses were tied. Her saddle and bridle she transferred to Skylark; then she tried to get Chancellor on to Yellow Bob's horse. But with his hands fastened behind his back he couldn't mount the animal.

"If you'll give me your parole," she said breathlessly, "I'll trust you. Will you?"

"Why should I, ma'am? If you don't shoot me, Averell will hang me."

"You know I can't murder you!" she cried with a sob in her voice. "I can't get you on to a horse with your wrists tied up. I'm afraid to untie you. I'm afraid to kill you. I'm—I'm afraid of you, anyway. Will you let me alone if I let you alone?" she sobbed. "I'll give you Yellow Bob's horse if you'll go away! Will you?"

He looked hard at her: "Ma'am, are you truly afraid of me?"

"Yes, I am. I guess I'm a coward."

"Ma'am," he said, "you have more courage than any woman I ever knew. An' most men . . . You may untie my hands ma'am. I give you my parole."

SHE went to him instantly and unbuckled the bridle that confined his wrists and elbows. He lifted his big, swollen hands and looked at them curiously. He was still stretching the aching fingers when a horseman with a bandaged face trotted up, caught sight of him, called to him, scrambled out of his saddle, and came running up the road leading a stumbling horse.

And found himself with his nose almost touching a levelled pistol clutched in the steady fist of a ragged negro lad.

"You drop that bridle and put up your hands, Captain Gailliard," cried Operator 13 excitedly, "or I'll shoot you all into little pieces this time!"

Captain Jack Gailliard's reckless eyes gave her one astonished look; then became painfully crosseyed as they concentrated on that black, powder-ringed pistol muzzle close to his bandaged nose.

"Good God, Lucille," he gasped in an amazement almost comic, "don't do a thing like that to me!"

"Will you let me alone, then?" she asked tremulously.

"Let you alone? I should say I would. Please be careful with that horse pistol."

"Do—do you surrender?" she stammered fiercely.

There was a moment's silence. Gailliard's battered features reddened above the bandage and his swollen eyes sought Chancellor.

"What kind of dirty business is all this, Vespasian?" he demanded hoarsely.

Chancellor's eyes narrowed. "I reckon, suh, you don't aim to cast any reflection on me when you ask that question?"

"But—good God!"

"Yaas, suh, that's my onliest prayer, too; may God be good to us in this hour, Captain Gailliard." Very slowly he extracted from his homespun pants pocket a section of Virginia twist, bit off a portion, savored it reflectively. "Yaas, suh, captain," he drawled. "I reckon we both belong to this young lady, now. Ef yuh jump she'll kill yuh. Ef yuh speak softly yuh can step out o' this world o' trouble, ca'm an' polite, in a sunset square o' Yankee cavalry. All depends on how yuh want things fixed, suh."

An intense silence. The pistol muzzle always steady. Gailliard's fascinated eyes on it; then on the girl who owned it.

Then the boy sighed: "Very well, ma'am; you may have my word of honor."

"I want your parole, also," she insisted.

He looked miserably at Chancellor, who shrugged. "I gave the young lady my parole," he said pleasantly.

"All right," exclaimed the boy. "I give you my parole of honor, then!" His voice was harsh with shocked anger; he flung his bridle from him, rudely pushed past her in the rocky pass and strode up to the chief of spies. "Damn it!" he said. "Do you understand that this means a double hanging?"

"I do, suh."

The boy flushed under Chancellor's intent gaze and, turning away, covered his face with both quivering hands.

"I reckon," said Chancellor softly, "we both aim to face it ca'mly, suh?"

GAILLIARD'S hands fell to his sides; he turned slowly to the chief of spies. A moment they gazed at each other, then the boy's eyes flashed with tears and his hands sought Chancellor's arm.

"I don't know how she got you," he said, "but I don't doubt you."

"Yuh needn't, suh. She ambushed me an' shot down mah hoss. An' thar I lay on mah back in the brook like a ole tarry-pin-turtle, suh, one laig pinned under daid

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hoss, an' a roarin' noise in mah ears like the beat o' the sunset shadow-dance."

The boy made an involuntary movement; he had grown very pale. "Do you think there is any chance?" he asked. "The cavalry are at Cashtown."

"Gawd, no," said Chancellor quietly. "They go south to Emmettsburg, suh. What would fetch them up heah into these Pennsylvania mountains?"

Operator 13, who had been watching them, pistol in hand, now spoke: "Gentlemen, I have two prisoners on parole and four captured horses to care for. And I should be on my way."

They looked at her in silence.

"Mr. Gailliard," she went on, "I see you have recovered your own horse. You will mount him, if you please, and lead Lady Margrave." She turned to Vespasian Chancellor. "Be kind enough to take the saddle from your dead horse, sir, and place it on this nag of Yellow Bob's. Here is your bridle."

Gailliard's face had become a sullen, ugly red again as he walked over to his horse, mounted, groped for the sagging halter. He did not look at the girl again; but her dark eyes reverted to him now and then, while Chancellor stripped his dead horse of its trappings and came striding up to saddle Yellow Bob's rangy hunter. When all was ready he stood to horse, awaiting further orders.

"Mount," said Operator 13 briefly; and was lithely in Skylark's saddle before the word left her lips. She gathered curb and snaffle and put Skylark into motion.

Suddenly an unreasoning shaft of purest fear struck through her like an arrow. Pistol in hand, she turned in a panic, her dark-fringed eyes fairly glittering with terror and excitement.

"Gentlemen," she stammered, "I—I am s-scared to death! Be good enough to set your p-pace by mine!"

Vespasian Chancellor had ridden many a breakneck race with death. So had Captain Jack Gailliard. Never before had they ridden so terrific a course, hurling their horses blindly over an unknown lumber road in the drizzle and obscurity of a dark October afternoon.

They galloped out into a brushy clearing overlooking a flat valley of farmlands below, and the girl flung up one hand in signal to draw bridle.

IT was very hot and moist and still in the clearing. At the eastern edge near a spring stood a lean-to, evidently just erected and still fresh and fragrant with spruce, hemlock, and balsam thatching. Nobody was there; the clearing was still as death, ringed by forested depths where wet leaves glistened crimson and gold and purple in the sun.

Operator 13 listened intently, searching the thickets with restless gaze. Nothing stirred there save a sombre butterfly sailing on dark, ermine-bordered wings. Not a sound except the tinkle of a rill.

Again and again her weary gaze sought the little valley close below the knoll where they had halted. There were ploughed fields there, and reaped fields and pastures, and this wood road ran into them; but no fences, no sheep, no cattle; nothing of human handiwork excepting a planked platform with uprights, and a framed beam above them, which seemed to be a structure designed to support a winter haystack.

The girl looked wistfully at the open country, but had no mind to venture into it until dark. She was very tired and hungry, but no longer frightened.

Stiffly she freed one bare foot from the stirrup, dismounted, unbuckled Yellow Bob's saddlebag, and groped in it for food. She found a bottle of peach brandy, a loaf of bread, a large, cold sausage, three onions, and a chunk of salt beef. These she carried to the open-faced shed. Then she came back.

"Gentlemen," she said, "let us care for our horses, and then eat and rest."

"Are we to off-saddle, ma'am?" asked Chancellor in his pleasant voice.

She looked at him with a pale smile, and nodded.

Jack Gailliard also got off his horse; and he and Chancellor and Operator 13 gathered dead grass with which to rub down the weary horses. There was enough browsing in the bushes; Chancellor cut stakes; the girl drove them with her pistol butt; and, with halter, bridle, and picket-rope, the four nags were tethered amid wild grasses and weeds along the tiny rivulet.

The girl glanced furtively from time to time at Captain Gailliard's sullen young face; but it was to Vespasian Chancellor she addressed herself, finally, inviting them both to share her food.

"I thank you kindly, ma'am," said Chancellor, with a bow as courtly as any obeisance south of the Dixie line. But Gailliard gave her a sulky look and continued to pull grass for his horse.

"Will you please eat with us, Captain Gailliard?" she said firmly, the inflection of her voice making the question a command.

"Very well," he growled.

They sat down on the carpet of balsam in front of the shack. Operator 13 carved bread and beef, and sliced the sausage and onions with her long knife. There was only one tin cup among them for water and peach brandy.

Operator 13 sat in such a position that she could see the valley below and also watch the road over which they had arrived, which ran straight away to the westward for nearly a quarter of a mile. Her loaded pistol lay beside her on the ground.

CHAPTER 9

IT was warm in the rays of the western sun; Chancellor, facing it, remained undazzled as an eagle; but Gailliard shaded his eyes with one hand while he ate with the other. And after a while the girl was aware that, in the shadow of his hand, the boy was stealthily watching her. When she realised it, to her consternation, she felt a faint glow invade her face; and instinctively fumbled at a gap in her ragged shirt.

She said to Chancellor: "Pray, sir, let me offer you some of this peach brandy. We all need a little, I think."

The grave, lanky chief of spies thanked her, poured out a cupful, and offered it to her with a bow.

The girl declined, saying that she would take one mouthful after she had eaten. So he silently emptied the cup, rinsed, and refilled it, and handed it brimming to Jack Gailliard.

The boy took the tin cup and looked the girl full in the face. "May I offer a sentiment, ma'am?" he asked, smilingly.

"If—you wish, sir," she replied, startled.

"Then, to her, whoever she may be, wherever she may be—who holds my heart—whatever she may do with it!" He emptied the tin cup, still smiling, set it aside, and resumed his meal as tranquilly as though a lifetime remained ahead of him instead of a few hours.

After a silence Chancellor asked politely if he might find a quiet place in which to write a letter. "There is no harm in it, ma'am. It's just to say a pleasant word to those I am leaving. You may read it if you don't trust me."

She nodded, her velvet-dark young eyes fixed on the hayrick below.

So the tall, lanky fellow strode away and seated himself against a great tree where, with pencil and a scrap of butcher's paper, he began to write, carefully, slowly. After a long while the girl turned and looked at Gailliard, where he lay silent among the ferns with sunset light red on his bandaged face.

"Did you see me in the barn?" she asked coldly.

He gave her a surprised look.

"Did you?" she repeated. Under his bandages his sunburned skin reddened. "You did see me," she concluded.

Another silence. Then: "Why did you let me go, Captain Gailliard?" No answer. "You disregarded your duty," she said coldly. "Why?"

If she had expected a passionate avowal she was disappointed. The boy merely shrugged and said. "If my government can't save itself without hanging a young girl, it can go to hell."

"Is that the reason?" she asked.

"One of the reasons."

"Was there another?"

What did this girl want him to say to her? Whatever it was, she remained disappointed again, for he merely folded his arms and remained silent.

Chancellor, intent on his letter, wrote slowly, resting the bit of discolored paper on his bony knee. Forest and clearing were very still in the sunset light.

AS Operator 13 sat in the ferns staring down at the green fields and fringing woods below, out of the gold-and-scarlet foliage rode a lancer, his long lance garnished with a red pennon, the metal on horse, saddle, and uniform striking fire in the rays of the sun. A little way behind him two more lancers walked their horses out across the grass; then, in column of fours, led by their officers, a squadron of lancers moved out into the meadow, forming a long single line facing the skeleton hayrick, about two hundred yards from it.

In her happy relief and excitement the girl began to quiver all over; was on the point of springing to her feet, when an ominous sound came from the depths of the gorgeous grove below—the low wail of fifes and the thudding of muffled drums. Gailliard lifted his head, sat up, and looked down at the meadow.

Vespasian Chancellor, too, had heard the mournful sound. He rose and came over to kneel down beside Gailliard.

Nobody spoke. Nearer and nearer sounded the whine of the fifes and the deadened rhythm of the drums, still distant among the flaming maples.

Suddenly an entire regiment of cavalry in sky-blue overcoats trotted out of the woods, manoeuvred smartly, and halted in single rank, forming, with the lancers, the three remaining sides of a square with the hayrick in the centre.

After them rattled a light buggy driven by two civilians. The face and hands of one of the men were blackened.

The buggy stopped beside the hayrick; both men got out and climbed to the platform, dragging with them a short ladder and a noosed rope. The latter they adjusted to the long beam between the two uprights, jerking it about, raising and lowering it until finally satisfied—they slid the ladder to the grass and sat down on the platform.

The ghastly thumping and squealing of the "Dead March" filled the sunset silence now, as a battalion of infantry marched out of the sugar bush behind the fifers and drummers, followed by a farm waggon guarded by dragoons.

In the waggon sat a man and a Catholic priest. The man, wearing only a collarless shirt, dark trousers and shoes, sat looking straight in front of him. The priest was whispering in his ear.

Now, in the red blaze of sunset, the waggon halted at the hayrick; the priest and the man with him got out and ascended the short ladder. A cavalry officer and two troopers also climbed up.

Immediately the man with the blackened face rose and came close beside the priest—the whole forming a dark group on the hayrick platform.

When the little crowd parted, a far tenor command rang out along the ranks of halted horsemen: "Draw sabres!" The thin,

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whistling swish of steel whipped the silence like a wind.

Now, under the crossbeam the figure in collarless shirt and black trousers stood alone. A strip of cotton sealed his eyes; his colorless hands were bound behind his back.

The next instant he shot up into the air, then dropped, landing with a jerk.

On the floor of the hayrick the red sunshine set the shadows of his twitching feet dancing a silent shadow dance.

The jolly drums and fifes in the meadow were playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Long lines of lances aglitter, pennons flickering like tongues of flame, were moving off at a canter. Blue-cloaked dragoons formed fours and followed. Some infantry soldiers were digging a hole beside the hayrick. A long pine box stood near them on the grass. The setting sun's red blaze swept field and forest.

Now it was time for Operator 13 to join her own people in the fields below. She started to rise, but stumbled, and would have fallen had not Chancellor caught her and lifted her to her feet.

"It was too much for a lady to look upon, ma'am," he said soothingly. "I reckon we all need a little of that peach brandy before we are ready to go on."

"Get on to your horse," she said in a strangled voice. "Get into your saddle and ride away."

"Ma'am?"

"Don't you understand?" she sobbed. "I give you back your parole. Get away from here! Quick!"

THE girl turned from him sharply, blind with tears, and stood swaying, sickened, faint. In her throbbing ears sounded the merry rattle of drums and skirling of fifes; and there was a noise of hammering, too, as a man with blackened face and hands drove nails into the cover of a long wooden box.

Operator 13 made her way slowly to her horses, laid her quivering face against Skylark's saddle and wept in silence. When at last she lifted her head and saw Jack Gaillard standing beside his horse, waiting, her eyes flew wide with fright.

"Have you gone mad!" she whispered. "What are you lingering here for?"

"You did not return my parole to me." Incensed, inarticulate in her rage and terror, the girl advanced towards him, her small hands clenched, her lovely mouth distorted. "Get on to your horse and go!" she gasped, beating at his breast with frantic little fists, "go home and mind your d-damn b-business."

He took her futile hands into both of his; kissed them again and again; raised her hot, wet face and kissed the whimpering red lips—until no sound came from them, only the hot fragrance of her awakened soul and body.

And at last the girl put her trembling arms around his neck and kissed him.

* * *

The zenith was afire in the crimson afterglow when Operator 13, riding Skylark and leading Lady Margrave, rode into Emmettsburg and wearily asked the way to the quarters of the provost guard.

CHAPTER 10.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CADWALLADER'S troop of the 6th Pennsylvania Lancers galloped into Emmettsburg, riding out through the evening glow along a wet road curving westward.

Farther out on the Chambersburg road somebody heard and then saw the lancers—a shabby young horseman in straw hat and hickory shirt, whose small grey eyes were wet with tears, and who emerged from the roadside bushes as soon as the lancers had passed, looked down a moment at their hoofprints in the damp road, and then spurred his horse furiously towards Emmetsburg, urging him to a headlong run.

Another person, also, heard, but did not see, the passing Union cavalry; did not even know whether the galloping horsemen were Federal or Confederate. This person looked like a negro boy, hatless and barefooted. She was Operator 13 of the United States Secret Service. She rode one horse and led another, and seemed to be very tired as she jogged along the mountain road through deepening sunset glory towards the Emmetsburg pike.

As she rode to the post office the assistant postmaster waddled out on the verandah in fretful argument with a dingy fellow citizen who followed, dangling a paper bag containing dry prunes.

Operator 13 touched her tangled, sweat-matted curls with a tentative forefinger. "Evenin', marsters," she interposed timidly.

They turned from the doorway to stare down at her.

"What you want?" demanded the postmaster.

"'Scuse me, suh, I'se a-axin' yuh-all whar am de provost in dis hyah town, suh."

"There ain't no provost here," replied the postmaster angrily, "an' we don't want none, neither."

"Kin yuh-all tell me whar am de Linkum sodgers, suh?"

"There wuz a passel of lancers went kitin' through before sundown, scarin' everybody," grunted the postmaster. "What you wanta know for?"

"I'se done come wif de hosses fo' de provost, suh."

A distant drumming sound on the unpaved street silenced her. Both turned to look; and saw a dozen horsemen—more couriers from anxious headquarters—coming at a lively gallop. It was a patrol from the First Maine cavalry, hurled forward at random, to get some news of the rebel raiders.

They wore sky-blue uniforms and yellow-lined coats; and there was much bright yellow on collar, sleeves, and breeches. They pulled up with a clash of spur and sabre in front of the post office. There was a civilian riding with the yellow-chevroned sergeant commanding them, and Operator 13 kicked her mud-smeared horse into motion, and leading Lady Margrave pushed up close beside him.

"Captain Rivett," she said under her breath.

DICK RIVETT, of Major Allen's corps of spies and guides, looked around at the ragged colored lad in stony silence.

She said: "I'm Operator 13, Gail Loveless. You remember?"

He inspected her leisurely, then nodded almost imperceptibly, and without any change of expression inquired: "What are you doing here?" his lips scarce stirring when he spoke.

"I'm dead alive in my stirrups," she whispered. "Can your troopers take these two horses to Major Allen?"

"No; we've orders to go forward. Have you seen Stuart?"

"Jeb Stuart passed Black Gap this morning on his way to Gettysburg."

"Are you absolutely certain?"

"That's where he said he was going. Everybody knew it in Chambersburg. I saw him pass eastward through the Gap with two thousand sabres. Isn't there anybody to take my horses, Captain Rivett?"

"The Sixth Lancers will be following us. Tell Colonel Rush what you want. I'm sorry, ma'am, but we've got to ride on." He spurred forward, calling out to his sergeant: "Push on! This little darky saw the Rebel cavalry on the Gettysburg road! You better send a courier back to Frederick!"

A boyish trooper of the First Maine whirled his horse and went off to the southward on a dead run; the others, and Dick Rivett, galloped forward.

Coming now to a lane Gail noticed a watering-trough. The only person in sight there was a young man in a hickory shirt wearing butcher's boots and a straw hat.

He was grooming a nice-looking nag at the horse-trough, and as Operator 13 turned into the secluded lane he looked up lazily. But his small, clever eyes belied his indifference.

What he saw, apparently, was a ragged negro urchin on a handsome, sweating horse, leading another horse quite as handsome. He had seen the horses before, on the other side of the Potomac.

"Evenin', suh," ventured Operator 13. "Hit's mighty fair weather, 'scusin' de rain."

The clever, light grey eyes swept the girl from her sweat-tangled, kinky curls to her dark, naked feet in the stirrups; shifted to examine the two horses, then keenly reverted to the forlorn figure drooping in the saddle.

"Whose little nigger are you?" he drawled.

"I'se Marse Allen's nigger, suh."

"What Marse Allen?"

"Dunno, suh. 'Spec' he-all de onlies Marse Allen what am."

"Are those his horses?"

"Yaas, suh."

SOMETHING in the man's small, light grey eyes began to frighten her. He said in a stealthy voice: "Where did you happen to steal General Jeb Stuart's two favorite horses?"

A silence; her hand creeping towards her saddle-holster.

"You murderous little nigger," he snapped out, "don't touch that pistol!"

But it was already glittering in her hand. "Back off there." She motioned with her left hand.

"Wait a moment."

"Damn you, do as I tell you!" she gasped.

"Very well," he replied; "but please handle your pistol with care."

"If I have to kill you I'll do it," she whispered hoarsely. "Drop your bridle! Stand wide of your horse and mine!"

Then he began to laugh noiselessly, his shrewd, smooth face eloquent with admiration and amusement. "Put up your shooting-iron," he said under his breath, "and let us quit fooling and discuss the weather. I reckon it's likely we shall have a night of stars."

The passwords of the Federal Secret Service seemed to shock her. Then her lips began to quiver under the reaction; she could scarce find voice to stammer out the prescribed answer.

"Bear up a little, ma'am. You are Operator 13, of course. Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"I was with Jack Babcock and Pauline Cushman in Martinsburg," he explained.

"What are you doing here?"

"Trailing a Rebel Secret Service agent. What news have you of Jeb Stuart?"

"The Rebel cavalry is on the Gettysburg road." Her voice grew slightly hysterical. "Please tell me what I am to do with these horses."

"Can you keep your saddle for another few miles?"

"I've got to sleep," she said.

"Come with me," he insisted, "I will guide you out of this."

"Let me sleep, first."

"I can't wait. I'm riding through Frederick, and I'll take you and your horses to Colonel Dick Rush. A heavy patrol of his lancers rode through this town an hour ago, headed north, looking for Jeb Stuart. When they return this way Captain Cadwallader will see you safely to Knoxville. Do you understand?"

Gail Loveless strove to comprehend that Union cavalry really were between Emmetsburg and the eastward-rolling wave of grey-jacketed raiders.

"Get off your horse," said Operator 107, "and go and lie down behind those trees over there. The First Maine cavalry should arrive here soon with more of the Sixth Lancers. Pleasanton's troopers are swing-

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ing up from the south-west. You are perfectly safe."

Stupid as she was from exhaustion, something in his grey eyes seemed to keep her conscious and troubled.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Josiah Bailey."

"And you were in Martinsburg with Pauline Cushman and John Babcock?"

"Yes; I held their horses ready between Darkesville and the river."

"Nobody mentioned you to me," she said. "I wonder why."

CHAPTER 11.

"DO you doubt me, ma'am?"

But she couldn't really doubt him after his correct reply to passwords known only to Federal Secret Service agents.

There came the noise of trotting horses from the main street; two troopers in blue ambled past. They laughed together and bit into red apples as they jogged along. Clearly Federal cavalry in force were not far away.

"Very well," said Operator 13, "you may take me to Colonel Rush at once."

But the young man appeared to have changed his mind. His eyes followed the Yankee troopers until they disappeared. "No," he said, "you had better get a little sleep. The Sixth Lancers should arrive at any moment now, and you can see Colonel Rush then."

"I thought you wanted me to go with you. I can keep awake, I believe."

"No," he said; "I've got to go on to the river, and you can't stick on your horse that far."

The girl in her ragged shirt and pants slid limply from her saddle to the ground and leaned against Skylark's shoulder.

"You ought to be quite safe, ma'am, until our people arrive," Operator 107 said soothingly. "Just lie down in the grass, yonder, and go to sleep under those trees until Pleasanton's trumpets or Rush's bugles wake you."

Operator 13 unclosed her dark eyes.

"Have you any message for Colonel Rush, ma'am?" inquired the scout. She forced herself to understand and to answer: "Yes; the Rebel Horse blew up all the quartermaster's stores in Chambersburg last night. They have with them nearly 2000 stolen Pennsylvania horses. They took no Maryland horses or cattle. Their regiments are the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, and Tenth Virginia cavalry; the Seventh and Ninth North Carolina; the Third South Carolina; two legions; and a flying battery of four guns from Pelham's horse artillery . . . Two thousand sabres; four guns; 2000 led horses for remount; and many Union prisoners . . . Jeb Stuart commands. Major von Borcke went back to the river after crossing under fire with the pickets. Jackson's infantry hold all the hill passes. A cavalry raid by Averell, in force, at McCoy's Ford might ruin Jackson. Tell Colonel Rush to telegraph Major Allen . . . I must sleep now."

"Just one moment more, ma'am. Did Gus Littlefield get clear?"

"I don't know."

"Did Mrs. Edmonds?"

"I don't know. They hanged a man near Black Gap—I mean, our people hanged him. It was horrible."

Operator 107 turned sharply away. "Yes, ma'am," he said gently . . . "Did Vespasian Chancellor follow you?"

"Yes."

"Did Captain Gaillard?"

"Y-yes." At the mere sound of his name she felt the mounting blood stimulate her heart and pulse and cheek once more.

"Where did you shake off these houn'dawgs, ma'am?" asked the young man.

"Near Black Gap. After the hanging."

"Where do you think they are now?"

"With Jeb Stuart, I suppose."

Before she had ceased speaking her companion was mounting. He rode off without a farewell, and wearily she turned towards the side of the road, and, unable to walk another step, sank down on the thick grass. She was asleep almost before her head touched the ground.

CHAPTER 12

OPERATOR 13 awoke with a start. She could not tell how long she had slept, but her limbs were cramped and stiff, and darkness, thick and impenetrable, hung around her like a curtain.

Suddenly a clatter broke out from the eastward; and with a rattling rush two Yankee riders appeared, spurring through the street towards the Gettysburg road.

As they galloped past there came a startled shout from the darkness ahead of them; then a pistol shot and the scream of a lanced horse. But the two gallopers from Colonel Rush tore through the Confederate column they had blundered into, and sped on.

It was already midnight. The phantom Rebel vanguard, guns, led horses, prisoners, had gone on through the old town street; but a ghostly regiment in column remained halted there—a band of mounted shadows among shadows.

Operator 13, scarce understanding what she was doing, yet already stirred and directed by that strange intuition which forestalls reason and purpose in such as she, stole out of the dusk and crept towards the Chambersburg road. And saw, in the starlight, a troop of Federal cavalry moving at a walk towards the Rebel-choked town.

The horror of their situation so shocked her that she gave no thought to herself but sprang down the slope, calling out to them until a lancer drew bridle and dismounted, caught her by a ragged sleeve, and dragged her with him to the little column of men and horses.

"Halt! Halt!" she repeated in an agonised voice. "Can't you understand? I tell you the town is full of Jeb Stuart's cavalry passing through! Listen to me. I'm Operator 13 of the United States Secret Service, and I know what I'm talking about."

"Halt!" said a quiet voice; and "Halt! halt!" was repeated along the line until the horses stood motionless.

An officer turned his mount, rode up beside her, leaned down close to her and struck a match. It burned blue, then brightly, illuminating her face and his.

SHE recognised him instantly, naming him hysterically. "Captain Cadwallader, do you remember when you came to Major Allen's headquarters in Blanton's house I was upstairs with Pauline Cushman? I am Operator 13."

"You saw cavalry in Emmetsburg tonight?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Did they wear blue uniforms?"

"Yes, sir, but they got those in Chambersburg."

"They are our own men," he said.

"They are Jeb Stuart's!" she insisted.

"Very well," he said, "I'll go and see."

"I'm trying to tell you that Emmetsburg is full of Stuart's cavalry," she wailed, "and you won't believe me!"

"That is impossible," he retorted; "Stuart went on to Gettysburg. And if you're a Rebel agent sent to mislead us, you're in a lot of trouble right now, my lad." He leaned over from his horse, took the seeming negro boy by the collar, motioned to a corporal to discard his lance and follow, and said to his lieutenant: "Keep your men halted; I'm riding forward to take a look."

Operator 13 squirmed in his grasp, begging and pleading, scared almost out of her wits; but the obstinate Philadelphian, with all the arrogance of aristocratic bravery, rode on, dragging her along.

Down the dark road and straight into Main Street they moved; and suddenly Captain Charles Cadwallader found himself riding close to a halted column of cavalry in blue uniforms.

"What regiment is this?" he inquired.

"Stuart's cavalry," replied a shadowy figure.

The unexpected and shocking reply caught him like a blow in the face, but he managed to weather it like a Philadelphian and a soldier. "Oh, I know that," he said carelessly, "but I'm asking you what is your regiment!"

There was a silence of suspicion; a restless movement among the halted horsemen. The lives of these two Union cavalrymen quivered in the balance.

Then somebody said: "By God, he talks like a Yankee!"

CHAPTER 13.

CAPT. CADWALLADER turned on the unseen speaker with an oath, demanding what he meant by insulting a Confederate officer. At that instant Operator 13 wriggled out of his grasp and vanished in the darkness.

Whoever it had been that had dared to challenge a Philadelphia Cadwallader subsided, grumbling. Nobody else ventured to question him.

Very coolly the lancer-captain rode on a little way, then turned his horse and rode leisurely back again and out of the fatal village, followed by his corporal, who was almost fainting in his saddle.

Ten minutes later, a company of the Sixth Pennsylvania lancers might have been seen skedaddling for life and limb towards Frederick and salvation, headed by their chastened commanding officer, Captain Charles E. Cadwallader. Which seemed likely to solve their immediate problem, but offered no solution whatever to the perplexities that beset Operator 13, who was skulking along under the lilies inside a picket fence.

She dared not run—although her legs implored her to make vigorous use of them. She scarcely ventured, even, to glance over the fence towards that column of horsemen which had now begun to move off slowly through Main Street.

But what most alarmed her was that the dark street had become crowded with the kindly citizens of this old Maryland town. They appeared from everywhere, carrying lighted candle-lanterns, crowding about the Rebel cavalry and offering pans brimming with buttermilk, strips of bacon laid on corn bread, fruit, and blue china bowls full of fragrant cider and home-made wines.

For a little while Operator 13 squatted low among the lilies. At last, very cautiously, she began to creep towards a better position among some rose bushes which grew near a stable.

As she reached those, somewhere near her a horse whinnied in the darkness. Noiselessly, on naked feet, she made her way towards the sound.

Starlight made of the darkness a silvery-grey gloom; the velvet lips of Skylark, still saddled and bridled, muzzled her cheek and bare throat. Then a low nickering from Lady Margrave.

Operator 13 hesitated, frightened yet exultant; trembling with that strange thrill which is a kind of delicious terror. Then she took Skylark and Lady Margrave by the heads and led them out into the grass.

Through the thicket of roses she could see the street where candle-lanterns faintly revealed grey-jacketed cavalry moving slowly out on the road to Frederick. The fitful light revealed something else, also—a trooper of the Ninth Virginia dismounting at the picket gate. And instantly Operator 13 knew he had come for her stolen horses, had heard Skylark whinny, and had come to investigate.

To the right stretched a lawn leading into a large orchard in the rear. Operator

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13 led her two horses thither, keeping within the shadow of the trees.

Terrible as was the girl's situation, a kind of fierce and triumphant madness possessed her. The superb role she was playing, the unknown denouement, whatever it was to be, fiercely obsessed her with intense emotion that only an artist, and a great one, can ever know.

From the shelter of loaded fruit trees she watched her enemy, and saw him, presently, stand helplessly and look about him, then walk back to the gate, where he mounted his horse and trotted off after the Confederate rearguard, now riding to the fords of the Potomac.

As the last grey trooper and the last Pennsylvania led horse trotted out of Emmetsburg, the wild heart of Operator 13 beat more wildly.

The orchard close was fenced with rails, but the bars were down. Through the gap she rode and out across Main Street into the crooked, shady lane, skirting the horse-trough and continuing along it between orchards until the Frederick road cut her course.

A mile and a half outside Fredericksburg she rode into the camp of the Sixth Lancers. Here, at last, she was safe.

CHAPTER 14.

THE days of dark confusion drifted by through thickening October and November mists. In them the paling star of McClellan was blotted out. Then Burnside's planet, glimmering briefly above Marye's Heights, faded in the fiery fog of Pelham's guns, sank lower, and was washed out in the last wave of blood which strewed the strand with eighteen thousand dead, marking high tide along the fatal river.

Every time the President meddled, he produced paralysis or suicidal frenzy in his generals. He had not yet learned to pick a leader and let him alone. And, with the downfall of his leaders and his armies, the United States Secret Service went utterly to pieces.

Alan Pinkerton—the great detective—known as "Major Allen" in the army, resigned as chief of the Secret Service because he loved and believed in Little Mac and resented his dismissal. His agents, untrained in the art of war, invariably had overestimated the numbers of the enemy. His beloved general, unable to check up on military misinformation, urged and badgered by a President ignorant of all military art, moved like a man bewildered in a nightmare, while the whole land rang with his repeated demands for more and more men to help him out.

Now, under a new commanding general—about whom Jeb Stuart and Joe Sweeny had already made a saucy banjo song—the shattered Secret Service of the United States was being revived and reorganised. George Sharpe, colonel of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York Infantry, had been made deputy provost marshal general. And the Bureau of Military Information was born out of chaos.

Colonel Sharpe, tall, handsome, full-lipped under his curling cavalry moustache, beautifully uniformed, booted and spurred, listened courteously to everything General of Cavalry Averell had to say. Averell was even more handsome than Sharpe. It was a pleasant picture of harmonious military life, as it ought to be but seldom is.

Then came into the roomy wall tent of Colonel Sharpe, Cavalry General Stoneman, who was not quite so picturesque to gaze upon. General of Cavalry John Buford followed—noble in appearance, in thought, in deed. These three controlled 12,000 free sabres. For at last the Yankee cavalry had come into its own. Jeb Stuart had shown them how it was done.

PRESENTLY Stoneman spoke again, and harshly. "I'm deathly sick of being duped and hustled by the Rebel cavalry, Sharpe," he said. "Averell, John Buford and I believe that our troopers, sabre for sabre and spur for spur, are as good as Jeb Stuart's rangy grey-jackets, and that the fault lies mostly with your department which, so far, has furnished us erroneous information, or none at all."

Harmony shivered for a moment in that roomy tent. Then George Sharpe, courteous, suave: "All errors made by my department are properly my fault, of course."

"Maybe. Maybe it's your fault, maybe it's mine, maybe it's Averell's or Buford's. Or we can go higher if we like. But to what purpose? Because this kind of discussion gets us nowhere. We've got to believe in you; you've got to believe in us. That's the sine qua non . . . Well, go on from there, colonel."

"I really do believe in you and your blue-jackets," said Sharpe, quietly, "if that's what you wish to hear."

"All right, then, Averell, Buford and I believe in you, and in your agents, couriers, spies, and detectives. So now we can work it out together, can't we?"

"With pleasure," said Colonel Sharpe politely.

"Very well, then," continued Stoneman; "the weather is clearing; there are plenty of signs of spring. I am going to give General Averell 3000 sabres and a few horse guns and send him across Kelly's Ford to smash Fitzhugh Lee at Culpeper. Can you help?"

After a silence the chief of the Secret Service nodded. "I understand you," he said. "Secrecy is to be your main element in this operation. You want me to send a counter-spy to muzzle the person who has continuously reported your movements to Jeb Stuart."

"But first of all," said Stoneman, dryly, "to discover who the person is. I tell you, I'm sick of having every movement of my cavalry forestalled; of encountering always, at point of contact, a heavier force than I have sent out. It's damnable, Sharpe. I've had enough."

Colonel Sharpe was extremely sympathetic. "General," he said, "our service has been in some confusion, as you know. I think everybody will find serious improvement in it from now on."

"Very well, then," growled Stoneman, "perhaps you could tell us who in hell is this Rebel Secret Service agent who continues to torment and bedevil me 24 hours every day."

"Yes," said Sharpe, "I could tell you, General."

Stoneman, Buford and Averell waited, but the chief of the Federal Secret Service said nothing further to enlighten them.

"Of course," grunted Stoneman, "you will handle this devilish matter in your own way. I am not trying to penetrate any of your secret mysteries. All I ask is that Averell, here, be permitted to cross Kelly's Ford and destroy Fitz Lee without finding the entire Confederate Army lined up, grinning, awaiting him at the water's edge."

His rough irony did not seem to annoy Colonel Sharpe.

"I shall do the best I can, General," he said in his always agreeable voice. "And really, I have no desire to make a mystery of the situation to you or to any officer in high command. Here is the matter in a nutshell: A very clever Confederate Secret Service agent, Captain Jack Gaillard, succeeded in enlisting as a private in your First Rhode Island Cavalry——"

"When?" demanded Stoneman, angrily.

"After Marye's Heights. He kept Stuart informed. One of our detectives suspected that that information was coming from the camp of the Rhode Islanders. But before we could identify and catch and hang the spy, he'd skedaddled."

"Where?" demanded Stoneman, incensed.

"South, probably. His usefulness here was, naturally, ended. But recently one of our agents discovered the person with whom Gaillard had been in daily touch."

"Who?" growled Stoneman. "Not a woman again, I hope."

"A woman."

"My God!" exclaimed Stoneman, disgusted. "How many more females are spying on us?"

"Quite a number, General. This one in particular is a young girl of excellent family, clever, resourceful, and blindly devoted to the Confederacy. She is Jeb Stuart's personal spy and has a regular commission from him."

"You know who she is, sir?"

"We know now who she is, General. We know where she is. We are going to try to arrest her, if we can catch her within our lines. If not, we shall hope to render her harmless."

"Can't you destroy her?" inquired Stoneman.

"If that becomes necessary, I think we can," replied Sharpe, gravely. "I am planning to catch her and lock her up in Fort McHenry."

"Better get rid of her completely," growled Stoneman. "Is her life worth more than Averell's 3000 youngsters? Or are your people all Quakers?"

"You don't mean that, sir," retorted Sharpe, quietly.

"No, I don't. Sorry, Colonel. Only a spy is a spy whether male or female—and I'm sore all over."

"So am I, General. I have no mawkish sentiment in the matter of this young woman. I give orders to kill where necessary. I observe the law consequent to the findings of military courts. Personally, I happen not to believe in the execution of spies, because all enemies of the United States are far more valuable to us alive than dead. And hanging never yet deterred any other spy from practising his or her profession.

"But that's neither here nor there. In this case, Miss Antonia Ford, alive, may willingly, or unwillingly, furnish us information leading to the detection and arrest of Confederate spies in our lines. But dead, of what use to the United States would this young lady be?"

STONEMAN grunted, unconvinced. "You understand your own business, I have no doubt. Do you mind telling me how you intend to pull the fangs of this female snake?"

"I'll tell you, General. I have placed, near Culpeper, inside the Confederate lines, one of our cleverest Secret Service operators. I'd rather not give you her name. She is known only as Operator 13."

"Another woman!" muttered Stoneman, scowling.

"When Greek meets Greek," smiled Averell. "I see. Latet anguis in herba, and all that."

"If you choose. Like Miss Ford, Operator 13 is young, attractive, and well-educated. Socially she is fitted to be where she now is. At Culpeper. There still exists, General, as you may perhaps know, a very delightful Southern society clinging to the small towns and to the great houses scattered along our ever-shifting line of advance. Fredericksburg was everything most delightfully American in its social life. It is in an isolated community of this level that I have placed Operator 13, with orders to render harmless or to arrest or to destroy Miss Ford. And I have every reason to expect that my orders will be carried out."

"Then," said Averell, with his engaging smile, "I may hope to ride through Kelly's Ford without finding Lee and Jackson's line of battle in front of me?"

"We'll do our best, sir."

The three celebrated cavalry generals rose, shook hands with Colonel Sharpe, pulled on their yellow gauntlets, got into their gay saddles at the tent door, and galloped away with their escort of Pennsylvania horsemen to talk it all over again

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with General Joseph Hooker, about whom Jeb Stuart and Joe Sweeny had already made a banjo song or two.

At that very moment, not far away across the river, a girl was seated at a piano, playing and singing one of those saucy banjo songs:

"Ole Joe Hooker a-settin' on his boss,
A-lookin' lak he's los'!
Kinda 'pears lak he don' know
What to do or whar to go!
Oh, the en' of his nose
Is as ruddy as a rose,
An' he goes in a doze
Kinda dreamin' of his woes.
Oh—h!
Ole Joe Hooker,
Is yuh pla' full o' licker?
Ole Joe Hooker,
Ain't yuh hear that drummin'?
Ole Joe Hooker,
The Johnny Rebs are comin';
Kiss yore old black bottle goo'-by!"

The impudent, rollicking air with its doggerel verses floated through open windows across the lawn where two other girls were playing croquet.

The great white-pillared house was Blythedale; the girl at the piano was Rosalie Blythe; the girls playing croquet were Antonia Ford and Gail Loveless—the latter known only as Operator 13 at the headquarters of the United States Secret Service. If among the dappled shadows cast by new foliage she saw also the swaying pattern of the hangman's noose, it did not seem to disturb her.

CHAPTER 15.

IT was Miss Ford's shot. She steadied her mallet, took aim at her opponent and hit the red-striped ball a solid crack.

"Oh, dear!" said Gail Loveless as her blue-striped ball bounded wide of the wicket, where it had lain in perfect position.

"Now," remarked Miss Ford, with satisfaction, "I shall send you away where you'll do more mischief in the world." She placed the balls side by side, set her foot upon her own ball, and hit it. The impact sent her opponent's ball half-way across the lawn.

Another girl, leaning from an upper window, called down: "How cruel you are to Miss Loveless, Antonia! You treat her like she was a Yankee!"

"War is war," remarked Miss Ford. "Ask John Pelham."

The girl at the upper window blushed. She was very lovely. And that yellow-haired, smooth-cheeked boy, John Pelham, the idol of the Confederacy, had looked rather deeply into her young eyes. And was impatient to look again.

She was a Miss Shackleford of Culpeper; her intimates called her Bessie.

Now, from the lower floor, a new and defiant song came through Blythedale's open windows:

"Up with the crimson battle-flag—
Let the blue pennon fly;
Our steeds are stamping fiercely—
They hear our battlecry.
The bursting bomb, the bugles' scream
Proclaim the Yank is near;
Strike! Strike for God and Dixie,
And all we hold most dear!"

Shy applause from little Miss Shackleford, who had stolen noiselessly down into the music parlor.

"Now you sing, Bessie!" cried Rosalie, jumping up from the piano-stool.

And Miss Shackleford seated herself shyly and sang in excellent taste Anne Chambers' "Nec Temere":

"Gentlemen of the South,
Gird on your shining swords!
Like locusts in a drouth
Gather the northern hordes.
Ruthless and fierce they ride;
Gentlemen of the South,
Smite their barbaric pride at your
thunderous cannon's mouth!
Cor unum via una!
Gentlemen of the South!"

On the croquet ground it was Gail Loveless' shot. A very long and almost hopeless shot. She swung her mallet with deadly intent; her ball flew straight. Crack! She had hit Miss Ford's red ball at the final wicket and stake, and victory was within her grasp.

"Oh, Gail," exclaimed Antonia Ford, "what are you going to do to me?"

"Make an end of you, my dear," said Miss Loveless gently. And she did, without remorse, and ended the game with a slapping shot through the last two wickets, hitting the stake with a crack.

They strolled back in the verandah trailing their mallets behind them.

"Did you see Elizabeth blush when I mentioned John Pelham?" said Antonia. "Isn't she the sweetest! And I do believe John Pelham is courting her."

"Does she care for him?" inquired Gail.

"Of course. Any girl would. John Pelham the gunner. The 'Gallant Pelham.' Just a major of artillery, and all the world is in love with him. I'd rather die than marry a Yankee. Any Southern girl would. But if I could marry John Pelham at the price of my life, I'd die very joyfully to be his wife."

THEY mounted the verandah and laid aside their gaily-painted mallets.

Rosalie Blythe had wearied of her war songs and now she and Elizabeth Shackleford came out to the verandah, where Antonia and Gail Loveless already were seated at a table picking lint.

Conversation concerned the review of the cavalry brigade stationed near Culpeper and scheduled for that same day.

"My father had a telegram last night," Rosalie said. "There is going to be a court-martial held at Culpeper."

"When?" asked Operator 13 carelessly.

"On Thursday the fourteenth. General Jeb Stuart is coming up by train to be a witness."

There was much excitement at that news.

"Perhaps he'll bring John Pelham with him," suggested Antonia to Elizabeth; and the child blushed again.

"Is he bringing any more troops?" asked Operator 13.

"We don't need more troops," replied Antonia proudly.

As she spoke the distant strains of a cavalry band came to their ears.

"Here comes Fitzhugh Lee and his review," said Rosalie. "I do hope they've sent up new uniforms from Richmond. Or at least I hope that they've captured a brand new supply from the Yankees."

Nearer and nearer came the gay music of the cavalry band. Very soon the girls could see horses' heads tossing and brass instruments shining through the trees.

"There's General Fitz Lee himself," said Elizabeth. "He looks like a Norse god!"

Lawn and verandah were shaking, now, under the tread of two thousand horsemen. Through the trees their beautiful red battle-flags came into view; the brigade band rode out into the open sunshine with a dazzling flash of instruments and a gay roll of kettledrums.

"Oh, goodness," said Antonia, "they certainly are a ragged lot, poor dears!"

They were. Their gay cavalry jackets had turned to all colors and to no particular color; their headgear resembled last year's dead leaves in tint. But they rode jauntily, gaily, impudently alert.

Fitzhugh Lee—he of the Jove-like classic profile—rode in new grey-and-gold with his freshly-uniformed staff under the scarlet flash of battle-flags.

There followed a colonel in faded tunic leading the First Virginia cavalry, who wore blue uniforms taken in Chambersburg last October, and now ragged and dingy.

Then came the Second Virgina horse, very ragged, followed by the Third, Fourth, and Fifth. The guns clanked and chains and harness rattled; and the horse artillery appeared with its burning guidons bobbing.

And Operator 13 was mentally counting every trooper, every horse and every polished gun that jolted by, and planning to send the information to Colonel Sharpe by midnight.

AFTER the review, Major Blythe brought back some officers for midday dinner. There was good Madeira and good Bourbon at Blythedale. Dinners always went gally in the beautiful old dining-room with its ancient silver and glass and mahogany.

Major Blythe, who had given his arm to Gail Loveless, seated her, and then took the table's head. His motherless daughter, Rosalie, took the other end.

There was a vast and happy confusion of voices as the ladies were seated by their cavaliers. In the gay tumult Gail Loveless noticed an empty chair on her left and turned to see who had been allotted to her at table. An officer in grey-and-gold was just coming in, had already approached the empty chair; was bowing low to her.

And she looked up into the scarred, sunburnt face of Captain Jack Gailliard.

The frozen smile remained stamped on her features; her chilled heart seemed to stop, and every vein grew icy.

"Miss Loveless," said Major Blythe ceremoniously, "allow me, ma'am, to present my young friend, Captain Jack Gailliard, who is fortunate to be your cavalier . . . Captain Gailliard, suh, Miss Loveless, of Washington, who is an honored guest at Blythedale."

For one terrible, smiling moment their eyes met. Then he bowed.

Her first breath, drawn painfully, was almost a sob. And yet it was instantly evident that he had not recognised her. Her white skin, fashionably-dressed hair, and modish clothes seemed utterly to disguise her.

Nor did he even seem to hear in her charming, fresh, and modulated voice any faintest echo of the saucy drawl of "lil Lucille," the Headquarters' mulatto laundress, at Bower House. Apparently there was nothing in this young girl that recalled to him the harsh, frightened tones of the ragged fugitive who had so recently stopped him at the pistol's point, and who, with Vespasian Chancellor and himself, had watched a Confederate spy being done to death at sunset on a hayrick gallows.

Through the merry clatter of silver and china and chorusing voices, this young girl's voice came to him with limpid clarity. "We witnessed the splendid review of the cavalry this morning, Captain Gailliard. Which is your own regiment?"

"I have no regiment, ma'am," he explained politely; "I am on special duty under Mr. Gaston in Richmond."

"How romantic," she murmured. "I'm very sure you could, if you chose, tell me more wonderful stories than ever Othello told to little Desdemona."

"No," he said modestly, "I could not."

"Haven't you had any adventures, sir?" Her velvet eyes were very wide.

"None worth mentioning, ma'am." Suddenly he was blushing. And the reason for his mounting color was that something in her eyes, lovely as dark orchids, had reminded him of an infatuation of which no white man could be proud.

THE girl knew it, intuition made her certain; and instantly, in spite of her peril, all the delicate devilry in her was aroused. "Captain Gailliard," she said innocently, "I have often wondered how a black man like Othello could interest such a proud girl as Desdemona."

Gailliard's face became fiery.

"Of course," she said, "you and I couldn't understand such a thing." She laughed innocently. "As though, for instance, a Southern gentleman like yourself ever could notice even the prettiest negro girl in the South."

This was dangerous and cruel. The boy's

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features were surging with shame. She became scared at the mischief she had wrought, and kept her eyes on her plate until his guilty self-consciousness coiled to something like self-possession.

But she simply couldn't let him alone. "Aren't you going to entertain me?" she inquired smilingly.

"How, ma'am?"

"By telling me stories, Captain Gailliard. Did you ever encounter a really beautiful black Desdemona in your exciting and perilous career?"

"You are teasing me, ma'am."

"No. Why shouldn't a negro girl be beautiful? Everybody has heard about General Jeb Stuart's pretty negro laundress who turned everybody's head and proved to be a common Yankee girl with a dyed skin. Did you ever see her?"

Antonia Ford leaned over towards her. "You little wretch," she called across the table, "what are you tormenting Jack Gailliard about?"

"I want him to tell me a story, and he won't," said Gail, pouting.

"I'll tell you one," said the badgered young man in sudden desperation. "I once met a girl in Culpeper and fell in love with her the moment I looked into her eyes! Do you like that story, ma'am?"

"Go-goodness," faltered Miss Loveless, "was she as beautiful as that? And what happened then, sir?"

"The longer I looked at her the more madly I loved her."

"And——?"

"That's the story, ma'am."

"But—how did it end?"

"It hasn't ended."

"You mean that you are still in love with her?"

"I am."

"Wh-what are you going to do about it?"

"Continue to love her, ma'am."

"Does she know?" cried Miss Loveless.

"Not yet."

"Are you going to tell her?"

"Yes, I am."

"Wh-when?"

He deliberately pulled out his watch, consulted it. "In about three minutes."

"You can't! You wouldn't be rude enough to abandon me and go and propose to that girl . . . Anyway, it is rude of you, who are my cavalier, to tell me how you fell in love with some other girl."

"It isn't some other girl."

CHAPTER 16

AT that a swift color flooded her face. There was a tremulous little laugh. "How gallant and daring you really are, Captain Gailliard! Suppose I should take your declaration seriously—how could you flounder out of it?"

"I am deadly earnest, ma'am."

She affected to laugh merrily. "I'm in deadly earnest, too," she said gaily, "when I command you to tell me about the most exciting adventure in your military career."

"This very moment is the most dangerous," he repeated boldly.

She pretended consternation. "Are we really in danger in Culpeper?"

"I am, Miss Loveless."

At that she laughed. "You are determined to pay your compliments recklessly, Captain Gailliard. Of which of my weapons are you particularly afraid?"

"Of your eyes, ma'am."

"Are you a burnt child, sir?"

"Ma'am?"

"Have other eyes resembling mine taught you fear?"

Again the hot color stained his face.

"You haven't yet told me about the really most dangerous moment of your life, Captain Gailliard," she reminded him.

"This is that moment, ma'am," he insisted. "No armed Yankee could scare me as your beauty does. You are bristling with deadly weapons—your eyes, your lips, your hair, ma'am—and the terrifying loveliness of your——"

"Please, Captain Gailliard," she protested. She had not bargained for this. And now, striving to laugh at him, she saw that the boy was terribly in earnest.

"In these days," he said, "we live a whole lifetime in an hour. I—I hope I am not offending you when I say——"

"Don't say it," she whispered.

Major Blythe was on his feet, now, amid cheering and the flutter of beating hands—the first sentiment with brimming glasses: "Our Country—the Confederate States of America!"

When the fierce, gay din had subsided a little, "The Ladies!" followed; then "The President"; then "General Robert E. Lee!" Amid the cheering the doors of the great room were flung open, and Jeb Stuart and John Pelham came in, red sashed, gold laced and clanking.

Then the tumult grew to a whirlwind of cheering; men and women sprang to their feet, with lifted glasses.

When her turn came, Operator 13 made her curtsy to General J. E. B. Stuart and had her slender hand kissed by the blue-eyed, golden-bearded god. And then, threading the happy confusion, she made her way to the stairway, and to her chamber. And dropped upon a chair to rest and try to think.

FROM the window shade, partly lowered, the looped cord dangled; and the sun shadowed it upon the carpet, turning it to a perfect hangman's noose, swaying as the breeze stirred the shade.

One of those terrible moments of fear which all spies know had suddenly chilled her. Perhaps it had been Jeb Stuart's blue eyes that had awakened her to her perpetual peril. Perhaps it was the aftermath of her reckless flirtation with Gailliard—and with Death.

God, what rashness had been hers—to tempt the boy to remember her. The craze for posturing, for acting a part, for creating the dramatic moment—these would some day destroy her unless she could learn self-control.

She watched the shadow of the window cord with its hangman's loop sway across the carpet. She thought of the intense blue of Jeb Stuart's eyes, and shivered to realise that she had braved them. She thought of Jack Gailliard's eyes afire with sudden passion, and trembled at having provoked it.

For a little, yet, the cold fright of her perilous situation chilled her. Then, as always, her young blood suddenly flowed warmly once more. And once more the very charm of her danger gripped and held her in its all-embracing fascination.

She rose lightly, lowered the window shade. Then she bolted her door, pulled up her billowy skirts, drew from its belt around her waist a long, thin knife, and unscrewed the handle, which was hollow. Here was a crowquill pen as thin as a hairpin, and a tiny phial full of colorless liquid and a few sheets of jeweller's tissue.

No writing appeared as her pen flew, tracing invisible characters almost microscopic in dimensions. She detailed the events of the day, the numbers and conditions of Fitz Lee's regiments and horse artillery, their strength, their position.

She reported the arrival of Stuart and Pelham on court-martial duty. She wrote that Antonia Ford had not yet attempted to communicate with any rebel spy inside the Union lines, but that she might try to do so now, because Captain Gailliard had arrived in Culpeper.

No more cavalry had come, she reported, and only Fitz Lee's brigade occupied Culpeper; and she assured Col. Sharpe that her news was reliable.

When she finished she replaced pen, phial and tissue in her dagger's hilt and slipped the blade into its velvet sheath once more. The sheet of tissue she rolled into a tiny cylinder, took a tortoise-shell side comb from her curly hair, unscrewed one tine, which was hollow, placed the cylinder in it, and replaced the comb before the mirror.

A faint, aromatic, citrus odor remained in the room. She let the window shade slide up, and the sunny breeze dissipated it. Now she was ready to go downstairs and mingle with the others who had scattered about the grounds to enjoy the pale sunshine of earliest spring.

There still remained patches of soft snow on the northern slopes of roads and woodlands. On the verandah steps, in the sun, a picturesque group of young girls and junior officers in faded gray gossiped and laughed. She could see cavalry horses picketed along the low stone wall west of the stables and troops of the escort lounging there.

IN the summer-house Joe Sweeny picked dreamily on his banjo in sentimental accompaniment to the inevitable "Lorena," sung in a low voice by a girl from Charleston. On a wrought-iron settee Antonia Ford sat with Jeb Stuart in low-voiced conversation. She held a cluster of pale yellow crocuses in her hand.

Gail Loveless lingered a little while to listen to and join with the gossipers on the verandah steps. She did not see Jack Gailliard there. Nor was John Pelham visible. Miss Shackleford, also, was missing. The Charleston girl and Joe Sweeny had taken up "Ashby":

"Dream, oh dream of laurels won
On Virginia's battlefields,
Of the work forever done,
Of the sacred truth revealed!
Still we stand here proud and free—
Slaves and bondmen but for thee!
Ashby's men shall ever be
Our defence and shield!"

But Turner Ashby and his white battle horse were dead, and now the blue-eyed, golden-bearded Stuart led Ashby's men. There he sat over yonder whispering secrets into a little, ivory ear. And Operator 13 could only look at him across the croquet grounds and wonder what he was whispering to Antonia Ford.

And wonder, unquietly, where Captain Gailliard had gone and what he might be doing. And wonder, also, how soon she might venture to saunter toward the boxwood garden, and, from there, slip away into the oak woods and follow a winding path along a stream, until she arrived at her occult destination.

As Gail Loveless, strolling at hazard, skirted the ancient hedge of box she caught a glimpse of two in the deserted garden. And she saw John Pelham, his boy's face shining like a young and golden angel's, kissing Elizabeth Shackleford's white hands.

"Thank God," she thought to herself, "John Pelham won't be here when Averell comes a-galloping."

She stole onward, walking on the grass to avoid the dry leaves on the path lest their crackling disturb this gentle child and her young god in the springtime of the year and of first olve. Beyond the garden there was a grassy pond fed by a stream which ran through the oak wood, and which she had meant to follow to the end of her intended quest.

But here, along the pond's edge, paced Captain John Gailliard, booted and spurred in his faded grey, while his saddled nag, straying at will, munched the tender grass. It was too late to draw back; he had seen her. Here was a situation ripe for dramatic development. As she sauntered on, faintly smiling as he uncovered and came toward her, she had no slightest doubt that he was here to relay to spies inside the Union lines whatever Jeb Stuart was whispering into the ear of Antonia Ford. But she intended to see that her own business should be transacted first.

"What a solitary young gentleman," she said amiably, as he came striding across

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the meadow to confront her with a bow. "I thought, perhaps, you might be waiting for me on the verandah."

"I shall wait for you all my life, ma'am," he burst out impetuously.

But the girl merely raised her eyebrows and reminded him that he had not waited.

"If I had not been on duty, Miss Gail," he said hotly, "the whole Yankee army could not have driven me from your feet!" The boy was alarmingly in earnest, and he flopped down on his knees, rushing into a stammering and fiery declaration. "Miss Loveless, ma'am, no human being could help loving you at first sight, and I couldn't help it, either. So when you looked up at me in the dining-room I fell in love with you."

"Please, Captain Gailliard!"

"For God's sake, let me go on, Miss Gail."

"Wait!" He looked up at her, dumbly. She said: "I hear that you are celebrated for your sentimental affairs, Captain Gailliard. And now I am inclined to believe that you really are the gally reckless beau that people say you are."

The passionate avowal that burst from the boy at that silenced and frightened her a little; and to her hot consternation he caught her to him in an embrace of steel. "There w-was one other g-girl," he stuttered. "I reckon I'm plumb crazy, but there is something of her in you—though I must be mad to say it!"

"Who w-was she?" stammered Operator 13, placing both hands against him to keep him away. But her imprisoned body was yielding, and he drew her closer till their lips touched.

"All a lifetime in a day," he whispered fiercely—"love and death within the hour. Gail, will you love me?"

THEIR lips clung a moment; then she wrenched herself free and covered her face with trembling hands.

She wept silently, because she was involved in love, and knew it, and was afraid for him in that darkly devious maze to which she knew he was addressed. She dared not tell him so; she dared not warn him. He, and she herself, must go on in their appointed tasks until at last the thing happened to them which would end it all or liberate them forever from the madhouse where millions swirled in the maelstrom which was known as the seat of war.

He said: "My orders are coming. I must go."

In tearful silence the girl came to him. "For God's sake, be careful," she whispered.

"There will be little danger, I think."

"This is an awful thing God does to us," she whimpered.

"Ask your parents if we may be engaged," he said excitedly. "Write and tell me, Miss Gail. A letter to Jeb Stuart's headquarters will always find me. But where should a letter go to you, ma'am? To Blythedale House?"

"No. Write to me in care of the Baltimore Post Office, ge-general d-delivery," she sobbed. "But—where—where are you going, now? Please tell me."

"I can't. Good-bye." He looked at his watch, then gathered her close and kissed and kissed her. "They'll be here in five minutes, and you must not be seen with me. Good-bye, Miss Gail, ma'am. Darling—darling. Honeysweet!"

When she had walked a little way on into the oak woods along the stream she turned around to see what he was about. And saw what she expected to see—Antonia Ford on horseback, talking eagerly to the man to whom she had just pledged herself. Then she saw him take something from Miss Ford, vault gaily into his saddle; saw them ride away together and disappear.

CHAPTER 17.

BY the stream among the oak trees an old negro, bareheaded, sat upon the bank fishing for green bass and bream. When Operator 13 drew near him he peered up at her sideways.

"Howdy, ma'am?" he said smilingly.

"Good afternoon, uncle," replied the girl; "do grape vines grow along this creek?"

"Yes'm, lady, yaas'm?" he chuckled, "right smart lot o' grape vines 'long o' dis hyah crick."

Operator 13 waited.

"Is yuh did yuh stent, lady?" inquired the old man slyly. He removed the cover of a battered basket and held it up for her to see the mass of glistening fish.

As she leaned over to look she was carelessly rearranging a rebellious strand of hair. The tortoiseshell side comb, entangled, fell from it into the basket; and the old man, reaching for it, slipped it down the throat of a green bass.

"Ole big-mouf done swaller yuh comb, missy," he whispered, chuckling. "What I gwine to do now, lady?"

"Sell your fish at Hazel River Tavern. The tavern-keeper will offer you one dollar and six cents for your fish. Sell them to him and to nobody else."

"Yaas'm." He drew in his line, examined the bait, cast it out again toward a submerged log where a turtle sat.

The turtle slid overboard. Operator 13 also had disappeared when the old man looked around.

After a little while he got up, rheumatically, pulled up his line, wound it around the crooked pole, and trudged away with his basket of bass and bream.

THERE was a dance that evening at Blythedale House and a cavalry band for the dancers. But four of the gayest among the guests were missing. For the Culpeper court martial had been postponed, and Stuart and Pelham had gone back by rail. And Jack Gailliard also had gone away—nobody asked where—and Antonia Ford, it was said, had been invited for a day or two to Fairfax Courthouse to visit a school friend, and had ridden horseback thither, leaving her valise to be sent on by waggon.

They danced late—the girls at Blythedale—with the lively youngsters from Fitz Lee's regiment. Operator 13 left a proposal half-spoken on the stairs, and retired to the safety of her chamber.

She slept badly, listening, even in her restless dreams, for the startling voice she dreaded and expected.

It sounded, late the next morning, outside her locked door—the frightened voice of Elizabeth Shackleford. "Gail! Gail! Colonel Mosby rode into Fairfax Courthouse last night and caught a Yankee general in bed and galloped off with him, and the Yankee provost has arrested Antonia Ford at Hazelhurst!"

Gail Loveless got out of bed, trembling, and opened the door to little Miss Shackleford, dressed in riding clothes, deathly pale, and all a-tremble from her gallop in the morning chill.

"Will the Yankees hang Antonia?" gasped the girl. "They can't, can they? They can't do such a horrible thing to Antonia!"

The girl from Charleston appeared at the door in her nightdress, fiery with wrath and scorn for "Northern scum." "Major Blythe says they have sent Antonia to the Old Capitol prison!" she exclaimed. "Our scouts have just ridden into Culpeper with the news. Oh, I hope Colonel Mosby will hang that wretched Yankee general if they do any harm to Antonia."

Rosalie Blythe came to the door, wide-eyed, fearful. "Mr. Shackleford says the Yankees have captured a Confederate spy. It just can't be Jack Gailliard!"

Amid wailing patriotic execration and feminine lamentation, Gail Loveless managed to bathe and dress, but her limbs and body continued to shake in spite of her, so terrible the fear that was growing in her frightened heart.

And when at length she appeared at the breakfast table, Rosalie Blythe, behind the coffee urn, halted her in tearful triumph and exultation, saying that Jack Gailliard had led Mosby and his thirty rangers into the very heart of a sleeping Yankee camp and had yanked the Yankee general out of his bed from the very middle of his snoring soldiers.

The old veteran, Major Blythe, however, spoke gravely of Jack Gailliard and of Antonia. "Fortunately," he added, "she was within our lines, and not in disguise when the Yankee provost arrested her. But they may send the child to a fortress."

A horrified silence—then Gail Loveless, in a faint voice: "Did the Yankees catch any more of our people, sir?"

"I don't know, ma'am. John Mosby got c'lar away with his prisoner, they say. And I hope Jack Gailliard did, too. Give Miss Gail some hot coffee, Rosalie."

But Operator 13 could not touch her breakfast, and presently, pleading headache, returned to her room to lie on her bed and tremble and remember the man she had seen hanging on a hayrick, and that three thousand sabres were coming to Culpeper as soon as Colonel Sharpe had read the message of her comb and had signalled to Stoneman that the ford was clear for his eager horsemen.

NO further news came that day. It was a dull week at Blythedale that followed. Repeated attempts to communicate with Antonia proved useless. The Federal authorities were in a boiling rage over the kidnapping of a Union general from the middle of his own brigade. Baltimore newspapers gloomily chronicled the arrest of a Miss Antonia Ford, and reported that she was now locked up in Old Capitol.

Jeb Stuart sent telegram after telegram inquiring about her. John Pelham, in his letters to Miss Shackleford, always begged news of Miss Ford.

Finally, both Stuart and Pelham arrived in Culpeper by train again, the postponed court-martial having been called for March 13.

But again, on the twelfth, an old and grizzled negro had sold another basketful of fish at Hazel River Tavern to a man who paid exactly one dollar and six cents for the lot. The man was John C. Babcock, Federal Secret Service Operator 106. And on Wednesday, March 13, he delivered one more tortoiseshell comb to Colonel Sharpe, chief of the Union Secret Service.

On Thursday, March 14, General Averell, with three thousand Union cavalry, and some horse guns, set out secretly for Kelly's Ford, with orders to destroy the brigade of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee at Culpeper Courthouse.

All that day Fitz Lee's scouts and vedettes, always active north of the river, reported no sign of Yankee activity excepting the classic and frantic clowning of Colonel Wyndham's cavalry rushing around in circles in pursuit of Mosby and his angry prisoner.

In consequence, there was some revival of gaiety at Blythedale House. Officers of Fitz Lee came laughingly to exult and to play croquet and drink a cup of tea. The military court was now in session. Miss Shackleford's father received John Pelham in his own house, and gave his consent to the betrothal.

So Jeb Stuart, as usual, had his fill of dancing, singing and story telling with the youngsters and was unusually optimistic concerning Antonia Ford, against whom so far nothing serious had been proven by the Federal authorities.

On the fifteenth the court-martial at Culpeper ended.

Operator 13 was sitting on the verandah when Jeb Stuart and John Pelham came

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riding up for a last cup of tea. Stuart had been teasing Pelham about the boy's wishing to remain at Culpeper over Sunday; and the girls on the verandah began to torment the blushing young man.

Said Stuart, twinkling at them: "I am utterly unable to understand why the gallant Pelham desires to stay here in this peaceful spot when he may be missing a first-rate battle over yonder—"

He checked himself, still laughing, and took a telegram from a dusty cavalryman who had just arrived. "Ladies," said Jeb Stuart gally, "may I crave your indulgence a moment?"

He read the dispatch at a glance, laughed and turned to John Pelham.

"You are right as usual, John," he said. "Fitz Lee has word from general headquarters that a heavy body of Yankee horse is moving north of the river."

Major Blythe pricked up his veteran ears: "It may mean nothing, general," he remarked. "Who commands them?"

"Averell, it is supposed."

There was a silence. Gail Loveless' dark eyes had been fixed on Stuart, and her heart was beating violently.

Stuart said: "Fitz Lee has made all proper preparations. I hope Averell comes to Culpeper." He turned to John Pelham. "Well, then, John, suppose we do remain here over Sunday and see whatever is to be seen. Shall we? Not that I think Averell will really venture to cross the river."

The boy gave him a grateful look.

"I imagine, sir," said Major Blythe to Stuart, "that Fitz Lee can take care of General Averell if he rides this way."

Stuart's blue eyes sparkled. "I am sure of it," he replied; "and I propose to remain here on that chance and see for myself how Fitz Lee is going to do it."

THAT night after supper there was a great deal of patriotic singing by the young ladies. But Stuart had gone to Fitz Lee's headquarters with John Pelham and only Major Blythe's quivering old voice furnished the bass relief to the fresh-voiced youthful chorus.

Toward 9 o'clock there resounded a trample of cavalry—details from the Second Virginia riding down to Kelly's Ford. Everybody retired early. But wax candles burned late in the bedroom of Operator 13, where she sat writing on thin sheets of jeweller's tissue with colorless ink which left no mark.

It was not yet daylight on Sunday morning when Operator 13, fully dressed, pulled a chair to her open bedroom window and listened intently for what she knew was coming.

After a long time a bird awoke and sang a fitful note or two. Star after star faded in the grey chill. Suddenly dawn revealed the foggy woods and fields.

From very far away, softened by fog, came a gunshot. And, as though she had been struck by the same bullet, Operator 13 sprang to her feet.

The deadened banging of carbines filled her ears like rolling of muffled drums—lost now in the thunderous racket of horsemen passing the house at a frantic gallop. A clanging alarm of bugles broke out; more horsemen galloping and shouting; lights sparkled in the village.

At the Shackleford house a loud knocking and John Pelham's quiet young voice: "Good-bye, Elizabeth! The Yankees have rushed Kelly's Ford, and we're off to see the fight!"

The girl, in slippers and cloak, reached the garden gate too late; but Pelham, riding on beside Jeb Stuart, looked back and saw her white arm lifted in farewell. He waved his cap gally. At that moment the first sunbeam struck Culpeper and Elizabeth Shackleford's eyes, blinding them so that all she could see was her transfigured lover riding straight into the golden flames of morning.

CHAPTER 18.

THERE was a frightful rush of horses, guns, and yelling men in the blue jackets as Averell's horsemen churned the water of Kelly's Ford into a mass of foam. Down went Fitzhugh Lee's grey-jackets; the Second Virginia pickets were sabred or overwhelmed and their supporting company scattered and chased towards Culpeper. The crash of gunfire at the ford rose to a sustained air.

Operator 13 had run downstairs and out through the trees to the main camp road. Past her thundered Breathed's horse artillery. Then Stuart rode by with Pelham—volunteer spectators of Fitz Lee's developing fight, the Third Virginia thundering on their heels, followed by Rosser's command.

For two long hours the blue-jacketed horsemen and gunners had been crossing Kelly's Ford; and now the Third grey-jackets struck them a mile inland, followed by the yelling Fifth. Into these galloped two Pennsylvania regiments, tearing a bloody way towards their fighting Rhode Island and Maine comrades. There came a dazzle of flashing sabres and a deafening burst of carbine fire.

John Pelham, revelling in the uproar, turned to call out reassuringly to the Third Virginia, which seemed to be in some confusion. Then a gun in a Yankee horse battery flashed, and a shell, bursting in the mud, tore the boy out of his saddle and ripped his big, black mare to bloody shreds.

ALL day long the cavalry battled along the road to Kelly's Ford with crimsoned sabres and spitting carbines fired at such close range that the muzzle-flames set the troopers' jackets afire. Again and again the grey-jackets galloped yelling into the Yankee squadrons that savagely fought back, shot for shot and blow for blow.

At dusk their massive formations, now nearly two miles inland on the Culpeper road, began to retrace that road to the fatal river. Up at Blythedale they heard the cannonading become duller and more distant.

Old Major Blythe, grey and grim, sat listening to the receding roar of a Yankee raid that had failed. As all other Yankee raids had failed—after the awful damage they had done. Ashby yesterday and John Pelham to-day.

The boy lay at the Shackleford house. Beside him, her eyes blinded by tears, the girl he had loved was sewing on his shroud.

. . .

A black servant, searching for Miss Loveless, discovered her, weeping, on a bench in the box garden. "Miss Gail, ma'am," quavered the negro maid, "dar's a ole nigger at de back do' say how he gotta git dollah six cents fo' de fish yuh done buy off him dis mawnin', ma'am."

A stab of fright pierced the girl. Then she rose and followed the maid to the kitchen door, where a shadowy figure stood.

"Evenin', ma'am," quavered the old man. "I'se come fo' de fish money, lady."

Operator 13 looked stealthily about her at the lantern-lit darkness. "What message?" she whispered.

"Young master wif two hosses at de fishin' hole ax yuh kindly hurry quick, kase de Rebel provost on he way to ketch yuh, lady."

The girl gave a last frightened glance around her in the starlight; then, gathering up her poplin skirts in both hands, she sped away among the fruit trees, where, in the meadow, the little pond lay glittering and set with trembling stars.

Some hours later, Jack Babcock, United States Secret Service Agent 106, led his mud-splashed horse, Gimlet, into headquarters.

Astride Gimlet sat a young girl in a pink poplin dress. Ruffled flounces hung in flowery tatters above her knees, revealing a pair of slender legs in brier-torn stockings. On her dangling feet prunella pumps dripped swamp ooze. She had lost her small, round hat trimmed with pink roses; cat briers had scratched the white skin above her stocking-tops.

In one thorn-torn hand she still clutched a revolver with chilled and stiffened fingers.

The cavalry sentry at Colonel Sharpe's quarters halted them in the lantern light; the girl straightened up, rubbed her heavy eyes and pulled down the ragged flounces over her naked knees. Chilled to the bone, she was scarcely able to unclose her cramped fingers and push the revolver back into her saddle holster.

She could hear somebody's nasal voice announcing: "Two spies reporting from Culpeper Courthouse, sir."

A platoon of cavalry rode up leading five officers' horses. The troops stared solemnly at the two scouts. They took the girl in the pink rags for a rebel spy and were sorry for her.

Presently three zouave officers of the fifty-fifth and one hundred and forty-sixth New York regiments in red, black and gold; a captain of the Sixth Lancers and a blue dragoon major came clanking out of Colonel Sharpe's big wall tent and mounted their horses, casting curious glances at the two spies.

Colonel Sharpe followed them, a tall, handsome figure in the lantern light. When he caught sight of the girl on Gimlet he came forward, courteously.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" he asked in his pleasant voice. She tried to speak. Then he coolly passed one gold-embroidered arm around her waist, lifted her out of the wet saddle, and set her on her feet.

But Operator 13 couldn't stand; so the tall colonel, summoning John Babcock with a nod, carried her into his warm lamp-lit quarters and placed her in a padded armchair before the glowing stove. An orderly brought her a cup of something aromatic and steaming hot. She held it to her lips with both scarred and trembling hands.

Colonel Sharpe whispered to Babcock: "Is she wounded?"

"No, sir. They shot her hat off when we were swimming Gimlet across the river above. She's just tired and cold."

The spiced eggnog laced with brandy sent a reviving flame through her chilled body. Colonel Sharpe wrapped her in a travelling rug; Babcock pulled off her soaked pumps and lifted her feet to a hassock in the glow of the camp stove.

The girl's lips were blue and quivering; tears began to steal down her dirty cheeks.

COLONEL SHARPE seated himself on a camp chair and motioned Babcock to do the same. To the orderly he said: "Look after that horse at once!" To the scout he added quietly: "What's your story, Jack?"

"Well, sir," said the scout, "I've remained in touch with Operator 13, as you directed. You've had her reports from Culpeper through me. Then the unexpected happened—as usual. On the night of the eighth Mosby's Rangers slipped through General Stoneman's pickets near Chantilly and nabbed General Stoughton in his bed at Fairfax Courthouse."

Colonel Sharpe nodded pleasantly. He almost smiled.

"Operator 13," continued the scout, "sent me a warning that Miss Antonia Ford had ridden out of Culpeper with a Confederate secret service officer and that something probably was brewing along the river. But General Averell's and Colonel Wyndham's pickets noticed nothing; and, as for Mosby, he was in and out of Fairfax and away before Wyndham guessed what had happened.

"Then, sir, it was helterskelter everywhere, with Wyndham's cavalry riding the river like crazy folk; and Stanton wild with rage. But I kept on after Antonia Ford

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and Gaston's chief scout, Captain Gailliard.

"Well, sir, a Federal detective finally located Miss Ford and arrested her, and telegraphed for me. But she already had managed to send a grapevine telegram to Fitzhugh Lee warning him that Averell had started up the river, and that there must be a Yankee spy somewhere in Culpeper."

"How did you guess that?" interrupted Sharpe.

"Pure accident, sir. It's always some accident that finally hangs us. You see, sir, a picket of the Second Virginia cavalry down at Rappahannock Station stole a basket of fish from an old Negro and started to clean and fry them. They discovered a lady's comb inside a big green bass. One of the teeth of the comb broke off. It was hollow; and in it was a roll of tissue with no writing on it. But these rebel troopers had heard of Yankee tricks. They sent the comb and tissue paper to Gaston's expert chemist, Captain Gailliard, at Warrenton.

"He'd gone on to Aldie, but Miss Ford was there, and she took the tissue and treated it and read it; and then she sent the grapevine message to Fitz Lee to look for a spy in his own camp. All this Miss Ford triumphantly admitted, and defied us to do anything about it. So we sent her to Washington—but you know, sir, how the President is. And I guess she knows he won't let her be harmed.

"Well, anyway, those gay and clever Johnnies at Rappahannock Station had let the old negro go, after robbing him of his fish. I found him hobbling along near Culpeper and sent him in to Blythedale to bring Miss Loveless to me. That is how it all happened, sir."

"And you put her on your horse and led her all the way from Culpeper wood into the camp?" asked Colonel Sharpe quietly.

"Yes, sir. I had to"

Colonel Sharpe leaned over and shook the scout's dirty hand. "The honor of the Secret Service Corps is very safe in your keeping, John Babcock," he said.

The eggnog and the warmth of the stove were making Operator 13 drowsy again. Colonel Sharpe turned to her and said:

"You were sent out to catch Miss Ford. She's been caught. General Stoneman acted on your further information; and why General Averell didn't go on to Culpeper and destroy Fitz Lee God only knows. You did your part, ma'am; Jack Babcock did his; I have tried to do mine. Our records are clean."

He rose, picked up Operator 13, shawl and all, and, holding her cradled in his muscular arms, walked through the tented corridor into a log cabin where a large, fat negress was soaping clothes in a washtub.

"Aunty," said he, "here's a tired and very sore young lady who would enjoy a hot soaping, some arnica, some clean blankets, a hot supper and a warm bed. Because she must be well rested and ready to do some very important business for me by to-morrow, see that she is fit and ready."

He looked down at his burden smilingly, and his burden looked up at him out of wide, velvety eyes.

"You heard what I said, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I shall be fit and ready."

CHAPTER 19.

"I'M glad to hear you say so. . . Aunt Chloe, you are the best doctor and the best nurse in camp. I leave Miss Loveless to you." Still smiling, Colonel Sharpe placed the girl upon a camp chair, bade her sleep well, and walked back to his own quarters.

John Babcock rose stiffly as the chief of the Secret Service entered his tented quarters.

"John," said the colonel, "at last we've got Antonia Ford. A dangerous woman. But there's a far more dangerous man loose. We must catch him—and quickly."

"You mean Captain Gailliard, sir?"

"I do. I do, indeed."

"Very well, sir. I'm quite ready—"

"No. I'm not going to send another operator."

John Babcock betrayed both worry and chagrin by his silence.

"I'll tell you something you don't know," continued Colonel Sharpe quietly. "Jack Gailliard is now inside our lines, and on his way north."

"Do you know why he is travelling north, sir?"

"I do. And I have every secret service agent in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston watching for him. The trouble is, I have no description of him. But I have an agent who knows him personally; and I'm going to send her after him."

"A woman, sir?"

"I'm going to send Miss Loveless after him," said Colonel Sharpe pleasantly. . .

MISS LOVELESS slept all night long and all the following day until nearly 3 in the afternoon. When she awoke she saw her camp trunk and valises standing beside her cot and her own fresh underwear laid out beside her pretty travelling gown, pork pie hat, parasol and kid gloves. Spring sunshine filled the log hut. Robins chirped and chirped outside.

"Aunty Chloe," she called, sitting up in her blankets to free her eyes of the thick, curly hair.

"Yah'm, yah'm," replied Aunt Chloe, waddling in from somewhere in the outer sunshine.

Operator 13 yawned and looked up sleepily at the merry, fat, black countenance a-flash with snowy teeth. "Please give me another bath and rub," she begged.

"Yah'm, ma'am. I'se gwine curr, yuh an' rub yuh lak yuh wus de prize fi' y at de fair. I'se gwine pat yuh an' scrub yuh an' twis' yuh mos' in two till yuh ahms an' laigs is jes' a-kickin' tuh dance de Pea-vine!"

"Oh, dear," yawned Operator 13, "I'm sore all over."

But when she stepped into the steaming washtub and sank down with a contented sigh, her stiffness and soreness left her like magic under Aunt Chloe's massage, and youth and health and the excitement of impending new adventure did the rest. Dressed at last, the girl was quite ready to dance the "Pea-vine" or to follow the devious and secret "Grape-vine" from root to the uttermost convolution of its mysterious tendrils.

She wore a light brown travelling gown, full but without flounces and latched with turquoise at the waist and where the smart little Zouave jacket closed below the cambric collar framing her soft young throat. Her rakish little pork pie hat was edged with tiny turquoise blossoms; her neatly-fitting kid gloves were a golden tan.

Aunt Chloe, beaming with pride at her handiwork, cooked bacon and eggs and made beaten biscuit; and Operator 13 ate with appetite unimpaired by her experiences of the day before.

Col. Sharpe was very busy in his quarters, but not too busy to welcome Operator 13; and he had his big wall tent cleared to receive her. At first glimpse of the radiant young girl he became certain that she was exactly the person he needed.

"You look very charming, ma'am," he said, rising and placing a rocking chair for her by a table. Then he pulled his own camp chair up in front of the table, drew some papers from his inside pocket and spread them before her. "Miss Loveless," he said, "did you ever hear of the Sons of Liberty?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are going to hear about them now. The league called the Sons of Liberty is a military and secret organisation formed in the north by southern sympathisers. Its object is to attack and destroy the Union by armed force.

"There are in the north nearly half a million members of this secret military society plotting to ruin the United States. One more smashing Confederate victory will be their signal to start another terrible rebellion in the north.

"Their supreme leader, known as 'Grand Commander,' is a well-known copperhead named C. L. Vallandigham. What they plot to do is to mobilise under Confederate officers and rise simultaneously, led by these selected leaders, seize the loyal States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri and proclaim a new nation to be called The North-West Confederacy.

"Split into three parts, the Union could not survive a second rebellion. The South eventually would whip us out of our boots; the North-West would dictate its own terms to us. Miss Loveless, we must end this menace or it will put a final end to us."

THE girl was scarcely breathing now, so intent was she upon what this quiet, polite man was saying.

Col. Sharpe watched her thoughtfully for a while. Then, sinking his voice almost to a whisper: "I have told nobody, so far, something else that now I am going to admit to you: Gen. Lee is a better general than Gen. Hooker. He knows it, too; Hooker doesn't. But I think our unhappy President guesses it. Lee is certain that he is going to force Hooker into a disastrous battle and ruin him. And so utterly convinced is Lee of Hooker's impending destruction, that the Confederate Commissioners and Mr. Gaston have already sent northward a Confederate Secret Service agent to the Grand Commander of the Sons of Liberty with orders to mobilise immediately, seize the five northern States, and burn the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

"This agent," he continued calmly, "who has started north to give these orders, is a captain in the Confederate Secret Service. His name is John Gailliard. And I don't care whether he is killed or captured or driven across the Canadian border. But he carries on his person detailed plans for this new rebellion, and he must never deliver them." He looked her straight in the eyes. "You know Captain Gailliard, I believe."

Shock left her inarticulate, but she managed to nod.

"Miss Loveless," he continued, "I believe you are the only secret service agent in our employment who can recognise this man at sight."

Again the girl inclined her head. Her face had become so white that Colonel Sharpe regarded her narrowly.

"I am told," he continued, "that this man Gailliard does not hesitate to shoot. Therefore, in any emergency, I do not expect you to hesitate, either."

"Where am I to find him, sir?"

"I don't know. Our agents in New York will make contact with you. Superintendent Kenneday, of the metropolitan police, will help you. All the New York railroad stations, docks, ferries and hotels are being watched. The trouble is, we have no description of Captain Gailliard. That is where you will be helpful. And, Miss Loveless, don't forget that he is one of the most dangerous spies in the rebel service. Take no chances with such a man."

"My mission is to identify him, then?"

"Yes, I want his papers. And I want him, dead or alive."

She nodded.

"I don't know which of our operators will make contact with you. You know how to recognise them, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. And please remember that trapped men shoot."

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"Will Captain Gailliard have others with him?"

"I don't know. Probably. Anyway, our agents are instructed to make a complete job of it."

"If Captain Gailliard should surrender, would he be court-martialled and hanged?" she inquired calmly.

"No doubt at all, ma'am."

She said: "I thought you were opposed to the execution of spies, sir?"

"I am. But you and I have nothing to say in that matter."

She was thinking very swiftly now, trying to imagine some way to find her lover and save him, without betraying the cause he served.

COLONEL SHARPE rose and walked away through the tented corridor toward a telegraph operator who appeared with a sheaf of telegrams.

The terrifying drama of it all was overwhelming the girl. Yet, even amid the chaos of clashing emotions, her ruling passion persisted. And she became agonisingly aware that never, never before had any woman been offered so stupendous a role to play before so vast an audience. Her stage the huge theatre of war, the North and South her audience; all Europe looking on from the Nigger's Heaven—Napoleon and Victoria.

"Oh Heaven," she whispered to herself, "what a role and what a death—with the whole world applauding through its tears!"

Then amid the chaotic excitement dislocating her mind she began to realise that Colonel Sharpe had returned and was speaking to her again.

"A telegram has just arrived from two of my operators—Harry Dodd, Operator 39, and James Cammock, Operator 70. They have contrived to join the Sons of Liberty in New York city. They will make contact with you at the Saint Denis Hotel. I have telegraphed them to expect you there by Monday."

He handed her the memorandum. She folded it inside the scented glove on her left hand. He had the railroad tickets and baggage checks, too, and an ambulance to drive her to the station.

CHAPTER 20

COLONEL SHARPE offered her his arm; she rested her slim, gloved fingers on it lightly and lightly walked beside him.

"Don't forget that our new passwords are 'Ad astra'," he warned her.

"Ad astra," she murmured; "the way to the stars leads through the night."

He looked at her gravely. Her enraptured gaze saw things beyond him.

"Si dilis placet," she sighed. "I have watched the stars too long to fear the night."

The words were spontaneous. It was only afterward that she realised their theatrical value as a final exit. Some day, if she survived, she would write a play for herself—a sad, sad play—and those very words should end it. . . . Even angels and cherubim above should weep.

As Colonel Sharpe handed her into the headquarters spring wagon, known as "the ambulance" and drawn by six frisky mules, the one hundred and forty-sixth Zouaves were passing, their band leading with a deafening tumult of cymbals, brass and drums. She waved her handkerchief. There was only a battalion of them left. The remainder lay dead below Marye's Heights.

Over New York, when she arrived at sunset—after an irksome journey by day and night and day—were symbols of the mighty war clouds piling up to the southward—slow storm shapes gathering, spreading over the city a vast and thunderous gloom. Before she went to bed, lightning glimmered.

She breakfasted in Taylor's Saloon downstairs, and now was back in her corner suite in the St. Denis Hotel again. Her bed had been made up in her bedroom; her sitting-room had been dusted.

She went to the window and looked out through the lace curtains.

Across Eleventh Street was a marble building full of drygoods. Opposite on the other side of Broadway, where that great thoroughfare bends westward, rose the beautiful Gothic tower of Grace Church amid its trees. Here, along these blocks, was the centre of the city's hotel and theatrical life concentrated between Bleecker and Fourteenth Streets.

Here the blue Fifth Avenue stages, with landscapes painted in oval panels on their sides, and the yellow Madison Avenue stages moved slowly as ships in a heavy sea, through the perpetual traffic jam of carriages, hacks, delivery waggons, and cross-town cars. Here commerce crowded and fashion strolled; newsboys yelled, stage drivers and teamsters gibed, taunted, and swore at one another all day long; and the police were ever pushing through to clear the way for departing regiments.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a page brought a card to her little sitting-room. She read the names on the card—Henry Dodd written in ink. Under it, in pencil, another name: James Cammock.

"Ask the gentlemen to come up," she said. She rose to get her pistol and to close her bedroom door. Then she returned to the sofa in her sitting-room.

Presently there came a cautious knock; and, obeying her summons, two serious-looking young men came in.

She said something in a low voice, and they both replied almost inaudibly.

Again she spoke and their reply was a whisper.

Then she said quietly: "Where is the path?" And they replied in unison: "Sic itur ad astra."

"Your numbers?" she demanded. "Thirty-nine," said one. "Seventy," said the other.

"Operator 13," murmured the girl. "Won't you be seated, gentlemen?"

When they were seated and the door had been locked and the window shades lowered, Henry Dodd displayed their credentials.

Cammock said: "We don't know for certain that Captain Gailliard is here, ma'am, but we believe he may be the young man who registered at this hotel late last night and who has not left his room since he arrived."

"What room?" said the girl, startled.

"Across the hall from your door, ma'am, Room 23."

"Under what name is he registered?"

"John Halyard of New Castle, Delaware."

HER heart was beating so violently that she couldn't articulate for a moment or two. Then she managed to ask Cammock whether anybody was watching the door of Room 23. The spy motioned her to open her own door and look out.

She rose, unlocked the door, and peered into the corridor. And saw a shadowy figure in overcoat and soft hat standing at the farther end of the hall.

Operator 13 closed and locked her door again and turned to Cammock. Her pale lips formed a voiceless inquiry; and the spy replied: "He's Operator 00. George Galt. I have the housekeeper's pass key." He showed it to her. "We can enter the room at once."

The girl took the key from Cammock. She had become frightfully pale, but her manner and voice were composed. She said: "I am in charge of this investigation, Mr. Cammock."

"Yes, ma'am, we understand that."

"Please remember it." She began to pace the rose-flowered carpet, as though considering the situation. When her hard-beating heart beat more quietly her voice was once more under control: "Has anybody a description of this man in Room 23?" she inquired.

"Galt gave us his description. He got it from the hotel night clerk," said Cammock respectfully.

"Very well," she said; "let us ask Mr. Galt."

She opened her door again, Dodd and Cammock started to follow her toward the shadowy figure, but she motioned them to remain in her room and went on alone.

Galt was a burly young man with a scarred face. He kept his hands in his overcoat pockets and his hat on his head while she was approaching him.

When she was still a little distance away he stepped in front of her.

"One moment, miss," he said; "do you know the path?"

It was the first phrase again of the United States Secret Service challenge; and she answered, as prescribed:

"There is only one path."

"Where does it lead?"

"To the stars."

"Where is the path?"

"Sic itur ad astra."

"Your number, ma'am."

"Operator 13. Yours?"

"Double Zero. George Galt." He withdrew his right hand from his overcoat pocket, but it still bulged with a heavy weapon.

She said calmly: "Tell me about this man in Room 23."

"Registered at 3 o'clock this morning as John Halyard, of New Castle, Del. One valise; no trunk. The night clerk who notified us describes him as a smart-looking young man, darkish eyes and hair, small, dark moustache, slim figure, about five feet nine, with a polite manner and the voice of a Southern gentleman."

"Any other information?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am."

She said: "I am here to identify Captain Gailliard. But I have my own plan of procedure. You understand that I am in full charge of this matter, Mr. Galt?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

"Very well. Go down to the lobby and wait there until I send for you."

The detective seemed surprised. He looked sharply at her for a moment, then touched his hat with a jerky salute and walked off toward the broad, railed stairway leading to the lobby below.

When the girl returned to her rooms the two secret service agents were peeping through the crack of the door, their eyes fixed on the door of Room 23.

"How many entrances are there to this hotel?" she asked.

"Two, ma'am," replied Dodd; "one on Broadway, the other on Eleventh Street."

"Then you will please stand watch outside the Broadway entrance; and Mr. Cammock will you please take your station outside the Eleventh Street door? And remain there until further orders."

THEY walked away together down the long, dim corridor. The girl watched them until they had disappeared.

She trembled slightly at moments. There was unutterable anguish in her colorless face.

From the street outside her windows came an increasing roar of vehicles and voices. Newsboys were shouting that a great battle was expected to begin.

The drums of marching regiments redoubled the din of the streets—Fire Zouaves, a blaze of scarlet as far as the eyes could reach. They were recruits on their way to a transport.

The brazen racket of their drums, cymbals, and trombones made her head swim. And all the while her tortured heart and blinded brain were struggling, throbbing with her problem.

As she stood there trembling in an agony of fear and indecision, she heard

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the sound of a key turning; the door of Room 23 opened; a man stepped out cross the threshold, and caught sight of her at the same instant.

"Gail!" he said, astonished.

Her horrified amazement was genuine, for she had hoped it might not be he, and that she might have more time.

"Gail," he repeated, incredulously, "it is you, isn't it?"

He came swiftly to her, took both her hands and kissed them joyously; would have kissed the tense, drawn mouth.

"What are you doing in New York?" she faltered, avoiding him.

He laughed mischievously and drew her into his arms. But the girl shrank away. Her white face and frightened eyes checked and sobered him.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?"

Her restless eyes swept the dim corridor; and when she was sure that nobody had seen them, she motioned him to enter, then locked her door and leaned against it, trying to clear her mind of terror.

"What the devil—" he began.

She felt his arms imprisoning her again, freed herself with a convulsive movement. "Can't you let me have a moment to—to think?" she stammered.

He possessed himself of her hand again, but she jerked her fingers free.

"For God's sake, don't touch me," she whimpered, sinking down upon the sofa.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What is frightening you?"

"I'll tell you in a moment. Only don't touch me!"

He stood there flushed and troubled, looking down at her out of perplexed eyes while the girl, her pale face rigid, sat looking at the locked door.

He said again: "What troubles you, dearest? You look like death."

"Death?" she repeated dully.

She lifted her frightened eyes to his without any hope at all. And suddenly, hope glimmered out through mental chaos—as though somewhere a door had opened out of thick darkness showing her the way out. Instantly she felt once more that odd thrill of pleasurable excitement in deadly peril. A vivid color suffused her face.

When she rose from the sofa she was still trembling slightly. Very lovely to look at, now. Lovelier still as she abandoned her slim, white hands to her lover; and presently her lips.

FOR a while the terrifying reality of life had frightened her out of her art. Now she was mistress of her mind once more; and again the actress, charming, convincing to the tips of her exquisite little fingers so cool against his lips. And she was all tremulous repentance and youthful shyness and feminine fragrance in his arms, striving naively to express her shame at having doubted him.

He did not comprehend her at first.

"I couldn't understand your being here in New York," she explained. "Will you ever forgive me?"

"Did you suppose I had turned traitor to the South?" he demanded. She hid her face against his shoulder, holding closely to him while he laughed and kissed her hair and neck and the delicate curve of one flushed cheek.

"Darling," he said, "it seems too wonderful that I should encounter you on a business trip to New York! With whom are you travelling, Gail?"

She instantly invented an Aunt Sarah, who was at that moment supposed to be awaiting her in the restaurant downstairs.

"Wonderful," he repeated. "I arrived late last night, and I slept late. Some friends of mine are coming to see me later on business. But after that, can't we have the rest of the day together?"

"Oh, darling, Aunt Sarah is a rabid Yankee?"

"What of it!" he rejoined gaily. "I'm passing as a rabid Yankee myself."

"But I must dress for the afternoon and join my aunt for the tea at Taylor's."

"When?"

"Now. She's waiting. And we're going shopping afterward."

"Can't you arrange it somehow?"

"No. I'm late now." Still busy with her hat and curly hair.

"Gail," he pleaded. "I'm obliged to leave for Montreal at 8 o'clock to-night. Can't you manage to shed your worthy Aunt Sarah and devote the rest of the day to me?"

Operator 13 giggled. "Shall I put on my hat and shawl and run downstairs to Taylor's and tell my aunt that I have a splitting headache?" she asked naively.

His mischievous, delighted eyes answered her. She adjusted her small flowered hat, pinned her shawl, seized her purse from the table and took a last look at the pier glass.

"Will you wait here for me?" she asked, breathlessly radiant.

"I'd better wait for you in my own room across the hall."

"No! Promise to wait for me here! If you don't I won't go. Promise!"

"All right," he said, "but if you miss your redoubtable aunt and she comes looking for you here, we'll have to marry before I leave for Montreal!"

At that their laughter rang out unrestrained; then the girl, pretending to distrust him, slipped out of the door and locked him in. And stood few a moment in the corridor, rigid and mirthless, desperate.

CHAPTER 21

THE deeply carpeted corridor was silent and dim. She could see nobody in it. In her purse was the housekeeper's pass-key which she had taken from Operator Cammock.

She looked up and down the corridor again; then, crossing swiftly to Room 23, she fitted the pass-key to the lock and opened the door.

On the bed lay a locked valise.

From a leather belt under her dress she drew a long, keen-edged knife and slashed and hacked a long slit in the leather.

Through this she pulled out shirts, collars, underclothing, and then a packet of papers, taped and sealed. From this she ripped wax and tape and tore open every envelope.

Here was his commission! Here were lists of men's names and addresses in northern cities. Here was a letter from C. A. Gaston to C. L. Vallandigham. It had to do with a depot of hidden war material in Chicago, and a plan for seizing the U.S. gunboat Michigan.

Here was another letter to Vallandigham, signed by Clement C. Clay; another to John Porterfield from Judah P. Benjamin. These latter concerned a plot to disorganise Federal finances and withdraw gold from circulation.

There was a letter from Jacob Thompson to a Col. Robert Martin concerning seven other Confederate officers who had made their way into northern cities to lead the Sons of Liberty in the impending revolution.

There was one more letter in cipher, directed to Vallandigham—no doubt the formal order to begin operations by seizing Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio.

Gathering all these papers into a bundle, she left the room, closed and locked the door, and sped towards the stairway.

Operator Galt sat in the lobby, smoking. When he caught sight of her descending the stairs he went to meet her.

"The man is gone," she whispered, "but I've got his papers."

"Was it Captain Gailliard, ma'am?"

"Yes. Find Dodd and bring him to the 11th Street side door."

She went on into the passageway and found Cammock at his post. Almost immediately Dodd and Galt came hurrying down 11th Street.

"Capt. Gailliard was not in his room," she said, "but I found these papers in his valise. Gentlemen, you will be good enough to carry these papers to the office of the provost marshal, examine them, telegraph their contents to Col. Sharpe, and await further orders from him."

"Where did Capt. Gailliard go?" asked Galt, bewildered.

"I think I know where he is going," said Operator 13. "And I am going to follow him."

"You'd better take one of us"—began Cammock, but she interrupted coldly:

"Do I have to remind you again that I am in charge here, Mr. Cammock?"

The spy reddened. "I can't understand how he got out of this hotel," he muttered.

Galt, deeply chagrined, said to Dodd: "Well, I guess we better hurry along to the provost and start our telephoning."

Dodd said to her admiringly:

"This is a fine bit of work you have done, ma'am. Will you keep in touch with us?"

"Perhaps," she said quietly. "Be very careful of those papers. I hold you three gentlemen responsible for them."

They touched their hats to her. Galt carried the papers. Dodd and Cammock walked on either side of him like a pair of gaunt, watchful hounds.

A KEY rattled in the door where John Gailliard sat awaiting the return of his ladylove. The girl came in breathless, radiant, excited.

"I sent my aunt about her business," she said. "I'm free! What shall we do, darling?"

A swift embrace, passionate, clinging for a moment, then a laughing escape and a further adjustment of her hat before the mirror.

"I'm expecting some friends," he said; "they won't keep me long, Gail. I'll step across to my room a moment."

"Are you really going to Montreal?" she asked dolefully.

"Yes, I am obliged to go."

"When?"

"At six to-night. I'm sorry, darling."

"Are you going alone?"

"With a friend."

"Couldn't you possibly postpone your journey?" she asked wistfully.

"I'm sorry. I already have his tickets and mine."

"Oh, dear——" Her voice broke childishly.

He looked at her face in the mirror, saw her mouth quiver; came up behind her and touched the nape of her neck with his lips. "I must serve my country," he said tenderly.

She turned from the glass, caught him by both shoulders, and whispered excitedly in his ear: "Is your friend a Confederate officer?"

"Not an officer."

"Do I know him?"

"You never even heard of him, dear. His name is Harrison, and he's General Longstreet's chief spy."

"Oh, darling, be careful!"

"You needn't worry, honey-sweet. I left word at the office for him to come upstairs and knock. So I'll just step across to my room and call the office."

"There's a speaking tube near the door. You can use that."

So he went over and set his smiling lips to the rim of the wall-tube; blew into it a whistling blast and, when the desk clerk answered: "This is John Halyard, Room 23, speaking. I am expecting a Mr. Harrison from Baltimore. Has he arrived?"

"Mr. Harrison has just gone up to your room, sir."

Gailliard turned to Operator 13. "He's here. I won't be long. Wait for me, honey-

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bun, and we'll have the rest of the day together."

He opened her door and went out. There was nobody in the corridor as he stepped across the hall and fitted his key to his door lock.

As he did so the door opened in his face and a man came out in a hurry, colliding with him in the dusk. Both men sprang back, their pistols half drawn.

A silence of recognition; and Gaillard whispered: "Was my door open?"

"Yes. They've got your papers. We'd better get out of the city!"

Through the partly open door Gaillard could see the slashed valise and the tumbled bed littered with underwear. He turned a white, desperate visage to the other, who nodded back grimly.

"Ya'as, suh; thar's like to be a right smart o'hangin' in these parts. Yuh reckon yuh kin make Montreal?"

"I've got to try. And you?"

"Baltimore—or the hangman's jig for me, suh. And I reckon I'll be on my way."

He pulled his heavy pistol free of his hip pocket, cocked it and, still clutching it, thrust his hand into his coat pocket. Then he passed like a shadow along the corridor and disappeared around the distant turn where the staircase descended to the lobby.

OPERATOR 13, coquettishly hatted and gloved, stood by the window looking down at Broadway, when the door behind opened and she heard her lover come in. For a brief moment she dared not turn her head. Then, summoning her courage, she looked around at him with a reproachful little shrug.

"Really," she said, "you've been away so long that there isn't very much of the afternoon left for us, Jack."

He said quietly: "There is no time left for us at all." His clever, boyish face was sunken and colorless. "Matters have gone very wrong with me. I must say good-bye. I am going now."

"Going!" she repeated.

"I must."

"To Montreal?"

"Yes."

"Is your friend waiting?"

"No; I go alone."

She came to him and rested her clasped hands against his breast. "Do you believe that you are in any danger?" she whispered.

"I don't know. You are not to worry, darling. Good-bye."

She avoided his lips and took his arm with pretty decision.

"If you are going to the railroad station," she said, "I'll say good-bye to you there."

"Darling, it might not be safe for you to be seen in my company."

"Do you think you may be arrested?"

"In that event you ought not to be seen with me——"

"Tell me," she interrupted, "have you paid your hotel bill?"

"I paid for my room last night."

"Very well, then; I will meet you aboard the train and go with you to the first stop at Harlem. We can have that much time together!"

"Darling, you had better keep clear of me."

"No! Give me your friend's ticket! There's no danger in my sitting with you as far as Spuyten Duyvil."

He was still reluctant, but she had her way with him, and when he finally yielded the extra ticket to her she tucked it gaily in her glove, took his arm, and marched him out and into a corridor which terminated in a narrow flight of stairs at the Eleventh Street door of the hotel.

Here were hacks waiting. He signalled to one of the drivers.

When he had been rattled away in his rickety old hack, the girl, instead of returning to her rooms, walked back to the hotel lobby, paid her bill at the desk, displayed her railroad ticket to the head porter, and told him to come for her baggage in a quarter of an hour. Then she went up to room 23, tried the door, and found it open, and discovered the chambermaid had been inside, had finished her work and left.

The contents of the ripped valise lay neatly piled on the bed, and the valise stood on a chair. Through the slit in its side she packed it with its proper contents and lugged it across the hall to her own quarters.

Over one of her valises there was a brown alpaca cover. This she removed and fitted over his valise and buttoned and strapped it tightly.

She had just finished her own packing when the porter came for her baggage. She placed the duplicate checks in her pocket-book along with the railroad ticket and went lightly out and down to the waiting hack.

As she set her foot on the carriage-step a Federal detective, lounging near, gave her a secret signal of recognition, and she beckoned to him.

"Is there any news?" she whispered.

"Yes, ma'am. We're raiding these here Sons of Liberty. We've nabbed better than 300 o' them already. Are you leaving us, ma'am?"

"Yes. I'm going to Montreal with another secret service operator named Halyard."

"Good enough, ma'am. I hope you catch Vallandigham. I hear he's skedaddled that way."

"I'll do my best," she smiled. "Keep an eye on your hotels. There are rebels' spies here waiting for an opportunity to set them afire."

She gave him a friendly warning nod and stepped into the battered old carriage, which rattled away over the stones.

CHAPTER 22.

IN the throng of people filling the station policemen were numerous, busily watching the arriving and departing crowds. In fact, the whole place swarmed with metropolitan police and municipal and Federal detectives. Soldiers, too, were standing with fixed bayonets beside all entrances and exits to train platforms.

The girl had secured a porter to carry her lover's valise and her own. She had ten minutes to wait before the gates to the Montreal express were opened, and she took up a position where she could see all arriving passengers.

Near the gate she noticed Operators Dodd and Cammock chatting with two soldiers on guard; and when she caught Cammock's eye she summoned him with a slight movement of her pretty head.

"Any news, ma'am?" he asked respectfully, touching his hat as he came up.

"Yes; I'm going to Montreal with a Secret Service operator whom you don't know. He'll be here in a few moments. You are not to notice him or me when we go through the gates. Tell that to Mr. Dodd. And see that those soldiers on guard don't stop us."

"Very well, ma'am. I hope to God you catch that fellow Gaillard short of the Canada line!"

"I shall try to put an end to Captain Gaillard's mischievous activities," she said smilingly.

A moment later she caught sight of her lover in the crowd, and made her way to him and gaily took his arm.

"The gates are just opening," she said. "Don't notice those soldiers when we show our tickets. Here, take mine, too, and let us look as married as we can!"

"You shouldn't have done this, Gail," he said to her under his breath.

"You'll be safer with me on your arm. Try to look like a husband, darling."

She was laughing as they reached the gates. He displayed the two tickets with amiable carelessness; their ragged negro porter followed them, whistling as he shuffled along at their heels.

Their sleeping-car already glimmered feebly with oil-lamps.

As they climbed aboard, followed by the musical porter, Gaillard noticed the two valises, and when they were seated together he asked the girl why she had brought them.

"In mine," she said, "are sandwiches and cake and a bottle of champagne." And, she continued, "I took your valise from your room and packed your things into it, and put on an alpaca cover so your shirts and collars wouldn't spill out. Who slit your valise open, darling?" she inquired innocently.

"I don't know . . . You are a very wonderful girl; do you know it?"

"I don't know whether I am . . . I'm tired; I know that much." She lay back in her seat and closed her eyes, and remained so even after the train started.

After a little while, however, she opened her eyes and looked at her fellow travellers. There were not many of them. His hand sought hers and her own nestled into it.

"Spuyten Duyvil is not very far away," he said.

"I know . . . Suppose I go on to Montreal with you?"

He forced a smile at that—a troubled one.

"Besides our food, my valise is fully packed," she remarked.

His smile faded and he looked at her uneasily; and she looked back at him out of level eyes.

"You couldn't venture to do that."

"Why? Wouldn't you marry me?" she inquired naively.

"Darling, what are you talking about—"

"Marriage. Don't you want to?"

HE said grimly: "If ever I get out of this I'll want to, and you know it."

"Are you afraid you'll be arrested on this train?"

"I haven't any means of knowing. You saw my valise, yonder. Papers were taken from it to-day that makes my situation very serious. And that is why I don't want you to come. And that is why I shall be relieved when you get off at Spuyten Duyvil."

"I'm not going to get off at Spuyten Duyvil," she said.

For ten minutes he talked to her very plainly, explaining that she could be of no further use to him if he were arrested, and begging her to leave him at the next stop.

"After all," said the girl lightly, "love is love. I am capable of two kinds. You are one kind." She smiled at him. "The other," she added, "is love of country."

"Yes," he said, "our country first and last."

Their train whistled for Spuyten Duyvil.

"You must go, darling," he whispered.

"If I do you'll never reach Canada. And never live to marry me. Perhaps you won't wish to in another minute."

"What do you mean?"

The train came to a stop and the girl leaned towards him, her hand crushing his convulsively.

"You can't get through unless I take you," she whispered. "If anybody comes aboard and speaks to me, keep silent!"

At the same instant, two men walked into the car, scanning the people seated. One of them caught the girl's eye and, recognising her, made a slight motion with his left hand.

She nodded; and as they passed they paused beside her, glancing sharply at her companion.

"Anything for us, ma'am?" inquired one of the men politely.

"Nothing."

They glanced again at John Gaillard, nodded slightly, and passed on.

It was only when the train moved out of Spuyten Duyvil on its long journey

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northward that the girl dared look at her lover. Her face was white.

"You see," she said. "I can get you through. Once," she went on in a low voice, "you gave me your parole. I would have had to shoot you if you hadn't."

He gave her a bewildered look; then he sat upright with a stiff jerk, his boyish visage surging in color.

She said: "I am letting you go once more, on your parole of honor. And that ends your mischief for all time. Ends it as utterly as the gallows would end it. I am in love with you and you know it. But you cannot count on that. I could survive your death. I could love again, in time. You see, I know myself. Life is all before me; and my art; and you—if you will let me love you. Will you?"

His face was aflame now, scarlet with chagrin, with angry shame.

"Yes," she said. "I am that nigger laundress, too, and the ragged boy in the hayloft. And I am the girl whose heart you won at Blythedale. And I am in love with you. But I was in love with you when I left that scar on your face in Martinsburg. There is no treachery in me, John Gailliard."

He moistened his dry lips. "No," he said; "I understand that."

"There is no chance for you unless I vouch for you," she went on. "Darling," she whispered, "I shall not let you leave this car or this seat unless you give me your parole. And if you hope to jump from the train—and unless you give me your word of honor that you will attempt no further mischief against the United States—I shall not lift a finger to prevent your arrest when detectives board our train at Albany."

He remained silent for a long while.

REACTION from the tense strain left her deathly tired; she knew no better way to sleep than to lay her cheek against his shoulder. She wound her arm so tightly around his and took so firm a hold of his hand that she knew he could not move without awakening her.

For two hours she slumbered on his shoulder, unstirring, until some movement he made awoke her.

"Where are we, darling?" she inquired.

"I think we are passing West Point."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and pressed her nose against the dark window. And saw the lights of the old fortress glimmering across the river.

"I wish," she murmured, "you'd give me your parole and let us both go to sleep. You would if you loved me."

"If you loved me," he said in a low voice, "you'd let me go."

"Go where, darling?"

"Back to my own people."

"How?"

"The first time the train slows down I could drop off."

"Is that what is in your mind, darling?"

"You know it, don't you?"

She sat up and bent forward to peer at him closely. Only one smoky lamp remained burning in the car, and the expiring flame gave scarcely any light. She could barely distinguish his shadowy features in the swaying obscurity of the rushing train. Suddenly she felt afraid.

"If I let you go," she whispered, "you will forget me."

"I will love you as long as I am alive. And you know that, too."

The girl dropped her head back on his shoulder with a faint sigh.

"After all," she thought, "the way to the stars is hard to follow."

"Operator 13," he whispered, "are you still a little in love with me?"

"Yes, so far I am," she said in a sleepy voice.

The locomotive, thundering on through darkness, whistled derisively.

"When the train slows down will you let me take my chances?"

On the girl's lips there was a ghost of a smile. It faded to a tremor. "Do you think that love—that love pardons everything, darling?" she faltered.

"Everything."

She moved her head on his shoulder and looked up at him, beginning to whimper a little, and reached into the pocket of her gown for her handkerchief.

He could see the glimmer of tears in her eyes; feel the convulsive tightening of her fingers on his. She lifted the handkerchief to her face, but he was already kissing the tears from her eyes.

"Dearest—dearest," she breathed, "I want you to wear this b-bracelet in m-memory of our pledge."

There came a muffled click, followed by another; and his lips recoiled from hers as though she had stung him. He started to rise, but dropped back into his seat beside her, his right wrist limp and relaxed, handcuffed to her left one.

CHAPTER 23.

"YOU made me do it," she said breathlessly. "My orders are to kill you, or drive you across the border. I'm trying to do my duty and save you, too; and you try to make a traitor of me. Now will you give me your parole?"

He made no reply. She could feel the swelling muscles in his clenched right hand where the steel band held it against her own. She could feel his whole supple, powerful body throbbing with rage and terrible despair.

"I do love you, but you forced me to choose," she whispered fiercely, "and I care more for the United States than I do for you!"

In the frightening darkness the locomotive whistled again. A lantern glimmered as a rush of air and cinders swept through the car from an opening door, and the conductor passed along the aisle, his lantern shining on rows of empty seats.

He moved on slowly into the car ahead. The train whistle sounded again and again; brakes began to check the speed of the cars; a signal lamp flashed by; another light glided past more slowly; others more slowly still.

Suddenly young Gailliard jerked her handcuffed left wrist behind her back, pinned it there, clasping her waist with his manacled right arm. She snatched at the pistol in her dress pocket, but he passed his free left hand under her knees and sprang to his feet, cradling her while she struggled venomously to get at her pistol.

He was already at the open door, and out on the platform with her before fright unsealed her writhing lips.

"Don't jump!" she panted. "You'll kill us both! Have you gone crazy?" striking at his face with terrified fists. "Oh, darling, don't kill me."

"Will you let me go?"

With all her strength she struck him in the face, dazing him. Then, half-blinded, he jumped out into darkness where stars glimmered on shrouded water.

He also had watched the stars too long to fear the night.

BUT it seemed that the classic road to the stars did not pass through starry waters. There was no splash when they landed; merely a violent shock. For that agile young man, gripping his writhing victim, had landed on a barrack of marsh hay; and the girl, falling on top of him, knocked the breath out of his body and the five wits out of her own noddle.

When at last he was able to breathe again he gasped out an inquiry regarding her bodily welfare, but got no reply from her. For, when those two fighting youngsters landed, their heads had rapped together like a pair of coconuts, dazing him and knocking the five wits clean out of her; and now she lay senseless and inert across him, her slender left arm still manacled to his right arm, and doubled under her body.

He contrived to flounder upright, buried to the knees in the mouldy marsh hay. Then he seated himself, drew her left arm from under her and let her sink back against his shoulder. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the fall had not broken her back or her wrist or dislocated her shoulder, he groped for the pockets in her disordered clothing, found her pistol and pocket-book, and fished out of the latter a bunch of keys.

The second key he tried unlocked the handcuffs, and detaching it and leaving it sticking in the lock, he tossed the handcuffs into the swampy sheet of water at the foot of the stack of marsh hay. Her revolver, box of caps and ammunition he prudently pocketed. She had, in another pocket deep in her voluminous skirts, a thin packet of papers. He took these also, professionally.

The girl was still unconscious when he lifted her once more and slid from the slippery mound of marsh hay.

When he had climbed up the embankment to the railroad tracks above he caught sight of the lights of the station only a little way down the track; and, what interested him still more, saw the rear lamps burning on a standing train.

This must be their own train, still held at the station. Their own car, too, which was the last one. No other train had passed. He was certain of that.

Now lugging her in his tired arms, he hurried over the cinder-bedded sleepers toward the station.

He could see a man in a cap and railroad uniform loitering on the dimly-lighted platform.

A lantern dangled from his hand. There was another man there, too, seated on a bench. Both were gazing northward along the track toward the panting locomotive.

The rear platform of the sleeping car overlapped the station platform. Gailliard went around to the river side of the car, climbed up with his senseless burden, opened the rear door and stepped into the empty car.

There were their valises, just as they had left them. But the negro porter had made up both berths of their section, and the baggage stood in the aisle by the curtained lower berth.

John Gailliard laid Operator 13 on the grey blankets of the berth, and placed a pillow under her head, which still wore the saucy little hat with its tiny blue blossoms. There was only one thing to do with such a dangerous youngster, unless he left her at once without knowing how seriously she had been hurt. But he couldn't bear to do that.

He hesitated, and his boyish face was very red and his hands unsteady as he drew off her shoes, her garters, her stockings, her hat and her jacket, full of burrs and hay. But he had become by this time thoroughly afraid of the resourceful and dangerous young woman; and he determined to undress her with the prudent view of making any immediate pursuit of himself impossible when she revived.

AT last, horribly embarrassed, he contrived to accomplish the business in hand, pull sheets and blankets over her, and place her piled clothing in the upper berth out of reach. Then he drew from her pocketbook a tiny crystal flask of hartshorn which he had noticed there, and which now he thrust under her pretty nose.

The girl's reaction was so prompt and so violent that it scared him; for she gave a terrific sneeze and sat bolt upright, regarding him with a wild surmise.

It was, however, nearly a minute before she fully realised where she was and in what outrageous condition. He had been trying, politely, to pull up the blankets around her throat, and was making soothing and timid inquiries, when suddenly

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the full purport of what had happened overwhelmed the girl; and he saw Hell flaming in her eyes.

"I—I had to do it," he faltered.

Impotent fury bowed her head with its tousled curls and she buried her scarlet face in both hands.

"Here are b-both tickets, darling," he stammered, casting them on the blanket. "I had to do it, Gail. Please don't hate me too bitterly!"

"As long as I live—as long as I live!" she wailed. "I shall remember and despise you!"

"Don't," he protested miserably, picking up his valise: "I had to do it. Gail darling—"

"You have repaid kindness with wickedness!" she stormed. "The world will laugh at me and I shall die of it—murdered by ridicule and by you!"

"Do you suppose I'd ever tell?"

"Yes, I do! You are treacherous enough. You never cared for me. You are a Rebel Judas!" she sobbed.

"And you are a Yankee Judith—betraying me with a kiss!" he retorted, angered by her abuse.

Outside the dark windows opposite them a lantern began to swing; a distant voice was calling: "All aboard!"

"Good-bye," he said timidly. She lifted her tear-wet face from her hands and glared at him.

That he was escaping infuriated her anew, and she crouched in her blankets like something lithe and agile, ambushed and gathering for a spring. Then consciousness of her naked body under the bed clothes overwhelmed her, and again she buried her face in clutching fingers and sobbed and sobbed.

He lingered a moment longer, looking miserably at her. Then, carrying his valise, stepped swiftly to the rear platform and dropped off on the river side, where the cut-off track ran along the edge of the water. Fortunately, there was just room enough for the express from the north which rushed thundering by; but the wind of it nearly hurled him out into the Hudson.

WHEN it had passed, the north-bound train had already begun to move out. A brakeman was busy on the rear platform; the conductor was there also, fussing with two lanterns.

Standing on the wave-washed shore, he watched the red glow of the lantern receding through the night until it became a tiny distant spark, and vanished in misty obscurity. Then, lugging his valise, he turned away southward along the track.

In the fury of her humiliation the girl in the lower berth had given away to a passion of tears. Rage at the escape of her prisoner transcended all grief for the loss of her lover. Her failure, with its threat of future ridicule, should the circumstances ever become public, had left her almost hysterical.

Yet outside of the sentimental merits and defects of the artist that she was, there really existed no fundamental weakness in the girl's character. The storm convulsing her reached its peak and quickly subsided.

There was something to be done, and she was striving to think what it might be and how to do it.

Probably the first thing was to find her clothes. She found them presently and dressed, snivelling and sniffing and full of deadly purpose.

As soon as she had dressed, her impulse was to pull the bell rope and stop the train. But if the train stopped in some uninhabited section of the track, what would be the use? As well as she could she effaced from her person and clothing all traces of conflict and of tears; and went off to find the porter, who was snoring in one of the remoter seats forward.

The negro seemed to know where they were at the moment of inquiry.

Together they consulted a time-table which he produced. It was plain enough that Fishkill, opposite Newburgh, would be the next stop. She told him she would get off there; and returned to her section—or, rather, to the seat behind it.

Combat and emotion—or maybe it was only youth and health—had made her hungry.

The porter fetched her a tumbler and some ice and uncorked the bottle of champagne she pulled out of her valise. And there in the semi-darkness of the rattling, lurching car she ate chicken sandwiches and drank champagne, her mind busy with the peril of the situation and instant needs of the moment.

Lesser and petty emotions, hurt pride, chagrin, bruised modesty, sentimental grief—all these selfish personal reactions died out in the deeper anxiety for the city in danger. Because she was convinced that John Gailliard would now return to New York and carry out the terrible orders which had sent him thither at the risk of his neck.

Once Colonel Sharpe, speaking of John Gailliard, had said to her: "I want him dead or alive." But also he had ordered her either to destroy the man, or to drive him across the Canadian border. Therefore, it would appear that the girl might take her choice. She was no executioner, anyway.

But how could she suppose that Gailliard was desperate enough to leap from a moving train while handcuffed to his captor? She never had supposed anything like that could happen except on the stage.

CHAPTER 24

WHEN the locomotive whistled for Fishkill and the brakemen were grinding down brakes on every car, the porter trundled her two valises out to the platform and carried them down the car steps to the station. An Albany train bound for New York steamed in a few minutes later. There was no sleeper. Operator 13 and her baggage were stowed aboard a day coach full of marines and sailors asleep, on their way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The girl slept all the way to New York and arrived at the St. Denis Hotel, where she had left her trunk, so sleepy that she merely scribbled a brief telegram and then went to bed and slept till the April sun in her face awakened her.

The telegram she had sent read:

"Papers secured, but man escaped. Will telegraph later using departmental cipher."

When she had bathed and dressed in fresh clothing from her trunk, she discovered the loss of her own papers. This annoyed but did not alarm her, because all the papers were in cipher, and the Confederate Government had not, so far, deciphered any of the codes in use. Besides, her own code book was in her trunk.

After she had breakfasted in her own room she settled down behind her locked door to hold telegraphic converse with Colonel Sharpe in departmental cipher, as follows:

Operator 13 to Colonel Sharpe:

"Papers taken from John Gailliard's valise yesterday sent to provost marshal in custody of S. S. Operators 70, 39, and Double Zero, with orders to transmit contents to you in Department Cipher No. 3.

"Gailliard escaped. I have little doubt he is in this city.

"I await further orders."

Colonel George H. Sharpe, Chief of Bureau of Military Information, to Operator 13:

"Contents of Gailliard's papers received in Dept. Cipher at these H. Q.

"Remember you are the only S. S. operator who knows this spy by sight. I want this man arrested or destroyed, or driven across the border. Do you believe you can find him and rid the country of him?"

Operator 13 to Colonel Sharpe:

"I am most anxious to try. May I?"

Colonel Sharpe to Operator 13:

"You are detailed for the purpose mentioned in my last telegram.

"All scouts, couriers, agents, and Federal detectives are instructed to co-operate with you. Another telegram follows."

Colonel Sharpe to Operator 13, using Department Cipher No. 7:

"There is likely to be a great battle here. If the result is disastrous to the Union the Confederate army may move on to Washington and Philadelphia, beginning a general invasion of the North.

"There is another danger threatening us—the new draft law provides for compulsory military service. This may be resisted.

"Hundreds of thousands of Confederate sympathisers are watching us. Thousands of Confederate spies throng our northern cities organising riot, revolt, and rebellion and awaiting only the right moment to seize or burn cities, arsenals, and forts.

"This is the reason that such Confederate secret service agents as Captain Gailliard are in New York. You will always bear in mind that all rebel officers acting as spies—and particularly Captain Gailliard—are fearless, desperate, dangerous men.

"Use Department Cipher No. 7 in emergency; otherwise, No. 3."

The first thing Operator 13 attended to, following her arrival in New York, was to find a domicile for herself.

Between Third and Fourth Avenues, just before Thirteenth Street becomes St. George's Place, she found a very small furnished house. This she rented for a month, with privilege of monthly renewals. The widow of Policeman Dick Sullivan owned it, but boarded elsewhere; and was very willing to come by the day to do housework and cooking.

Then Operator 13 prepared to hunt up John Gailliard and chase him into Canada to save his graceless neck. And some day she promised herself that she would marry this wayward young man and lead him a lively life.

Also, what fascinated her in regard to her mission was its histrionic appeal. For it would require good acting, many character roles and many disguises.

The recent raid by Colonel Sharpe's agents on the local Sons of Liberty had proved premature. Not many had been arrested, and only a few lodges of that rebel secret society had been broken up.

AS for the draft, nobody believed that there ever really would be any forcible recruiting for the Union armies which, so far, had been filled entirely by volunteers. So nobody even thought about the matter excepting a few clever people like Colonel George Sharpe. He thought about it—in a long telegram as follows:

"Circular telegram to all Secret Service Agents, June 7, 1863:

"There is little doubt that General Lee's army is preparing to invade the North. Possibly the Confederate Government is timing a northward movement to coincide with the draft.

"Nobody in New York City believes this. But in the Division of Military Intelligence we know what are the chances of such a revolution.

"New York City is a smouldering volcano. A northern invasion by Confederate armies might start hidden forces boiling over. Confederate victory, particularly while the draft is being enforced, may set New York City aflame. Many rebel military officers have been sent North to encourage disloyalty, revolt, and resistance to the conscription law, when it comes to be enforced next month.

"Enclosed is a list of some of these Confederate spies and agents now believed to be in New York City. Do what you can to discover, observe, and at the right mo-

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ment arrest them — particularly Captain Gaillard."

There followed a list of spies suspected to be operating inside the Union lines; and a short list of the most dangerous Confederate agents supposed to be now in New York City:

"Captain John Gaillard, C. S. S.

"Harrison (General Longstreet's chief spy and courier. A small, wiry, thin fellow. Mild and shy.)

"Miss Claire Quilter (courier and spy. She counts departing troops. A young and pretty blonde.)

"Mrs. Augustus Morris (comrade of the late Lady Greensleeves. Fashionable. Frequents hotels).

"Captain Charles H. Cote (of Forrest's cavalry).

"Captain John Y. Beall (Confederate navy).

"Colonel Robert M. Martin (Morgan's cavalry).

"Captain John W. Headley (C. S. A.).

"Captain T. H. Hines (Morgan's cavalry).

"Lieutenant Harrington (C. S. A.).

"Lieutenant Ashbrook (C. S. A.).

"Captain Kennedy (C. S. A.).

"John Porterfield (business man. High in counsels of the Sons of Liberty).

"Jessica West (suspected courier. Boards at 123 Clinton Place. Should be watched)."

DURING April and May and early June Operator 13 had been a busy young woman. She found no trace of John Gaillard or of anybody named in Colonel Sharpe's telegrams.

Sometimes she sallied forth as a fashionable young lady, to mingle with other fashionables in shops, theatres, restaurants, sometimes made up as a girl of the streets. Her role was to observe and to keep her small, close-set ears open.

Curiously enough, it was on one of the occasions when she was painted, equipped, and accoutred as a wanton dryad of the metropolitan purlieus that Operator 13 chanced upon her first valuable information.

A young Virginian named Clive Andrews picked her up. He had been watching "The Revels" at, Niblo's, and had been drinking too many brandy toddies. His companion had vainly attempted to silence him in the theatre. Now, outside during the intermission, he was becoming noisy again.

Operator 13, loitering in the lobby, caught the purport of their wrangling, and heard the young fellow making free with the name of Claire Quilter. About that time he noticed Operator 13. She returned his killing ogle with a demure glance and walked on; and the boy started to follow her.

CHAPTER 25.

TWICE he tried to speak to her, but she tossed her head and would have none of him; and he tagged along at her French heels, evidently badly smitten. To the very verge of the ghastly glare from the Drummond light on the American Museum she led him.

Considering him sufficiently inflamed by this time, and rather afraid he might give up in discouragement, the girl gave him a swift, incendiary glance, which rekindled him into active combustion. Newsboys were shouting: "Turrible cavalry battle at Brandy Station! Great Union victory!"

When the girl paused and bought a paper, the Virginian was at her elbow. She said to the newsboy: "I hope it's another Confederate victory, and I don't care who hears me say so!" And she was not severe with Andrews when he paid for her newspaper.

They walked on together, she trying to read the news by gaslight. But there was no fresh news, merely a rehash of morning dispatches regarding the terrific cavalry battle at the fords of that fatal river where 10,000 horsemen fought with sabres hilt to hilt.

"I don't believe it was a Yankee victory," said the girl, nose in the air, and she cast the paper into the gutter.

The boy wanted her to have oysters and champagne with him at the St. Nicholas, but she snubbed him.

"You might as well ask me to Buttercake Dick's or Pat Lyons' place," she remarked scornfully, "or to see the show at the Chatham or the Bowery. What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"A pretty one, ma'am, and a good rebel, and I don't care whether you come from the Old Brewery or Cow Bay or the Golden Gate or Dickens' place——"

"Maybe you'd like to take me to see Chanfrau play 'Mose'," she said disdainfully, "or to the Franklin or Manger's. Let me illuminate your innocent mind, young sir—the Astor Place Opera is the only theatre where I care to be seen."

This was so delightfully impudent that they both laughed—she, of course, in character.

"Well," she said, "I've had enough of back rooms. Can't you think of something new?"

"Castle Hastings?" he asked cautiously.

"And Empress Kate and the Marchioness d'Orsay and Princess Jenny? No, thanks. But I see you're a highflyer, young sir, so I'll wish you good night."

"Don't chuck me out like that," he pleaded. "I'll go wherever you say."

"No, I don't drink. I like to talk and eat ice cream, sometimes."

"We can go to that steam ice creamery, then."

"Too far. There's an ice creamery on Broadway near Tenth Street."

They went thither. She took his arm and they chatted amiably, and exchanged names. Hers was Mary Dale, of Fairfax.

In the ice creamery they found a table. She had a chicken sandwich, some chocolate and vanilla ice cream. And by this time she had led the conversation into channels which interested her and made him uneasy.

"When you were coming out of Niblo's," she said, "I heard you mention Claire Quilter, a girl I used to know. Can you tell me where she lives?"

"No, I can't," said Andrews hastily; "I don't know her at all."

"If you don't know her, how did you happen to mention her? Do you know where she is living?"

The boy gave her a scared glance. "What are you, anyway?" he asked.

"You picked me up; you ought to know," she replied.

"I don't know, and I'm beginning to wonder which of us did the picking up."

She laughed. "What do you mean?"

"Maybe you know what I mean."

"I don't."

"You're very innocent—to look at!"

"Are you trying to be disagreeable?"

"I'm trying not to be a fool," said the boy. "This city is full of innocent-looking ladies and gentlemen in the pay of the Federal Government."

"Are you trying to scare me because I'm a rebel?"

"You say you are."

After a silence: "I'm wondering," she said, "whether you are a Federal detective."

"I'm wondering about you, too," he retorted, reddening.

"Very well," said she; "you heard me say I hoped for a Confederate victory. And I do. So make the most of it—if you're a Yankee detective."

His eyes never left hers.

"Well," she added impudently, "why don't you arrest me?"

"Look here," he said, "I believe you're a Federal spy!"

She said coolly: "Tell that to my friend Jack Gaillard and see what he'll do to you, Mr. Andrews."

"I'll tell Jack Gaillard and Claire Quilter, too!" he blurted out. "And when you finish your ice cream I'll let you run home, my pretty little stool pigeon!"

"Then I'll run along now," said the girl, rising. "Good night, and thank you."

BEFORE he could detain her she was out of the door and gone.

Not far. There was a city hack standing on the opposite side of the street. She sped across and climbed in, and said to the driver: "Wait here. When I tell you to follow somebody, follow. Your tip will be five dollars."

"Correct, lady. Is it a gol or a swell?"

"A swell. I'll point him out. There he is, now!" as her late cavalier emerged, looked up and down Broadway—rather wistfully, she thought—then walked away westward through Tenth Street.

The hack followed, horse walking, as young Mr. Andrews continued on down the dusky street to University Place, and south to Eighth Street and Clinton Place.

At No. 123 he mounted the steps. It was a boarding-house. He let himself in with a latch-key. Operator 13 saw him no more that night.

The next morning a shabby, grey-haired maiden lady in spectacles, who said she was a schoolteacher from Princess Anne, driven out by war, and that her name was Miss Lydia Warfield Trimble, called at 123 Clinton Place to inquire timidly about lodgings.

There was none to be had, it appeared, but Miss Trimble might get meals there.

This from a breezy young lady in a bewitching "polka" or monkey jacket.

"I'm Miss Claire Quilter," she said, smiling; "I board here; and I know there's no room except at table. I'm truly sorry, ma'am."

"Oh, dear!" said Operator 13 in gentle perplexity, behind her spectacles.

"The meals are very nice," remarked Miss Quilter. "Real Southern cooking."

"I've had none recently," said the shabby schoolteacher wistfully.

There was always a little quaver in her voice, and the peering expression of her near-sighted eyes through the spectacles was painful in its earnestness.

"Breakfast is ready now," suggested Miss Quilter; "lay off your shawl and bunnit and try Mrs. Dorn's fried mush."

So Operator 13, arm in arm with Claire Quilter, descended to the basement dining-room and was made ceremoniously acquainted with several other boarders, and with the pallid landlady, a thin, fretful Virginia gentlewoman named Mrs. Carter Dorn.

It was a lavish breakfast and a fried one. But what interested the grey-haired schoolteacher from Princess Anne was Mr. Clive Andrews, opposite her, eating fried mush, bacon, eggs, and chicken a la Maryland.

It did not take long for the quiet, well-behaved little company to detect in Miss Lydia Warfield Trimble of Princess Anne, another pathetic victim of Yankee barbarity. Operator 13 attended to that.

IT was nicely done on their part; no vulgar snooping or impudent curiosity; and, on Operator 13's part, merely a hint of patient resignation and a trace of pinched suffering on a Virginia schoolteacher's gentle, sensitive face.

Before breakfast ended conversation became less guarded, though never careless. Somebody mentioned Chancellorsville, and there were quiet smiles.

But timid Miss Trimble ventured to inquire tremulously: "Was Chancellorsville worth the cost? First Ashby died, then young Pelham, and now Jackson is gone—three armed archangels fighting God's own war. And Lee and Stuart alone are left us."

After breakfast, very softly at the piano, Mr. Andrews played and sang "The Tyrant Foot Is On Thy Shore." Then he went away. He had business down town, he said.

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The other boarders, too, assumed hats or "bunnits" and went their several ways, excepting only Claire Quilter, who remained to chat with the faded schoolteacher from Princess Anne, who had taught school in Berkley until the Federal authorities decided she was teaching sedition, also, and sent her packing.

She and Claire discovered mutual friends in Princess Anne and also in Culpeper. And it was then Operator 13 learned that Antonia Ford was going to marry the Yankee provost officer who had arrested her.

"How can she?" protested Miss Trimble.

"Ornery Yankee," murmured Claire Quilter. "I declare I can't understand it!"

"I've a nephew in Norfolk," quavered poor Miss Trimble. "He'd send me money to live on if he knew where I am. But the Yankees opened all the letters I wrote him, and they threaten to arrest me if I write any more."

"Well," said Claire, "I am going to Norfolk—on business. I could take a letter for you!"

"But one has to have a pass."

"I have a pass. I go and come as I choose—every two or three weeks."

The schoolteacher marvelled.

"Oh," said the girl, "I go as Mrs. Andrews. Clive Andrews—you saw him at breakfast—passes as my husband. The only trouble is he's always trying to make love." She laughed.

"Does he go to Norfolk with you?"

"No; he has business here." The girl laid a warning finger across her full, red lips, and smiled as young Mr. Andrews reentered the parlor. He looked politely but intently at poor Miss Trimble.

"Oh," said Claire, "you needn't be suspicious, Clive. She is one of the Princess Anne Trimbles, and is intimate with the Fords and Blythes of Culpeper."

ANDREWS bowed very nicely. "I was not suspicious, ma'am. But we are a very united, though unrelated, family here at 123. And a strange face, you know——"

"Why did you come back?" asked Claire coldly.

"I forgot my walking-stick."

"Forgot your grandmother," rejoined that slangy young lady. "Go and tell Jack Gailliard what happened last evening." She turned to Miss Trimble, who seemed a little shocked. "Mr. Andrews met a fi'bbity-jibbity girl last evening who pretended to be acquainted with me and with Captain Gailliard; it has frightened him nearly to death."

Andrews turned fiery red. "I suppose you are joking, ma'am."

"Well, yes, I am, Clive. Nobody doubts your courage, and I really do agree with you that this creature—whoever she may be—is a Yankee spy. So run away and warn Captain Gailliard, and don't flirt with any more strange ladies."

He was very much put out, but he took polite leave of them.

Miss Trimble also rose to make her adieux, promising to take her meals at 123 in future. When she descended the steps Andrews was just turning the corner towards Washington Place.

Operator 13 dared not hurry. She was barely in time to see him turn eastward again towards Broadway. If only there were a hack in sight! But there was none. And at Broadway and Eighth Street the boy had vanished into the crowd.

CHAPTER 26

OPERATOR 13 went back to St. George's Place to wash off the make-up and remove spectacles and wig and Paisley shawl and rusty skirt and prunellas, and dress her prettiest for a hired carriage drive in Central Park, where, it was understood, many young bucks of Southern ancestry took their morning exercise a-horse. But none among them that she ever trailed showed any suspicious activities, and she never yet had seen John Gailliard there a-riding at his ease and pleasure.

And every day thereafter she took dinner and supper at 123 Clinton Place, and never learned more than she had learned the first day she set foot there.

Late in June it was rumored that Lee had started North, and all the militia regiments in New York City departed with their music playing to help repel the Rebel invaders. On Friday, June 26, Lee was in Chambersburg, Pa. The invasion had begun.

On June 30, the Union and Confederate armies rolled toward each other like two huge storm clouds. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the first of July came the first flash of lightning and the first reverberation of thunder. Then the great storm of battle broke, shaking the civilised world.

That stifling night of July 1 the New York newsboys made darkness hideous with their goblin yelps. Operator 13, already abed, got up and went down to the front door in her bare feet and nightgown to buy a paper. It was the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg. The end of everything was beginning with Union disaster once more.

On Thursday the North knew that the great battle was continuing.

Hooker was gone; Meade commanded. His First and Eleventh Army Corps had been cut to pieces in Wednesday's fighting. And by Thursday night the newsboys were bawling disaster again.

At 123 Clinton Place quiet excitement reigned, cautiously controlled.

Claire Quilter told Miss Trimble that Chambersburg was burning. It was not. "Maybe," she said, "the Yankees will understand now what a town afire looks like."

Operator 13 dared make no inquiries regarding John Gailliard, for, except on that first day, his name was never mentioned. Nor did he ever come to 123, as far as she could learn.

BUT on Friday evening, when she arrived for supper, the latest newspapers had prepared her for the altered looks and deep gloom which reigned at the table at 123 Clinton Place. For on that day, when the sun was going down, the last blow for victory had been struck by Wade Hampton's furious sabres. But George Pickett had already made his immortal charge, and his red battle flags were in the dust.

Claire Quilter whispered tearfully, dabbing at her eyes with a wet handkerchief: "Dick Garnett fell dead; Armistead died; Kemper is gone. You were right when you spoke of Ashby, Pelham, and Jackson; our paladins of the South are dying fast, dear Miss Trimble, and very soon we may all hear the melancholy horn of Roland quavering over the death-field of a nation."

"What will happen," said Andrews savagely, "is that our armies will tie up their wounds and march on Philadelphia. And, by God, we must continue busy and get ready for them when they come!"

"What does Jack Gailliard say?" whispered Mrs. Dorn.

"I am quoting him, ma'am. And I agree with him that we remain unbeaten and unterrified; and that the Yankees, war-weary and choked with their own blood, will sicken of this butchery and demand peace. Half the North are of that mind already. A battalion of Stuart's cavalry could take this city. And the city will be ready to get rid of its tyrants very soon, I expect."

"Oh, hush!" murmured Mrs. Dorn, with a scared look at the boy.

"Moderate your voice," added Claire. "If you go around talking about such things you'll hang Jack Gailliard and every one of us."

"Nobody could hear me."

"You don't know who may be listening outside the window in the dark," retorted Claire Quilter.

"Have you seen Captain Gailliard?" asked Mrs. Dorn.

"I have, and everything is all right," replied the boy sullenly. "You'll see for yourself before very long."

Miss Trimble rose from the table, took leave of the boarders in her quaint, timid way, and went out like a mouse. Not far away, in the dusk, a hack awaited her; she got into it in silence, and she and the driver—Secret Service Operator Harry Simms, No. 143—waited until Mr. Andrews emerged from the house.

But once more they trailed him in vain through the gaslight, for he went to Burton's.

At a gallop the hack deposited Operator 13 in St. George's Palce, where she swiftly transformed herself into a swaggering lad, reeking of cheap perfume and hair oil.

Back at a gallop and into the theatre alley, where she slipped out of the hack and around to Burton's; and for fifteen cents found herself in the Nigger's Heaven with "Pocahontas" proceeding in its hilarious course with John Brougham on the stage.

And gallery and Nigger Heaven were chanting with the chorus amid the subdued wave of laughter from box to pit.

But Operator 13 was no longer listening or looking at the stage, for there, in a stage box, sat Andrews with Claire Quilter, and in shadow behind them stood a figure in evening dress that set every nerve and drop of blood throbbing in the youthful body of Operator 13.

HOW to get at her lover she had no remotest idea. It was probable that he was there for a few moments only, for he remained standing. The girl scarcely dared take her eyes from him, yet somehow she must follow him and discover where he was going.

Dressed like a young tough of Cherry Street, she skulked along the kerb trying to catch sight of her lover in the milling crowds around the theatre.

At that instant she saw him opening the door of a handsome private carriage. In desperation she shoved forward, hoping to stage a row sufficient to bring a policeman to arrest them both; and she jostled him so violently that he stumbled and nearly fell. Instantly she swore at him and showed fight.

"Who yer shovin', bully boy with the glass eye?" she demanded, with her best Five Point leer. "D'yer want yer swell hat bashed? Aw right! Come on, then! Put up yer dukes!" And she squared off and danced up to him.

But there was no row. John Gailliard gave her one amazed look, then took her by the shirt collar and the seat of her fancy pants and threw her half-way across the street.

As she picked herself up, confused by the swift shock of painful impact and the unfeeling laughter of the crowd, Gailliard stepped calmly into his waiting carriage and drove away uptown. He, too, was smiling; and it maddened her. But when she ran to a hack and offered the grinning hackman a ten-dollar tip, begging him to follow the carriage, he told her to go hire a balloon.

On the fourth of July Vicksburg surrendered to a young Western General named Grant. Three cheers! said the newspapers. But Meade had not yet moved South after the retreating Lee.

On the eighth of July, Port Hudson surrendered. Three more cheers. But Lee had run away to live to fight another day.

ON July 11 the draft law went into operation, and the first compulsory enlistment began. The next day being Sunday, there was no draft.

War weariness was paralysing the Peace

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Party of the North. The blood of its young men dead was suffocating it.

While unburied corpses still littered the meadows of Gettysburg, the Peace Party was holding a huge meeting at the Academy of Music with bands and cheers, and Governor Seymour dispensing sweetness and compromise, and shuddering at the shadow of martial law. And so the Peace Democracy, fatuously oblivious of the conspirators who were planning to ruin the Union, demanded the recall of the armies that were dying in the field to maintain it, and invoked a political solution of the bloody problem.

If John Gaillard was at the Academy of Music that day, Operator 13 could not discover him.

On Monday morning, the thirteenth of July, Operator 13, bewitchingly gowned and hatted, was driving uptown in her pretty barouche, with S. S. Operator Simms—No. 143—in smart livery on the box, still hoping to encounter John Gaillard a-horse in Central Park. They drove up Third Ave., intending to cross at Fifty-ninth St.; but a marching crowd blocked them at Forty-sixth St., and Simms pulled up his horses.

The marching crowd followed a man who was beating a copper pan; they were whooping, howling, cursing; they brandished guns, pistols, hatchets, crowbars, bludgeons; they were yelling: "Down with the draft! Down with the police!" Just across the street at 677 Third Ave. was the provost marshal's office, where the draft had begun last Saturday, and where the great lottery wheels were turning out the fatal numbers for recruitment. Twelve hundred and thirty-six names had been drawn.

At the enrolment office there was a police sergeant and a dozen policemen, but no soldiers; and the huge crowd already had pressed them back into the provost's office, from which an angry roar arose. Already the mob outside was felling telegraph poles and hacking the wires.

Simms turned his head coolly and said to Operator 13: "This is a riot. We'd better get out of it."

But the barouche was so hemmed in that it was impossible to turn the horses.

At that moment, Captain Porter, from the E. Fifty-ninth St. station, came ploughing his way to the marshal's office with sixty metropolitan policemen. The men marched into the office building; the mob, now increased to surging thousands, roared disapproval.

Simms was trying his best to disengage his horses; menacing yells from the mob greeted his efforts.

IT was exactly half-past ten in the morning when the great riot began, and it began with a pistol shot followed by a volley of cobblestones, and the next instant Captain Porter and seventy policemen were fighting for their lives.

Hanging on to his terrified, plunging horses, Simms attempted to back out; but at that moment a company of infantry of the Invalid Corps came marching up Third Ave.

Then the mob flew at them; the troops fired; and hell broke loose on Third Ave.

Simms stood up and lashed his horses straight through the screaming mob.

Operator 13 caught a glimpse of the police clubbing their way out with the draft officials in their midst; of soldiers being stabbed and pounded to death.

Suddenly she saw Clive Andrews. He was on horseback, and was shouting: "Down with the draft! Stop the war! Take the city! All the troops are at Gettysburg, and you can do it! Take the government into your own hands, fellow-citizens, and stop this hellish war. Drive the police out of town! Drive out the politicians who are sending you South to be murdered on the battlefield!"

A ferocious roar of acclaim answered the boy.

"March on the City Hall!" he cried, standing up in his stirrups. "Pull down the newspaper offices! Drive out Old Greeley and Mayor Opdyke. Now is your opportunity to let the nation know that you're through with this cursed war and the nigger-loving Government forever!"

A pistol cracked, and Clive Andrews rolled out of his saddle.

Then, pale as a corpse, Secret Service Operator 143, his smoking pistol and his reins in his left fist, flogged his crazed horses to a gallop through Forty-sixth St.; and Operator 13, amid a volley of pistol shots and brickbats, knelt on the rear seat of the lurching barouche and fired right and left into the shrieking demons in pursuit.

CHAPTER 27.

ON Wednesday morning, July 15, 1863, the city of New York was on fire. Two million dollars' worth of buildings had been burned, or were burning, millions and millions worth of property was being looted and destroyed.

No breath of air stirred that hot July morning. Even a light breeze would have swept the flames over the entire city. Under a pall of smoke the metropolitan police, and the few soldiers home on leave, had battled day and night with the mob. They were fewer than twenty-five hundred, and the rioters swarmed in tens of thousands.

The few platoons of military remaining in the city fired volleys into the mob, and raked it with grapeshot; and were decimated.

All day and night the dull roar of the fighting filled the city, punctuated by cannon shots and shrill, wolf-like howling where murderous packs were chasing, burning, hanging, or battering their victims to death in the streets. And everywhere in the city, upon these yelling wolfish mobs, the exhausted police hurled themselves hour after hour.

Capt. Mount's policemen of the Eleventh Precinct drove a ferocious mob into the houses, fought them from floor to floor, and clubbed them from the housetops into the yawning streets below. The mob caught Sergt. Ellison and were hanging him, when Capt. De Camp, of the Eighth Precinct, and his men tore into the rioters, smashing skulls, and arms and ribs, beating a way out with the half-dead sergeant. Capt. Bryan's men of the Fourth Precinct, charged the mob at Brooks', and at Lord and Taylor's, and killed or crippled hundreds of ruffians, littering the streets with their senseless bodies.

Capt. Greer and his men from the Chambers Street Stationhouse clubbed the murdering masses so mercilessly that they jumped to death from the housetops to escape the flailing locust club, and brave Capt. Warlow's bleeding, gasping men of the First Precinct, led by him and by Inspector Carpenter—just a few score against many infuriated thousands—stormed the rookeries from which the mob was shooting negro women and little children, and battered them so terribly that the bawling, cursing wretches leaped down to self-destruction from balcony, window ledge and roof.

Operator 13 at police headquarters sat huddled up at the long desk beside Commissioner Acton, where the police telegraphers were sending out telegraphic orders and receiving reports from every precinct police station on Manhattan Island. She wore the plain dark dress of a shopgirl—for to venture out upon the streets of New York well dressed was to invite immediate death.

Because from the beginning whatever Southern agent had had a hand in this uprising had lost control of it at once. This was no strategic revolt. No revolution devised by honest desperation. No furious protest against continuing the war or against the draft. It was a vast upheaval of the city's underworld expressing deathless hatred for civilisation, and all its works and symbols and authority.

It was a determination to plunder and exterminate those better off, better educated, more fortunate; and the menace of compulsory military service by destroying all who enforced it—police, military, municipal officials, newspapers, and the hated rich and respectable—and, particularly, to burn the enrolment offices and massacre the negro population — men, women, and children—for whose freedom they believed the war was being fought.

IF ever any Confederate agents, agitators, spies—if ever the secret rebel organisations of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the Sons of Liberty—had had a hand in this revolt, they had lost all control of it from the beginning. And if any among them were attempting to regain control that possibility was now the particular business of such United States Secret Service agents as remained in the distracted city, and who kept up telegraphic communication with the War Department in Washington and with Col. Sharpe at headquarters in the field.

One of these Federal agents was Operator 13.

She had passed through two fearful days and nights. Only her modest garb had saved her in the swarming, yelling crowds hunting for victims, where scores had been killed and robbed on the streets merely because they were respectably clothed. From the moment that the Federal detective with her had shot Clive Andrews, she had been in the thick of it.

With secret service agents she had arrested Claire Quilter, Jessica West, and Mrs. Dorn, and had escorted them aboard the Governor's Island tugboat on their journey to the squatty fort in the Narrows.

"I'm sorry," she said to the astonished Miss Quilter, with tears in her eyes, "but you are a Confederate courier yourself, and you understand that I had to do it. And I'm sure they will be very kind and polite to you at Castle William and Fort Lafayette."

Claire Quilter wept, too; and, on the dock, kissed her melancholy captor goodbye. But Mrs. Dorn turned up her anaemic nose, and Jessica West swore at her.

Clive Andrews was dead; but Captain Gaillard remained at large, and no wholesale arrests among Knights of the Golden Circle or Sons of Liberty had included that agile and slippery young man so far. And now, at 300 Mulberry Street, Operator 13 crouched over the desk beside Commissioner Acton, waiting for further telegraphic instructions from Colonel Sharpe, or for reports from Federal agents or from the police, which might throw light on the activities and whereabouts of John Gaillard.

COMMISSIONER Thomas C. Acton, cool and composed, and his colleague, General H. Brown, who was in command of the few troops available, were in evident anxiety concerning the safety of the Navy Yard, and particularly regarding the great ironclad ram, Dunderberg, not yet launched.

"The trouble is," said Acton to Operator 13, "General Brown can spare only a small armed guard for the Dunderberg. I'm expecting to hear from them at any moment. You'd better remain here until I do."

"Yes, sir, I shall," said the girl nervously.

The brigadier smiled reassuringly at the pallid, slender youngster in black who had been desperately absorbed in preparing a telegram to Colonel Sharpe in cipher.

Now, having finished enciphering, she handed it over to an expert military telegrapher from the provost's office; and in a second or two it had started over the wire. Deciphered it read:

"The mob is in full possession of the city. There are only two thousand Met-

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ropolitan police and five hundred soldiers here, including those on furlough and invalids. All the New York and Brooklyn militia regiments are at Gettysburg. Urge the War Department to send them home.

"Thousands of people here have been killed. The city is afire in fifty different places, and if a wind rises Manhattan Island will burn to bedrock.

"Some of the battalions of the fire department have sided with the mob. Some are passively disloyal. But the engine companies under Decker are fearless and devoted.

"All ships of war under repair and building are in grave danger of destruction.

"It is impossible to say exactly how this terrible riot began. No doubt Southern agents aided it. One of them, Confederate Secret Service Agent Clive Andrews, was shot and killed by one of our operators. Claire Quilter, courier and spy; Jessica West, rebel agent, and a Mrs. Dorn, suspected, are under arrest. I sent them to Fort Hamilton en route to Fort Lafayette. There is no trace at all in this conspiracy of Capt. Gailliard so far. I await further orders from you.—Operator 13."

CHAPTER 28

IN an incredibly short time a telegram, in answer, came in, clickity-click, from Colonel Sharpe:

"Glad you got Andrews. Turn Mrs. Dorn loose and send Miss Quilter and Miss West to the Old Capitol prison.

"Keep after Gailliard. There is another dangerous spy with him named Cleburne—a Confederate naval lieutenant—who is likely to attempt to destroy the shipping. Try your best to arrest or kill these two Confederate secret service agents.

"All the New York City regiments have now been ordered to New York, and are already on the cars. The Seventh Infantry should arrive to-night. Inform the local authorities."

This was an open telegram. The girl handed it to Acton. The brigadier also read it over his shoulder.

"I wish the Seventh Regiment would hurry," he said quietly. "If the mob starts for the Navy Yard we can't stop them."

"They can burn the river front and all the commercial shipping, also," said Acton—"even if we turn the guns of Governor's Island on them. Only—they don't seem to know it."

"Some fellow like this rebel navy officer, Cleburne, will start them pretty soon," remarked the brigadier.

At that moment a message came from the Twenty-ninth Precinct police station: "They are turning negroes out of their houses in Thirty-second St."

Acton replied: "Is there much trouble?"

"Yes," came the answer, "they are hanging a negro to a tree in Thirty-second St. Send us aid."

Acton said: "Here, General, see what you can do for us."

A few minutes later, Captain Mott, with a section of regular artillery, galloped to the scene of riot and let go a few bushels of grape, which settled the matter—twenty-five rioters falling at the first discharge.

The Twentieth Precinct then telegraphed: "Mob torturing and hanging negroes. Send help. Hurry!"

Then the Twenty-first Precinct wired: "Has the Eighteenth precinct station house been burned?" And Acton answered: "Yes, look out for the gas house in Fourteenth St."

Back came a telegram: "Captain Reynolds and detachment, United States Infantry, surrounded on Fifth Ave., fighting for their lives."

"General!" said Acton calmly; and the brigadier wired instructions to General Sandford at the arsenal.

Another telegram: "A huge mob is marching downtown through Union Square. Their object is the 20,000 muskets in storage at 56 Greenwich St. I have no reserves to cope with them."

Another despatch followed from the Twenty-ninth Precinct: "The mob is firing buildings in Second Ave., near Twenty-eighth St., and sacking houses at Twenty-seventh St. and Seventh Avenue. No force here to send out."

"Riot at Pier 4, North River," telegraphed the First Precinct, Captain Warlow; "mob murdering colored people."

Then, from Captain Walling, Twentieth Precinct: "Captain Hedden, Sixteenth Precinct, telegraphed that a disciplined mob on Fifth Avenue is gathering under the leadership of men who are supposed to be Confederate officers. They have two field pieces, muskets, and pistols. They have taken a hundred horses from the Red Bird omnibus stables, and are mounting rioters as cavalry. It is believed that they are going to destroy the Dunderberg. A secret service agent should get in touch with them and report their destination to headquarters."

"Well, ma'am," said Acton quietly, handing her the scribbled message passed up by a police telegrapher.

THE girl read it, paled a little, but rose immediately.

General Brown remarked: "This 'disciplined mob' they speak of looks like Cleburne's and John Gailliard's work."

"Yes," said Acton. "Telegraph me from the Sixteenth Precinct, ma'am; and I'll put the police force there at your disposal. I want this Captain Gailliard, dead or alive."

Operator 13 was examining her revolver. The brigadier watched her reload it.

"Be very careful not to do or say anything to annoy the mob or arouse its suspicions," he cautioned. "Mingle with the rioters and get your information; then go to the Sixteenth Precinct and telegraph Police Headquarters."

"I can send you in a city hack as far as Grace Church," added Acton.

So Operator 13 went out into the street and got into a waiting hack. At Tenth St. she got out, crossed Fourteenth into Broadway and walked north to Twenty-third—once the very heart and centre of swarming life and activity in the noisy city.

It was noon, but all the shops were closed, the streets deserted; not a living soul was stirring. In the terrifying silence the sun poured down on the pavements through a foul haze of smoke.

The girl looked fearfully around her; and, for the first time, saw men lying on the pavement across Twenty-third St. For a moment she did not realise they were dead.

Then, gradually, she became aware of the distant crash and rattle of firing, and from far up Broadway she saw a crowd coming. It was led by half-grown boys and women.

Behind them, jamming Broadway from kerb to kerb, trampled men with fire-blackened hands and faces. They were armed with axes, pitchforks, bludgeons, burning torches, pistols and muskets. They had a red flannel flag, and they were bawling: "Down with the rich! Down with the police! Down with property! Down with the war! Kill the niggers; kill the rich; burn everything!"

Clattering in their wake came an uncouth company mounted on clumsy omnibus horses and flourishing swords and pistols. Behind these marched masses of dirty, desperate-looking men with shouldered muskets, dragging two iron cannon by long, tarry ropes.

The shrilling, roaring tumult nearly deafened the girl; yelling men, boys, and women swarmed past her, shouldering her ahead with them.

"Where are we going?" she gasped out, clutching the sleeve of a gaunt fellow smeared with blood and cinders.

"We're going to blow up the navy yards and the ironclad," he said hoarsely.

There came a sudden halt in the procession; the omnibus cavalry began to gallop heavily to and fro, disputing with some of the mob that wished to go to Ninth Avenue and start killing negroes before they destroyed the ironclad.

Shouting and haranguing, their leaders argued and cursed until the disorder, spreading, became a fierce mutiny. All semblance of discipline disappeared.

Then Operator 13 saw a young man with military bearing, evidently a gentleman, although wearing overalls and red flannel shirt, ride up on a handsome horse and urge the mob to continue its march to the waterfront.

IN the yelling confusion the girl slipped away into Twentieth St. and hurried across Sixth Avenue to the Sixteenth Precinct Police Station, where Captain Hedden and Inspector Dilks had just arrived from a terrific fight at Twenty-second St. and Second Avenue.

The station house was full of wounded policemen when Operator 13 entered. Inspector Dilks caught sight of her and recognised her; she asked him to listen while she dictated a telegram to Mulberry St. Captain Hedden also came to the telegrapher's desk to listen.

"To Commissioner Acton," she began breathlessly. "A mob numbering several thousand is at Broadway and Twenty-first St. Their avowed intention is to destroy the ironclad. They have two iron cannon, and many muskets. There are perhaps fifty of them mounted on omnibus horses. A kind of discipline was maintained among them until a dispute arose regarding a proposed raid into a negro district on the West Side.

"I think the Confederate spy Cleburne is in command. I think I saw him.

"If you could send a body of troops and a hundred policemen to the Sixteenth Precinct, Captain Hedden and Inspector Dilks will join them with the force here. Operator 13."

"Yes, ma'am, we will," said Inspector Dilks coolly.

In a few minutes the telegraphic reply came back: "Four hundred ex-soldiers of New York Guard regiments, under Colonel Nevers, will march to Webb's shipyard. I have no police to send you. Captain Hedden wil support Colonel Nevers if required to protect the big ironclad. Tell Inspector Dilks to arrest or kill Cleburne if possible. Is Captain Gailliard with that mob?"

"I did not see him," replied Operator 13. She dictated in a steady voice, but her body was shivering in the July heat.

Captain Hedden brought her a sandwich and a cup of coffee. She tried to eat but couldn't.

Police scouts, in touch with the mob, reported it still halted and undecided.

Sgt. Wright, in ragged disguise, arrived to report. He appeared to be convinced that Confederate agents were in command of this particular mob. They were preaching a northern revolution, not a local riot. One of them—a fair-haired, graceful youth—had a small Confederate battle flag in his hand, and he was demanding that it replace the red flannel rag tied to a rioter's rusty bayonet.

A moment later another police scout in plain clothes—Officer Warner—ran into the station house to report that part of the mob had gone west to chase negroes, and that a thousand of them were marching to attack the Sixteenth Precinct Police Station.

"You'd better go, ma'am," said Inspector Dilks to Operator 13.

But the girl shook her head, saying that she preferred to remain in telegraphic touch with Police Headquarters.

Already the roar of the coming mob filled Twentieth St. Hedden was coolly giving his orders; the Metropolitan loaded their revolvers, drew their locust clubs, and marched out to do battle.

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CHAPTER 29.

INTO the street surged the mob from both Sixth and Seventh Avenues. And into them tore the police, their locusts swinging like flails, their revolvers darting flame. And beside them, loading and firing her revolver, stood Operator 13.

Then, through the nauseating battle mist, in the thick of the mob, she saw a young man on horseback. He wore around his neck a Confederate battle flag. He was shooting right and left with his revolver, and shouting encouragement to the screaming mob which had recoiled before the police toward a spiked iron railing flanking the station house.

Operator 13 fired at him. He saw her do it, laughed, and took off his hat to her. At that instant a policeman fired and shot him through the body.

The boy was dying when he turned his horse to escape. But he was unable to keep his saddle. He fell, head first, on the iron fence, and one of the pickets pierced his throat. And there he died under the sickened eyes of Operator 13.

The police were driving the mob toward Sixth Avenue, when a police surgeon and Operator 13 lifted the dead youth and laid him on the sidewalk. The boy had delicately moulded features and fine white skin under the red shirt and overalls of a workman. Under these also he was dressed in a brand new Confederate naval uniform; and on a handkerchief in his pocket was embroidered "G. C. Gordon Cleburne."

Operator 13, feeling ill, went into the station house for a glass of water. The police telegrapher was busy, telegraphing the news to Mulberry Street.

"Say to Mr. Acton that Cleburne has been killed," she said faintly.

Click-click, the message was on its way.

The police matron, who had been calmly knitting and watching the battle from an upper window, now came and led Operator 13 into her own quarters and made the girl lie down. For forty-eight hours she had not slept. She slept now on the matron's bed.

About 5 o'clock in the evening the matron awoke the girl, saying there was a message for her from Mulberry Street. The police telegrapher on duty, John Duvall, handed her the slip.

"Sorry to wake you, ma'am," he said.

Operator 13, yawning, read the message:

"We have reason to believe that the notorious Confederate agent, Captain Gailliard, has organised a body of Confederate sympathisers who are determined to destroy the ironclad Dunderberg, at Webb's shipyard.

"Colonel Nevers' regiment of veteran ex-service men is now ready at the Seventh Regiment Armory to intercept this mob. The colonel is under particular orders to arrest or kill Gailliard. You will report to Col. Nevers, in order to accompany the regiment and point out the spy, Gailliard, or, if he be among the dead or the prisoners, to identify him.

ACTON."

The girl sat down beside the telegrapher and began to cry.

Presently Duvall asked her what reply she had to make to the commissioner.

"Tell him," she said in a choked voice, "that his order shall be—be obeyed."

The message went. Drill-master Copeland reloaded her revolver and filled her pocket with ammunition, while she straightened her hat before the looking glass, wiped her face with a cold, wet towel, and drew on her black gloves.

"Better not look too decent, ma'am," said the drill sergeant, doubtfully.

That made her laugh, and she felt better. Indeed, she was glad to go, knowing well enough that nobody in authority in New York City would save John Gailliard unless she did. She still had authority from Col. Sharpe to drive him into Canada. If she could only get hold of him again, she'd do it.

As she was on the point of leaving the station house a detective named Kelso, and McTaggart, a policeman in plain clothes, came in from the Central Office. They had just encountered a battalion of a newly organised regiment of ex-service men. The troops were leaving the Seventh Regiment Armory and marching eastward, they said; and they offered to help her find them.

SO Operator 13 went off with them through the deserted, smoky streets, lurid with the red glare of the western sun. From every direction came the distant roaring of murdering mobs and the rattle of pistol fire and muskelry.

And about 6 o'clock they found the battalion they were looking for—but it was the wrong regiment, and in the wrong quarter of the city—a sinister district on Eighteenth Street, near First Avenue.

The girl and her policemen were involved in trouble before they could extricate themselves; the soldiers and two howitzers were firing into a dense mob which fired back at them; and from windows and roof tops on both sides of the street ambushed ruffians hurled down bricks and paving blocks upon the troops. The mob numbered thousands; the troops, under Cols. Winslow and Jardine, 150.

Ten rapid rounds of grape and canister from Jardine's guns tore lanes through the massed mob two blocks long. The slaughter was horrible. But the troops were being overwhelmed by the terrible rain of missiles from the housetops. Col. Jardine fell; every tenth man of the command was down and others were dropping fast when the decimated command began its retreat.

Detective Kelso was hurt, but both he and Policeman McTaggart managed to keep on their feet and shoulder a way into Nineteenth Street with Operator 13 between them. There were two bullet holes in her skirt, and a razor-edged sheet of slate had sheared the hat from her head, nicking her neck and left ear enough to cover her face and throat with blood.

This had infuriated her and she had mounted a stoop and emptied her pistol at the dodging shapes on the roofs silhouetted against the western sky. And here no doubt the mob would have caught and murdered her, had not her faithful policemen seized her and hustled her off in the retreating column.

On the way downtown to the central office they were met by Inspector Leonard with a hundred policemen, who escorted what remained of the battalion to Mulberry Street. And it was there, outside the police and military cordon guarding citizen refugees, white and black, that the girl saw Captain Helme, of the Cedar Street Station, who told her that Colonel Nevers' regiment was marching to intercept the mob threatening to destroy the ironclad and that Commissioner Acton expected her to go with that command.

Captain Thorne, who had just escorted to safety three wounded policemen, went out again with Operator 13 to find Nevers' regiment.

At 9 o'clock at night they found it by the crash and glare of its volley firing and the flaring torches of the mob. It was a disciplined mob, about a thousand strong, armed with new muskets, firing by platoons into Nevers' regiment.

And instantly, through the infernal flame of the torches, the girl saw John Gailliard, in full Confederate uniform. And she almost screamed at sight of him, where he sat his horse, firing at the troops and urging his men to the charge.

"Damn you!" he shouted. "Drive those troops back and get on to the ironclad. That's why you're here!"

But already, in Nevers' regiment, bugles were sounding the charge and the troops, cheering, dropped their bayonets to a glittering level and plunged ahead, sweeping the girl with them almost under the hoofs of John Gailliard's plunging horse.

She caught his stirrup, climbed like a wild cat to his saddle, and, as he twisted around to shoot her, she clasped him around the body; and he recognised her.

The horse, pricked by a bayonet, reared and kicked himself on to the sidewalk, pirouetted on hind legs and tore into the melee, bolting through the disordered ranks into Greenwich Street. And in the saddle reeled John Gailliard, striving to check and control the maddened animal, while a white-faced girl clung desperately to his swaying body.

THE crazed horse hit a tree in the darkness at the corner of Greenwich and Charlton Streets, and collapsed in the gutter with a broken neck.

John Gailliard rolled over and over until a shattered railing stopped him. And he scrambled to his feet and staggered back to where Operator 13 lay with her right leg under the dead horse, trying to free herself.

"Is your leg broken?" he demanded as she looked up at him in the wavering gaslight, ragged, bleeding, and dishevelled.

"My leg isn't broken," she gasped, "but my heart is. Take me under the shoulders and pull, please."

He managed to drag her free of the dead creature.

Greenwich Street was deserted and silent in the dim gaslight. There had been a battle there. Empty, looted shops, stores and dwellings gaped wide open. A dead sergeant of cavalry lay on the sidewalk, still clutching a revolver. Scores of corpses were scattered in the street.

The girl wiped her dirty face with a dirtier handkerchief. "I suppose," she said tremulously, "you won't consider yourself my prisoner."

He stared at her; went over and felt her; and found her to be unarmed.

"Well, then," she said wearily, "what are you going to do?"

"Come into one of those empty houses," he said coolly. "If your police find us here they'll shoot us both."

He took her arm and they mounted the steps of one of those old Dutch houses on Charlton Street and went in at the open door. A gas jet in the hallway was still burning. The whole interior of the house had been looted.

"I suppose," she said, "you are going to knock me senseless and escape. You've done it once before."

He reddened. "I am going to escape," he said quietly.

CHAPTER 30.

THERE was the remnant of a rosewood sofa in the parlor. The girl sat down on it, then extended her trembling body and rested her head on her hands.

"I feel sick," she said. "I am going to be nauseated. Would you please go out of the room, darling?"

He went out to the front steps. On the sidewalk, below, lay the dead cavalryman in his smart uniform.

While his ladylove was being pitiably sick in the parlor, John Gailliard went down to the sidewalk, drew the dead horseman into the area, stripped him of his uniform, stripped off his own Confederate regimentals, and dressed himself in the dead man's boots, pants, and jacket with its yellow braid and gold chevrons.

When again he came into the parlor the girl was lying on the wrecked sofa, face downwards.

"Have you been injured by your fall?" he asked, gently.

"No; it's nerves. I feel better." She turned over and looked up at him. "Oh," she said, "you were wise to do that"—touching his chevroned sleeve.

"Yes," he said. "I must get out if I can. There's nothing to be done in New

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York now. The city regiments will be here to-night."

"Can you get away?"

"How much law will you give me?"

"Not a minute. But if you give me your word of honor that you'll go to Canada, I'll help you."

"I can't do that," he said.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," she whispered. "This damned war is going to kill us both. I'd rather it did. I'm tired of everything—deathly tired . . . Once I was guilty of a dishonorable thing; I caught you and let you go. But I don't let you go again, darling; no, not if you hang for it. And if you do get away this time, for God's sake remain in your own country."

"Remain in yours, too," he said sullenly. He examined the revolver he had taken from the dead cavalryman; reloaded it and shoved it into the belted holster. "I'm not going to leave you here," he said.

"I'm safe. I look like one of the mob," she remarked. But she rose and let him draw her arm through his.

"There are hacks by Trinity and St. Paul's," he said briefly.

But she was soon at the end of her strength, and her legs refused to support her. So he picked her up and walked southward through the silent street. A moment later he saw the shattered green lamps of the burned Twenty-eighth Precinct station near Vandam Street.

The girl was a dead weight in his arms now, her blood-smeared face deathly white, her head with its disordered curls and sagging bandanna rolling helplessly on his shoulder at every stride.

The station house had been burned to the ground. Nobody guarded the ruins. But there was a light in the adjacent tower, where the bellringer kept watch beside his fire-bell. Gaillard shouted up to him and he looked over into the street and came down presently.

"What are ye up to down here, sergeant?" he demanded. "Is this young thing dead?"

"No, exhausted. Where can I take her?"

"Cameron's men are turned out," said the bellringer. "They're barracked in the Cinthral office. But can ye walk that far with the poor child in yer arms?"

"Is there a hack to be had?"

"Sure, Danny Whaley has a hack at Dominick and Hudson. Tell him th' ould bellringer of Greenwich Street sent ye."

AT Dominick and Hudson Streets lived Mr. Whaley. He had just driven in from Trinity with his ancient hack when John Gaillard appeared and hailed him in the name of "th' ould bellringer of Greenwich Street."

"Sure, that's mesilf," purred the old Irishman. "An' where will I be drivin' ye wid th' poor lass in yer arms, sor?"

"Drive," said the Confederate spy, "to the new police headquarters, 300 Mulberry Street."

As the hack drove up to the Central Station and John Gaillard got out with Operator 13 asleep in his arms, Commissioner Acton, who was just coming out, glanced at the burden that this seeming cavalry sergeant was carrying.

"Is this child dead?" he asked; then, recognising the girl, "What has happened to her, sergeant?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Gaillard coolly. "Is there room for her here?"

"Certainly." Acton told the clerk, who was following, to get a police sedan and bearers to carry the young lady to the matron's quarters. "And send a doctor up at once!" he called after him. And to Gaillard, again, "She isn't wounded, is she?"

"No, sir. Just exhausted. I reck—I guess."

"Where did you find her, sergeant?"

"Near the ruins of the Eighteenth Precinct station, sir. She was with the military and tried to arrest a notorious rebel named Gaillard, I understand. He got away from her in Greenwich Street; when I found her she was too exhausted to tell me more than this."

Two policemen came with a sedan; Gaillard placed the girl in it. Then he calmly stooped and kissed her.

"Goodness me," said Mr. Acton, "is she a relative?"

"Ask her, sir, when she wakes up," said the boy, with a grin.

The next instant there came an outcrash of drums, and he saluted and was gone, engulfed by the crowds that were frantically greeting the arrival of the First Guard Regiment back from Gettysburg.

But Operator 13 slept on.

At midnight, amid the flames of the burning city, rattle of musketry, and roar of mobs, one of the New York City regiments—the famous Seventh—arrived from Pennsylvania, landed at the foot of Canal Street, and marched immediately to Broadway. Two other regiments had preceded it by an hour or two. Others followed.

A little after midnight John Gaillard mailed a letter at the Pennsylvania station across the North River. It was directed to Operator 13. Mr. Gaillard seemed to be in excellent spirits as his train left the station bound South.

At 300 Mulberry Street, the girl he hoped to dream about was sleeping the sleep of absolute exhaustion. Not even the perpetual racket of musketry, the shocking detonation of field artillery, and the brazen drums of constantly arriving regiments could arouse her.

It was Thursday noon when the matron awoke Operator 13, gave her a bath and breakfast, and sent a hack to St. George's Place for her baggage. She was sitting by the window when Inspector Carpenter came in with a telegram and a letter.

"Are you quite recovered, ma'am?" he inquired politely.

"Quite, thank you."

He bowed and went out, and she opened the telegram:

"Your record is excellent, with Miss Quiller and Miss West in gaol, and Andrews and Cleburne dead. Keep after Gaillard.

"SHARPE."

SHE opened the letter:

"A line would reach me through Gaston at Richmond. Just a line, please, to say you are well and that, in the future, you are going to remain on your own side of Dixie.

"J.G."

By two o'clock her baggage had arrived. She dressed in a bewitching summer gown of pink organdie and a small straw hat, trimmed with wild roses, slanting coquettishly over one ear. She carried a pink handkerchief, pocketbook and parasol to match. Her cheeks were pink, also.

She was standing by an open window looking down at the thousands of refugees swarming in yard and street below, who had fled to the Central Office to escape violence and death. She could hear the distant sound of firebells, of musketry, of cannon. The blue sky was still befouled by smoke, and the air stank of it.

Commissioner Acton came in, presently, haggard, but polite. "No ill effects, ma'am?" he inquired.

"None, thank you. But how did I get here, Mr. Acton?"

"Why," he said smilingly, "your—relative, I presume, brought you in."

The girl's eyes sought the outer sunshine. A slight blush glowed in her cheeks. "My lover," she said, naively.

"Really, ma'am! I hope he may be in no danger to-day."

"I hope not."

The commissioner said pleasantly: "Our Metropolitan and the soldiers are getting the better of the mob. Expect it will all be over by to-morrow. But I advise you not to go outdoors so charmingly dressed, ma'am."

"Could I drive to the ferry, Mr. Acton? I must go to Baltimore at once."

"Well, yes," he replied; "we could send cavalry with you."

So it happened; and at 2 o'clock Operator 13, in her pale pink dress and hat, and carrying her pink parasol and pocketbook, drove across to the ferry, surrounded by a company of blue-jacketed cavalry. And before the cars left she telegraphed to Col. Sharpe:

"He is on his way South and I am after him."

When the negro porter came to her to announce that she had half an hour for supper in the Philadelphia station restaurant her pretty pink handkerchief was all crumpled up and wet with tears.

CHAPTER 31

WEEKS later. Grey rain; grey weather.

Masses of men in grey, sloshing along; a silvery grey world crawling alive with them. Ahead, alone, old man on a wet horse.

Slop, slop, slop over sodden, dull-red roads trudged the weary rebel infantry; slap-squash-slap across soggy fields tramped the tired cavalry.

"Cl'ar away yore swing team thar," officers were calling to drenched gunners. Crash! Another waggon collapsed. Wet men dragging debris toward the brimming ditch where a drowned corpse lay, naked feet protruding.

"All clear forward?"

A far, thin cry in the rain: "All c'lar!"

"March! March!" in whispering, wheezy voice, hoarse with coughing. A green and white guidon, uncased; a square red battle flag, both soaked black; then greyness and rain.

When the 44th Virginia battalion of the provost guard had passed, a trooper in the rear turned his jaded horse, drew his revolver and swung out into the roadside woods, shouting: "I see you-all malingerin', an' skulkin' thar! Git up an' quit yore hidin' out on me."

"If you can't catch 'em shoot 'em," croaked an officer, forcing his muddy horse through a quicksand which yesterday had been a ploughed field.

He spurred forward through the rain; the grey-jacketed provost trooper rode straight on into the woods, menacing unseen stragglers with the wrath of his poised pistol. A long swale choked with cat briers where a perfume of jasmine lingered, barred his way. He rode around this, turned his horse to the right and suddenly spurred him up a rocky slope where bushes, tipped with green, dotted the more open woods.

Here somebody in the thickets called out: "Campbell! Campbell!" and the trooper answered cautiously: "All same, 'Thirteen! Where are you?"

Operator 13, of the United States Secret Service, came through the drenched bushes leading two lively horses, one of which was saddled. She was dressed in a short cavalry jacket welted with bright yellow braid, and she wore the spurred boots and breeches of a Union trooper. Over one ear a blue forage cap was cocked, the chin strap of which she had taken between her white, restless teeth.

"Well," he said, "it looks like the Johnnies are breaking."

"Campbell," she said excitedly, "I have my bundle of news all tied up tight. Let's get on to H.Q.!"

"Have those rebel scouts passed through us?" he demanded.

"No. Two horses have been through to Gravelly Run full speed, and have returned. You can see their hoof tracks and judge their speed for yourself. Over there on the wood road. Here's a lively horse for you, Campbell. Come on!"

Campbell, Sheridan's chief scout, got off the tired, mud-plastered Confederate mount he bestrode and set about transferring the saddle and bridle to the fresh, alert horse which the girl had brought to him.

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"Gosh," he grunted, "I've been starving to death with the rebel provost guard. Forty-fourth Virginia Battalion; just got clear o' them. I guess the hoof marks you saw were made by those fast horses that Chancellor and John Gailliard are riding." He puffed and grunted, cinching his saddle, talking all the while. "I've been trying to catch those fellows alone, so's I'd stand a chance of getting away—afterward."

"What do you mean?" she asked nervously.

"So's I could shoot 'em and get away."

"Shoot them!" she repeated. "You had no such order, Campbell!"

"What do you know about my orders? Your colonel isn't my boss."

"Sheridan gave you no such order," she repeated.

"Sheridan told me to bar the west to them."

"They didn't try to break through."

"Well," he grunted, "it's healthy for them—and for me, too—that they didn't. Becuz I made up my mind to shoot and hang before I'd let 'em through to Joe Johnston and Kirby Smith. You'd have done it yourself, ma'am, and I guess we ain't neither of us hunting for the hangman."

The girl, who had turned pale, watched him lengthen his stirrups in silence.

"The next time Gailliard and Chancellor take the White Oak road," he said, "they'll run into Sheridan. And by God they'll learn then that there's no road out of Petersburg and Richmond for Lee's army."

"Have the Petersburg lines broken?"

"Bending back, ma'am. Cracking up. Giving way. That was Early's corps I've been travelling with. Me, a rebel policeman! Can you see me? They're dead on their feet, too. You watch Phil Sheridan stop 'em. No more running away now. No galloping off to old Joe Johnston. They gotta stay and be gobbled."

He climbed into his soaked saddle, swearing at the split rawhide; tested the girth, fussed with both stirrups while his new Yankee horse danced under him.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "that's what Gailliard and Chancellor are up to. Looking for a clear road to the west for Lee through Gravelly Run. Soon's I get to Sheridan there won't be any clear road. No more skedaddling. The rebel army stays right here in Virginia and takes its medicine!"

He was ready to go now. He thanked her politely for making the dangerous contact.

She said: "If they leave Petersburg it's going to be a foot race to the west between our army and theirs."

"My God," he exclaimed, "if you'd only seen the division I travelled with you'd know which army is bound to win a foot race! They're starving, I tell you; they're dead on their feet; thirty thousand galvanised dead men are marching. You know, ma'am, they're really a d#mn fine lot. Why not? They're Americans. Same's you and me. Well, I can see the end of the world a-coming. They'll see it, too, on the White Oak Road, I guess."

HE gathered the bridle, glanced gloomily at the bony nag they were abandoning, and which now was browsing on tender April bushes. Then he looked around at the girl and noticed a hole in her left sleeve.

"Been shot at, ma'am?"

She nodded.

"Chasing Gailliard and Chancellor?"

"Yes. They stopped at Mrs. Butler's house on the Boydton Road. I had news of them there, and took the short cut by the mill on the Vaughan Road near Hatcher's Run, to head them. They didn't go west; they went back to Fitzhugh Lee, and his vedettes took a shot at me."

"You got plenty of grit, young lady, trying to stop two desperate devils like that. Well, that's your reputation in the army, ma'am. Shall we be starting?"

She fished a bacon sandwich out of her haversack and passed it across to him; produced another for herself. They turned their horses, eating as they rode. The deserted nag looked after them until they disappeared in the woods.

Noticing his Confederate uniform she asked him if he were a "Jessie Scout," but he shook his head: "None o' those hangman's pets for me, ma'am."

"Don't we all belong to the hangman's brood?" she remarked carelessly.

"God—I guess we do at that."

On the Vaughan Road Sheridan's disguised scout bade the girl a hearty goodbye, swallowed the applecore, and spurred away in quest of his fiery master, whose misunderstanding with brave, noisy General Warren was beginning to puzzle and irritate him.

Operator 13, slim, and straight, and supple as an academy cadet in her saddle, tightened her cheek strap, set her cap firmly on her short, curly hair, put her horse to a gallop, and pounded away on the plank road toward general headquarters, near which Colonel Sharpe's secret service division was sure to be found.

One thing she had not told Campbell—the Confederate lines around Petersburg had not only already given way, but Lee's army was leaving. She knew it for a certainty because she had robbed a Confederate courier, and his despatches to Joe Johnston were in her pocket to prove it.

It was pouring with rain when she rode into camp and reported to Colonel Sharpe. She did not hear his congratulations. All she was conscious of was a need for bed.

She was deathly sick of war. All the glittering drama of it, all the exciting mystery, had vanished. There remained only hunger, dirt, vermin, bestial violence, the horror of bloody, dying things.

A little more than that, perhaps; the strange, inexplicable, passionate sting to a bit of red, white and blue bunting.

Something else had come into her mind and heart also; the first ghostly stirring of spiritual wistfulness and need. Although in her timid mind, the words and face of God continued to be confused with the words and visage of the President.

CHAPTER 32.

REVEILLE left her still asleep. The roar of cannon shaking her tent aroused her. Col. Sharpe had sent her some good coffee, eggs, soft bread and an orange. The headquarters laundress, black as ebony and weighing 300 pounds, gave her a bath and a scrubbing.

Sharpe sent for her about noon.

Gen. Grant was there, his hands shoved deep in his pockets; a short, square, icy-eyed man smoking a cigar.

The lieutenant-general of all the armies of the United States was briefly, silently polite.

"Gen. Grant wishes you to go to Gen. Custer's command," said Col. Sharpe. "You will take as many orderlies and scouts as you desire. The object is to keep any and all rebel couriers from slipping around to the westward while cavalry fighting is going on. Gen. Sheridan has asked for you. You know this network of byroads and trails along the Appomattox. Our maps don't show them all, but you have scouted them during the autumn and winter, and I suppose you know every one of them. Don't you?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Also you know, personally, the two rebel spies we are extremely afraid of. I mean Capt. John Gailliard and Vespasian Chancellor."

"I do, sir."

"They are not to get through," remarked Grant quietly.

"Y-yes, General."

He lifted his stiff-brimmed campaign hat to her, resumed his cigar and walked slowly away, followed by Col. Sharpe.

Since she had been awakened by the guns, carbine firing also had been audible far away to the westward. Now, as an orderly brought around her horse, the noise of the rather ragged fusillade had increased. It sounded to her like Spencer carbine fire and the scout, Babcock, who came cantering up on his celebrated horse, Gimlet, said it was Sheridan's cavalry carbines making all that racket.

"It's going to be a fight or a foot race," he said gayly. "God help them; if they run they're done for."

The weather was still lowering, with brief gusts of rain.

BABCOCK rode with her a little way along the White Oak road. But that was no place for them, they were shot at; and they whirled their horses and ran them hard through the woods to the Dinwiddie road, and then westward all the way to Mrs. Gillian's house. Here the fields, meadows, thickets and woods swarmed with dismounted Union cavalry deploying to the northward. Their yellow-welted jackets made a moving tide of blue spreading over the wet, brown world; the rattle of their Spencer carbines was incessant.

Babcock placed his scouts in the shelter of a barn, and then gestured.

"We're just in time, ma'am," he said.

Operator 13 looked.

At that moment Custer's line of battle swept into view magnificently, with all its brigade bands mounted on grey horses—trombones, trumpets, clarions, key bugles, hautboys, cymbals and kettledrums—playing "Nellie Bly." Both men and horses appeared electrified by the stirring, stimulating music.

It was a superb sight—Sheridan's line of battle, stretching from Boisseau's house eastward as far as the eye could see. Above them their forked colors, regimental standards and red and white guidons fluttered in the April wind; the polished brass instruments of every mounted band glittered and flashed; thousands of beautiful horses tossed impatient heads; thousands of blue-jacketed horsemen, carbines poised, moved slowly, steadily northward.

There came a roar of rebel musketry in front. The cavalry rode slowly on amid a deafening racket of firing and the wild music of their own mounted bands. The bandmasters rode ahead, conducting and guiding with glittering sabres.

Operator 13 saw a cornetist fling up both arms and roll out of his saddle; saw a kettledrummer slump down across his high drum.

She was riding a little behind and to the right of Custer's bugler. Custer noticed her and motioned her to fall back. As a color guard trotted past her, a boy carrying the swallow-tailed flag was hit by three bullets in succession. He pulled the lance staff from his stirrup bucket and passed the flag to the sergeant next him saying: "I can't stand it any longer." And fell forward stone dead.

About that time the line of battle crossed the White Oak Road and halted. The rebel infantry were gone.

Ahead, somewhere in the smoke, lay the unseen enemy entrenchments crammed with desperate men at bay. To the right, whither Sheridan had galloped, the battle roared along the forest like surf along a far-receding shore, thundering diminuendo to the horizon.

The sudden stillness on Custer's line of battle was frightening.

After an hour the regiments dismounted and stood to horse. Custer's deep blue eyes glittered. It nearly killed him to mark time.

Campbell, leading his horse, called across to Jack Babcock as he passed: "That's Pickett ahead of us. There'll be hell when Sheridan arrives."

Sheridan arrived at 4 o'clock, tearing along Custer's battle line as usual—a slim little red-faced man with a closely-clipped bullet-head, swinging his campaign hat as he galloped.

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"Come on!" he shouted. "Go for them! If you don't catch them in five minutes they'll get away from you!"

A thundering roar of cheers; the halted line of battle, startled, electrified, broke into a clumsy run.

"Where's my battle flag?" shouted Sheridan and snatched it from a color-sergeant. "Come on! Go for them!" he cried, standing up in his stirrups. "Ayres, start your infantry over there! Take them over those earthworks. Hurry, men, and we'll catch every one of them—" His voice was drowned out in the terrific clash of collision; a vast blue wave dashed over the hidden earthworks.

As Operator 13 put her horse to the low mound of raw earth in front of her and went up and over she caught a glimpse of rebel infantry in swarms holding up their hands, palms outward and a color bearer who stood with flag and staff held horizontally, high above his head. Amid deafening cheering the Union cavalry rode on, their mounted band madly playing "Nellie Bly."

Babcock plucked Operator 13 by her sleeve saying that his men had all the western exits closed and that nobody had escaped. Campbell galloped up to tell them that there were thousands of prisoners and several batteries taken.

It had been Operator 13's first experience in line of battle.

It seemed odd to her how perfectly she understood what was going on; stranger to realise that she had felt no slightest tremor of fear. But now, when it was over, the powder stench and the glimpses of dead and wounded men and horses filled her with a kind of sickened fright.

Sheridan, riding by, called to Campbell and sent him galloping to Grant, at Gravelly Run. But staff officers from Grant to Sheridan were crossing this messenger already with news that the rebel army was leaving its works around Petersburg and Richmond; that all batteries should open at once; that each corps commander was to attack in his own manner, and according to his own judgment at four the next morning.

To Operator 13 came Wayland, a courier from Colonel Sharpe, with a dispatch:

"Now look out! Lee is leaving! If Gailliard and Chancellor have found a clear road westward for him, you find it, too; and tell Sheridan.

"See to it that every avenue of escape—whether cow path or highway—is picketed. Ride the region yourself. I depend upon you, Operator 13. Do your best and God bless you!"

CHAPTER 33.

BUT it was already written that this night was the beginning of the end. Regiments were cheering and singing; cavalry and infantry bands were playing noisily in the gathering darkness.

All night long, with her maps and cowled lantern and her scouts and couriers, Operator 13 rode the western flank of the army. Wherever she rode she found everybody in good humor—even humorous—as when, riding up to Nottaway Station she asked a torchlit general and his staff who were crossing the railroad whether this was a way station; and had the jesting reply: "Nott-a-way Station, ma'am."

By morning the "foot race" was on; the rebel army had left Petersburg and was hot-footing it into the west; and Sheridan, in advance, thundered along beside it with his matchless cavalry. For four terrible days Operator 13 was in the saddle day and night, galloping ahead with Custer's vanguard, during which journey battles were fought behind her, and Richmond was on fire, and Petersburg lay stunned and desolate amid a horror of earthworks and ruined houses.

On the fifth day of Operator 13's tireless scouting, a courier from Sharpe found her and Jack Babcock at Burkeville; and bade her watch the Appomattox. She sent back word that Johnston's army was not there; that no Confederate troops from Petersburg had passed through; that Sheridan had covered the whole west with one vast screen of cavalry which nobody could penetrate; and that she would ride at once to the river he mentioned and patrol it with Jack Babcock's scouts.

A day or two later, one of the scouts came in slightly wounded and reported that Lee's whole army was crossing the Appomatox at High Bridge; and that he had seen Vespasian Chancellor and another scout galloping ahead toward the Blue Ridge mountains.

The girl was deathly weary, but she took Billy Dix and rode out to see for herself what was going on across the Appomattox River.

Others had already discovered it, two "Jessie Scouts" and some of Custer's advanced vedettes. These had three prisoners—cavalrymen of Fitzhugh Lee—who admitted freely that the retreating army was making for the Peaks of Otter.

When Operator 13 clearly understood, she sent Billy Dix galloping to the nearest field telegrapher beyond Farmville with a message to Col. Sharpe, at G.H.Q.:

"Rebel cavalry have crossed Appomattox River at High Bridge heading for Blue Ridge. Their infantry and waggons now crossing. Will notify Gen. Sheridan. Chancellor and probably Gailliard are with Lee's advance, scouting out back roads to the mountains. Will try to stop and capture them. Operator 13."

And to Sheridan she sent Babcock with a note:

"Rebel army now crossing High Bridge and reported making for the Peaks of Otter or White's Gap. Colonel Ives' First Connecticut Cavalry Scouts observing and following movement."

That night she noticed fires burning in the village of Farmville, and thought she heard military music and cheering; and sent a scout to learn more about it.

THE scout came back very much excited, saying that those were bonfires and that General Grant was there.

All night long the trample of Ranald Mackenzie's passing cavalry disturbed her rest. She had gloomy dreams, too, of fires on the Peaks of Otter and of death in White's Gap, where she had murdered her own lover with her pistol while Vespasian Chancellor shot her heart to pieces with phantom bullets which she could not feel.

Dix awoke her in her chilly blanket, bringing a lantern and a note from Colonel Sharpe at Farmville.

"I hear there is a corduroy forest road somewhere between Appomattox Courthouse and the Lynchburg highway. If this is true it is not shown on any of our military maps. Take some scouts and investigate."

Twenty minutes later she had swallowed some scalding coffee and was riding north by west with Jack Babcock, Billy Dix and Sheridan's chief scout, Campbell, followed by half a dozen headquarters scouts and couriers who had been watching the Richmond and Danville and South Side railroads between Burkeville and Farmville.

The rain had ceased, but the low-lying country had become a vast lake, with all creeks out of their banks and forest flooded. Only the Appomattox River road seemed practicable, and very soon a company of advanced Confederate cavalry fired upon Operator 13 and her scouts, and drove them away from that vicinity helter-skelter.

But beyond, against the silvery streak in the east, Operator 13 had caught a glimpse of Confederate baggage waggons parking in a tobacco field; and as she and Dix were riding hard to get out of bullet range, she called to him to bear to the right where a low range, thickly wooded, ran parallel with the river. Up this their horses bounded, and on top came suddenly into an old corduroy road obstructed by rotted logs, brush, ferns, and windfalls.

Two hundred yards to the eastward, straight down this ancient lumber road, they saw two horsemen picking their way toward them, and a company of grey-jacketed cavalry and some engineers in distant perspective, evidently clearing the road of the heavier fallen timber.

Babcock cantered up to join them, followed presently by Campbell and all the scouts.

"By jingo!" exclaimed Campbell. "There is a road, and here it is. I'm off to little Phil!"

As he whirled his horse Babcock said to him: "Tell them we're trying to stop these fellows for a few minutes!"

"You ride, too," called out Operator 13 excitedly; "they may catch Campbell!"

Babcock swung his horse Gimlet and scuttled away through the brush like a rat in a hayrick.

WHERE a big white oak tree had crashed down across the corduroy, and now lay buried in ferns amid its rotting abatis, Operator 13 led her scouts, dismounted them and detailed a man to every four horses.

She said quite calmly to Dix: "There's no particular reason for killing any more of them if we can scare them back. The Petersburg and Richmond armies are fast in a trap. This is the end of the world for them."

The scouts, standing with drawn revolvers behind the fallen giant and other standing trees, looked at the girl with perplexed and doubtful grins, but Billy Dix said loudly: "You're right, ma'am; let the poor, starving devils run home. They're all in the same box now."

A scout named Hammond inquired respectfully what they should do if the rebels rode at them.

"We'll keep ahead of them, just out of range," she replied.

"Sure, ma'am; they'll take it for an ambush."

"Anyway," she said, "if they fire on us I'll talk to them."

"A parley," remarked Dix, "is better than a volley just now. Here they come, ma'am. Watch out they don't gobble us!"

She sent scouts out into the woods on either flank, and when they were posted she wiggled through the fallen branches, levelled her pistol and fired five shots high over the heads of the two Confederate horsemen, who now had advanced almost within range.

The effect on them and on the startled troopers and engineers beyond them was instantaneous; the two horsemen spurred into the woods; the cavalry—a company only—came cantering forward, halted and fired from their saddles.

"Fire high!" cried Operator 13 excitedly, and the scouts around her sent a volley of pistol shots into the tree tops.

Far away down the road the engineers' axes ceased to flash and whack; the grey-jacketed horsemen dismounted, deployed, and came creeping toward the fallen oak tree.

Operator 13, holding her white handkerchief fluttering above her head, stepped outside the windfall and walked a little way down the road, knee-deep in ferns. And she had not taken a dozen steps before two horsemen jumped their horses out of the roadside thicket and landed on the rotten corduroy not more than 30 yards from her.

One of the riders was Vespasian Chancellor; the other Captain John Gailliard.

THEY looked thin and sick and shabby, but the girl recognised them instantly, though it was evident they thought they had to do with some boyish Federal cavalryman.

"What do yuh want, sonny?" called Chancellor in his drawling voice.

"It's no good your coming up this road," said the girl earnestly. "I walked out here to tell you."

The ragged, hawk-faced scout laughed. "Little boy," he said, "yuh run home to

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yuh daddy an' leave this hyah war to old folks lak we-all." He continued to urge his bony horse forward, and Gailliard rode beside him both looking over her head at the abatis beyond.

Operator 13, the handkerchief dangling from her right hand, spread out her arms wide as though to bar their progress.

Chancellor good-humoredly turned his horse aside to pass her, and she caught the animal by the head, checking it so that it reared.

"Take your hands off'n that bridle!" said Chancellor fiercely, stopping and making a swoop at her with his big gaunt fingers.

As he caught her by the collar to jerk her aside, she looked up into his dark, haggard face. Then he recognised her.

"Mr. Chancellor," she said breathlessly, "take Captain Gailliard and go back. All Sheridan's cavalry are ahead of you. Upon my honor this road is not open. There is no road open. What's the good of being killed here in the woods!"

Chancellor's grasp relaxed; she jerked herself free and turned to Gailliard, who stared at her in silent amazement.

"I am not lying," she said tremulously. "There's no use going on to be killed. I suppose you won't believe that it's all over. But it is. This is the end of it, gentlemen. Go back and tell your generals. There's no way out for you along the Appomattox."

Even as she spoke the woods behind her swarmed with blue-jacketed cavalry. The scouts near the oak tree abatis were yelling at her now: "Hey! Lay down in the ditch! We're going to fire!"

Then a Spencer carbine cracked out five times; another went bang! bang! bang!

"Jack, for God's sake, ride!" cried the girl excitedly, pulling and pushing at his horse to turn the animal.

Then a singing bullet flicked its quivering ear and it reared up, plunged and went bucketing about amid the increasing storm of lead rattling through the trees until Gailliard's nervously driven spurs sent it tearing away over the wood road. And beside him galloped Chancellor, his slouch hat shot off his head, his black hair in the wind, and blood running down his cheek and jaw.

Operator 13, who had rolled over into the ditch, and was lying flat among the ferns, could see them trying to check and control their frantic horses, where the Confederate pioneers had been clearing the road.

But that road now was grey with advancing rebel cavalry, and in the woods north and south of the road the girl could see grey swarms of infantry trudging up, their scarlet battle flags unfurled, their mounted officers forward, picking a way westward, through brier swamp and bushy tangle.

All around her the woods began to quiver as the ground shook under the thunderous concussions of a cannonade. She saw the loosened lightning lash out from unseen guns, and the woods fill with clouds. She heard the high-pitched rebel yell split into hysteric falsetto as bluejackets and grey clashed hilt to hilt and spur to spur, when suddenly the misty forest itself was marching like Burnham Wood and the hellish prophecy was being fulfilled under her frightened eyes.

She ran back along the ditch to the abatis, where a scout fetched up her horse, and she climbed into her saddle and turned to look behind her.

CHAPTER 34.

A WORLD of Union horsemen stretched a wavering blue barrier north and south across forest and field as far as the eye could see. Everywhere the bright swallow-tailed standards of the northern horsemen rippled in the April wind; at brigade intervals the mounted cavalry bands, all astride strong grey horses; their bandmasters conducting with naked sabres circling, stabbing flashing, beating time, played their regiments forward to the cadenced diapason of the cannon.

Crack, crackle, crash! went the Spencers of the dismounted regiments deploying to the north and east, and above the wall of smoke glimmered a ragged rebel battle flag or two, gallantly riding the approaching cataclysm.

On came the grey infantry of the Confederacy, starving, half-naked, cheering, prepared with musketry and bayonets to tear their way through the cavalry confronting them.

Then suddenly, dramatically, the vast tragedy unfolded itself. The endless blue curtain of northern horsemen sagged back and drew slowly aside, disclosing behind them regiment massed on regiment, brigade on brigade, division on division, corps on corps, a solid, immovable wall of northern infantry, closing the west forever to the army of Robert Lee.

Operator 13, riding to find her chief at Secret Service Headquarters, came wearily into the lines of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry—old friends of the Sixth Lancers, but now deprived of those picturesque weapons and armed with sabre and carbine. They gave her something to eat and told her that General Grant and his staff had ridden out toward the courthouse to meet General Lee.

Even while she was feeding her horse the racket of musketry died away and presently the last dropping cannon shots came booming from the westward. The girl was very tired, but she cared for her horse before she ate. After that she sat for a while on the ground, her weary back resting against an oak tree.

One of her scouts found her sitting at the foot of the tree and told her that he could not find headquarters. She begged a ration for him and sent him out again.

Later she got into her saddle and started out to find Colonel Sharpe.

A muddy courier whom she stopped in the road told her that scores of orderlies were riding in every direction with orders forbidding all cheering, or any noisy demonstration which might humiliate the surrendered rebel army.

"Has Lee surrendered?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, ma'am. Grant is sending 25,000 rations to the starving Johnnies."

"Is this positive?" she insisted.

"Yes, ma'am."

A Federal waggon train occupied the road, unescorted. Riding beside it the girl encountered John Babcock on Gimlet. When he saw her he lifted his hat and swung it above his head in silent triumph.

"Grant gobbled 'em!" he said joyously. "I met Lee. He rode out of Appomattox like a dead man upright in his saddle who saw nothing. I took off my hat. I swear to you, ma'am, the sunshine grew grey in the presence of such noble grief. It was like the twilight of the gods. . . I drew two days' rations for you."

He fished them out of his haversack, and, leaning wide from his saddle, shoved them into her haversack.

"Where is Colonel Sharpe?" she asked.

But Babcock was hunting for him, too. They rode on together toward a line of Federal provision waggons which had halted in a meadow.

Here was a strange scene; blue-jacketed cavalrymen were riding into the meadow which was occupied by a Confederate brigade. The ragged infantry had reversed their muskets; color-bearers lifted Confederate flags above their heads, holding the staff horizontal with both fists; there was a constant clinking and rattling of musket and bayonets where companies, disarmed, were piling their arms on the soggy grass.

One of Sheridan's staff officers recognised Operator 13 and spoke to her, confirming the rumor of a general surrender. The girl listened as though dazed. An immense weariness possessed her, as though the weight of the world were crushing her slender shoulders.

John Babcock told her that the rebel regiments already were being paroled in the region through which he had ridden. "You know, I suppose," he added, "that Richmond has fallen."

"No," she said, listlessly.

"Don't you feel well, ma'am?" he inquired.

"No. This is terrible."

"What is terrible, ma'am?"

"All this—all these rags and bones; all these shaggy, dirty heads and hobbling feet; all these sores and stenches. . . Those sick men beyond lying on the mud and wet grass. Why do their clothes grow too small for them when they're dead? Their clothes always get too small. I'm sick—not nauseated—but sick in my head. It was different when there was fighting."

"Ma'am, you're plum tired out. You get off your horse and stay here until I find out where headquarters is."

"It's frightening, this kind of thing," she said, "this having nothing more to do. If only there was something to do. But everything has stopped. It's like the end of the world. I can't seem to understand it, or stand it."

"You stay right here, ma'am," he repeated gently. "When I find headquarters I'll come back and get you."

He put his horse into motion. She did not even look after him.

SHE heard people saying that Mr. Davis had fled; that Mr. Lincoln was in Richmond, and that the war was ended.

She looked about her, gazing vacantly upon victory, not recognising it in all this filth and stench and rags blurred by greasy smoke from green fires.

She got off her horse and, leading him, wandered down into a woodland a little way. The woods were full of Louisiana troops building cook-fires.

On a dry knoll two men lay beside their horses on the fallen forest leaves, looking wistfully toward the distributors of rations who now were headed in their direction.

She was not surprised to recognise Vespasian Chancellor, whose face was swathed in a bloody bandage. Then she saw her lover, John Gailliard.

She came slowly up to them, leading her horse. They got up when they saw her, hats in hand, and stood gaunt and ragged and silent when she stopped before them.

She did not know just what to do. She held out her hand hesitatingly to Chancellor. The tall, lean, hawk-faced fellow reddened, bowed with the grace of a cavalier, lifted her trembling hand and touched the fingers with his lips.

"I am sorry," she said in a kind of scared whisper.

"God orders everything, ma'am. We've done all we could, I reckon."

Then her lover took her into his arms, and the long-pent tears that congested her eyes and throat and all her head and slender body began to choke her.

"You know," he said, "that your general permits us to retain our horses. It is the kindest act I ever heard of. So if you will wait while I learn how to plough. ."

The girl buried her face on his ragged shoulder.

Far away in the forest one of the negro cavalry bands with cymbals and kettle-drums began to play an old-time spiritual:

"Will de shoutin' angels greet me?
Will de shoutin' angels pray,
O Lawd Jesus, will yuh meet me?
Will yuh lif' me whar I lay?
Whar de golden chariots rattle,
Will yuh meet me in de battle,
Will yuh meet me on dat day?"
"I will meet yuh on dat day."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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